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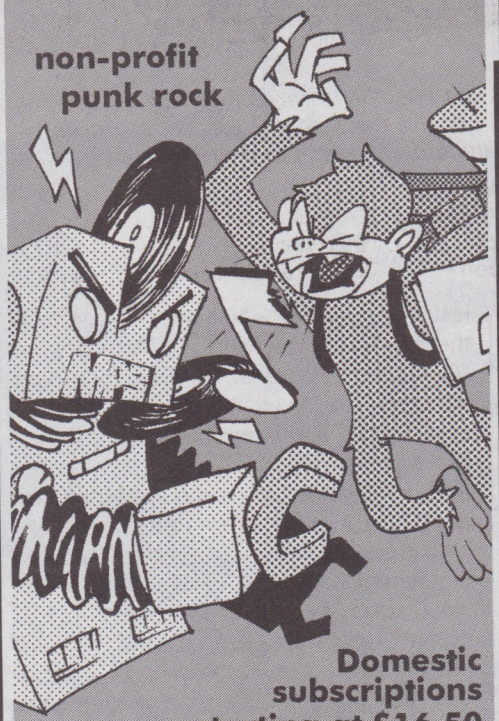

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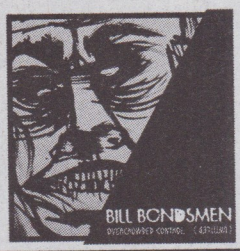

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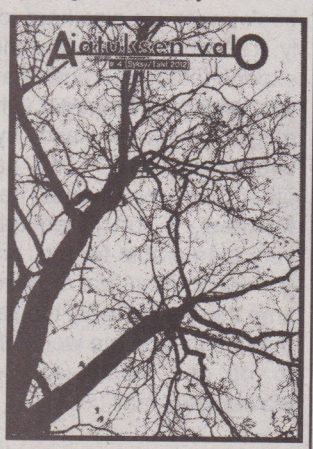
ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(EC) E.Conner
(AE) Amelia Eakins
(FF) Francesca Foglia
(DG) Dan Goetz
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DJ) Danny Gresham
(OG) Oscar Gutierrez
(SL) Sam Lefebvre
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(LA) Lydia Phelps
(MP) Max Power
(CR) Casey Ress

AJATUKSEN VALO #4 / $?
5.5" x 8.5" – printed – 56 pgs – Finnish
Entirely written in Finnish, this zine is laid out very tastefully and a wide variety of groups are represented. There are a couple features on obscure Finnish punk groups from the '80s like Vivisektio and U-237 that reflect this publication's geographic pride and features on young new groups from the region like Eyewitness are also accounted for. There are also a few features on what seem to be thrash metal groups, judging by the artwork and pictures. An interview from 1989 with Cleveland hardcore mainstay Integrity is translated from *No Exit* zine and republished here in Finnish. In addition to a dizzying array of groups featured, there appears to be a number of columns and essays about topical modern issues in the punk scene. The second issue of this zine was just reviewed in *MRR*. The pace of work with this publication is staggering, especially considering the amount of content. (SL)



Jouni Parkku / Kappalaisenkuja 1 /
33700 Tampere / Finland
piparnakkeli.kamakarhu@gmail.com /

LA CIUDAD MAS FEA DEL MUNDO #3/ $1 or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 8 pgs – Spanish
All good things must come to an end, and for *La Ciudad Mas Fea Del Mundo* I almost wish it did not. This zine was the last of three issues of a zine that focuses on la ciudad or "city" of Caracas, Venezuela and its punk scene. In this issue you will find a farewell talking about the movement the writer has made from Venezuela to Canada, followed by calling someone out, (punk turned sell-out politician, yikes!), some reviews of some bands that I personally enjoy, some cool rants, and my favorite, the expressed hate for SUVs in the city. I knew from the beginning that I was going to enjoy this because of the introduction that made me feel like I was bidding farewell to this zinester that I do not know. This was just perfection, so much that I read it from front to back in one sitting. This zine is completely in Spanish, but if you do not speak Spanish, I would simply get it because of how well put together it is. (OG)
cabezadevacarecs@gmail.com

COMMUNICATING VESSELS #24 / $4
7 x 8.5 – letterpress – 40 pgs
This letterpress printed zine's layout, full-color cover and artwork are all just exquisite. Unfortunately, the content wasn't quite as awe-inspiring. I was totally bored, in fact. As an example the editorial piece was all about the 2012 American presidential elections—actually it's more him rambling for a few pages mostly about Mitt Romney and his Mormon background. His letter section was also huge—eleven full pages, which is way longer than necessary. As lovely as *Communicating Vessels* is, nothing can make up for interesting or intelligent content (or lack thereof). (AR)
PO Box 2048 / Tucson / AZ 85702

EAST VILLAGE INKY #51 / $3
5.5 x 4 – copied – 38 pgs
So this issue is about the author homeschooling her kid. I'm trying real hard to soften my perspective on this zine, but man it continues to be really hard to do. I like the concept, lady has kids and still wants to be her own person you know or whatever, so she makes a zine. First of all this theory doesn't quite make sense, every issue is entirely about her kids, so how is she using this to define herself as "more then a mother" if it's purely about being a mom? But beyond that it is and always has been ragingly unrelated-able. I mean yeah, no duh, I'm not a mom or anything but I feel like I could possibly relate to the trials and tribulations of family life? It's like trying to understand how the characters on TV shows set in Manhattan live in such huge houses when for the most part they have no discernable jobs. And it ends up coming off as annoying. Here's this lady that has the option to not only raise her family in the East Village but then on top of that has the option to put her writing career on pause to homeschool her kid because she feels like it. And then on top of that there are *so many* liberal PC life liberation buzz words. It's reading a zine about a rich hippie, who wants to do that? In this issue there is this one panel with a drawing of her with two different description bubbles, one says "relatable" and the other says "unfunny, spoiled, ugly American subjecting her child to her faux-bohemian whims" and that about sums it up for me. (MM)
www.ayunhalliday.com

FACELESS IN LIFE, NAMELESS IN DEATH #1 / $2
7 x 4.5 – copied – 10 pgs
I am definitely not a picture book person, but I think this zine made me evaluate the fact that I could be a picture zine person. *Faceless In Life, Nameless In Death* is a photo zine that compiles different photos from Los Angeles to the Bay Area. The zine goes from graffiti to photos of a couple of punks in the LA punk scene. Who knows, your fence or face might be one of the ones pictured. Point is, this compilation of photos is superb. The fact that it is one of those copy and paste type of jobs that was quickly scanned and printed made it feel more personalized. It could also be the fact that this was from a South East Los Angeles punk, which makes me totally feel at home. (OG)
Ihatesalvador@yahoo.com

FACIAL DISOBEDIENCE #7 / 50p plus postage or trade (email for details)
5.75 x 8.25 – copied – 20 pgs
The author acknowledges the overdone nature of the travel narrative in the punk community. But what can you do—not go places, not do zines? His stories concern the feeling in ones gut as the protest is confronted by cops, the wonder of the sky at night when it's quiet, gettin' drunk, drinkin' coffee, not sleepin', getting to the show and back to ones spot on the floor. No graphics offset the text but two kittens adorn the cover. I wasn't enraptured, but found his reflections to be worth reading. (JM)
philchokeword@aol.com

GET UP AND GO #3 / $3 or trade
8.5 x 11 – copied – 36 pgs
If you're someone who feels that the pendulum of hardcore zines has swung too far in the direction of nihilism, exclusivity, and the dismissal of the zine medium as a way for people to connect, this might be the zine for you. This issue has interviews with Sectarian Violence, Magrudergrind (unfortunately, with only one member present), Permanent Ruin, and Beware, and the questions, while fairly pedestrian, give way to interesting responses that offer a glimpse into the bands' innerworkings and thought processes. There are also a handful of OK record reviews, some band and scenery shots that unfortunately suffer from photocopier-itis, a list that attempts to sum up every Bay Area hardcore band, an article that explains the author's thoughts on the good and bad of being in a band, and another that sums up the issue with Chik-Fil-A's owner's opposition to same sex marriage, though I'd take issue with the statement that their chicken sandwich is "beloved by the hardcore community," though maybe I'm missing something. The cut-and-paste layout is decent and gets the job done, and the author has a decent eye for design, I just wish the copier on which this was made wasn't such a piece of shit. (DG)
447 7th Ave. #3 /San Francisco / CA 94118
www.getupandgofanzine.tumblr.com/
getupandgofanzine@gmail.com

HLUBOKA ORBA #29 / $8
8.5 x 5 – printed – 200 pgs – Czech
Sadly, I am a monolingual dummy with no ability to read Czech but that didn't stop me from getting stoked on this amazing, punk as fuck hardcore fanzine. There are some scene reports from Japan, the US, Czech Republic and more. The cover is hand-screened with exquisite detail and all the art and photos are super fuckin' cool. Very sick zine–up the Czech punks! (MP)
orba@seznam.cz

INCREASE THE PRESSURE #1 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 16 pgs
At first glance, I thought this was *Accept the Darkness*. It has a very primitive punk, cut and paste layout but in that clear and concise manner we love with *ATD*. This zine is easy to read and the layout is done in a way that Xeroxes well, while maintaining a true loyalty to anarcho punk zine aesthetic. The writer, in an act of humility, leaves their personal name out. I'm sure with a few calls to some Atlanta punks I know, I could easily find out who put this out. But, I'd rather not and simply leave this punk wrapped in a mysterious shroud of honor. They only refer to themselves as "someone who cares." This issue describes itself as "ATL Punk & Hardcore Propaganda" and features solid interviews and coverage of Antisect, Disable, Manic, No Tomorrow, Dernier Combat, and a slew of other rippin' punk bands. This zine is Atlanta-centric, but is so passionate that it is inclusive to all punks and transcends geography. The writer even wrote out background on Antisect in the introduction just in case there was a reader who did not know who there were. The writer made no assumptions about their reader—they just want you to love punk as much as they do. This is a top-notch punk zine—from the content to the layout. Go hunt this down! Support *Increase the Pressure*! Support punk! (AE)
(no return address provided)

LAST NIGHT AT THE CASINO #4 / $3
4.5 x 5 – copied – 52 pgs
This is a mostly cool perzine about a kid named Billy that moves to New Mexico and begins working at a casino. The stars may be bigger and brighter in the Southwest, but Billy works so much that he turns into a horny lil' weirdo! I mostly say this because of the gross way that he explains every woman character's body. He *does* claims to be "very aware" of things like gender politics and fat-phobia, so umm... there's that? Whatever, dude. The zine goes into great detail about games like craps and roulette, the kind of people that play 'em, the whole nine yards. My favorite part of the zine was definitely the creepy pictures of bearded celebrity dudes plastered all over it, namely Spock. I've been meaning to go gambling for awhile and when I finally get it together enough to do it, I'll make sure to leave a great tip and perhaps I'll think of Billy. (MP)
iknowbilly@gmail.com

LIVE TO WIN #17 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 4.5 – copied – 20 pgs
This zine is classic punx: hand typed with the typos X'd out, with the lines cut out and hand glued on top of photos. Some bits are hand-written on what looks like notebook paper. It's also hard to judge too fairly: it's a short series of vignettes about the experiences of the author and their friends who all live in Montreal (which I hear is a magical punk-fairy-land, by the by). But, seeing as there is no narrative thread other than location and I've never been to Montreal, it sort of ended up not being very memorable for me. I recommend if it you live in Montreal or have spent a lot of time there—probably the same references that are lost on me would endear this zine to you, dear reader. (AR)
ieatyams@gmail.com

LURKKI #4 / $2
5 x 8 – copied – 52 pgs
This dirty ditty is primarily in Finnish, and so aside from interviews with Nardwaur the Human Serviette (aka Annoyance Personified) and the Finnish band Alcest, I'm unable to determine the nature of anything else in this zine, given the language barrier. But the layout is stark and top notch, the graphics used are excellent and add to the stark aura, and I get the impression that it may cover a range of media, including music and visual art. The Nardwaur interview is uncharacteristically dry and an interesting read, given that he is otherwise unlistenable. Will absolutely be saving for flyer-making material. (DG)
lurkkimedia@yahoo.com

MOUNTZA #5 / Pay no more than 6.5 euros, get in touch for international orders
8.5 x 10.5 – printed – 176 pgs – Greek, English
Malákes, this zine is so good, you have

not been paying attention if you don't already know this! The *Mountza* boys are back! From the land of Zofos comes another hard-hitting issue and Panos, Skaf and Costas all do their part in making this not only a brilliant read, but also an aesthetically striking memoir of punk circa 2012! Black-and-white plus one color per cover (red, pink, orange, green and now yellow), the interviews are always top-notch and it just proves that these boys have all-killer no-filler demands—and believe you me they do. In the foreign corner, this time we have Denmark's Iceage/Sexdrome, the mysterious mister Midnight, the versatile mister Bob Ostertag, the much-loved Ropes, the now-gone Avon Ladies (snif) and of course the man behind the sick cover, mister Guillem Cortés. In the Greek corner we have death-lords Dead Congregation, garage-rockers the Frantic Five, party-crashers Gay Anniversary and the godfathers of Greek punk, Stress! If that was not enough, you also have La Vida Es Un Mus up against Feral Ward, Celebrity Deathmatch style, an in-depth, eight-page account of early Greek punk history and great photos by Mateus Mondini and Daigo Oliva. Panos' reviews read like a surreal narrative from his twisted yet brilliant mind, Skaf's insightful articles on early '90s screamo and '80s US cult metal bands have obviously been written out of a sheer love for those genres and it shows, and the highly-professional, clean layout, courtesy of Costas, always makes me drool with punk lust. *Mountza* definitely sets the bar high for the rest, this is fucking brilliant! Get this zine before it sells out and support these poor Greek bastards by sending them money for *tzatziki* and *ouzo*! (LA)
www.mountza.com /
mountzazine@yahoo.com

RAZORCAKE #70 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 114 pgs
Another illustrious issue of long-running zine out of L.A.; I never get this for review, but luckily I did! As a coordinator (that's da boss, for those that don't know), I have immense respect for this zine, even if *MRR* and *Razorcake* don't see eye to eye on many things. What we do have in common is putting out a zine several times a year to bring our ideas of the best punk out there. Now, while there are some things I don't like about this zine, they are not that different to the complaints I hear about *MRR*. What I do love is that *Razorcake* is not afraid to have divergent opinions about the same things within their pages. There are definitely people who seem to prefer one zine over the other, but I want to point out that we have folks who overlap and that is key…we are all in this to connect punk world wide! Enough pep talk, here we go! This issue has a good chunk of comics, zine and record reviews, top fives, columns and interviews. Strength: the interviews are almost always interesting to anyone reading them regardless of what kind of punk you are into. Most of them are pretty "jokey" and light-hearted, but this is great as they read well and are more of a conversation. In this issue are Lenguas Largas (I fucking loved Swing Ding Amigos), Wreck of the Zephyr, Big Eyes and, my favorite, Jake Austen of Rocktober! I am from Chicago and have been reading this zine for-fucking-eva, so this was a great read! There have been several interviews in *Razorcake* that made me think, "Dammit, I wish we had run that…" There is no denying, this is the strongest part of the zine and it's should be. Strength: Comics! I read every comic in here. There are a good amount of people being represented in punk here and a lot great artwork! Weakness: Top Tens. They read like peoples personal jokes and I don't give a fuck about someone camping in the woods and some one's wedding reception…gimmie music. Weakness: Reviews… The reviews are pretty hit or miss. Some of them are total junk food and some of them are really in depth and well thought out. We get the same critique, but there are definitely people in here that seem to know nothing about what they are reviewing. I understand that this is always in flux. Weakness: Columns…sorry guys, but a lot of this is fluff. Some of the columns in here read very forced. This is your voice, say something! You don't have to be "political," but at least be real. I absolutely hate Nardwuar and Rev. Norb. Yawnsville. Fire them and I will fire a columnist you hate (I can't fire myself). That is my honest review and really, whatever my opinion may be, I hope that punks never stop reading *Razorcake*, I know I won't. (MB)
Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc. / PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles / CA 90042 / www.razorcake.org

RAZORCAKE #72 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 113 pgs
Razorcake is a long running punk zine that advertises itself as a non-profit that supports the culture from whence it came. It's a black and white newsprint zine with a slick color cover. They cover all ilks of pop punk and rock. There are comics and photos, reviews and columns and, interviews and top tens. Pretty typical music rag. This issue has interviews with Lemuria, The Nerves, and a band called White Night. I know you're wondering what I am: is that band name a reference to the White Night riots? Nope! A reference to cocaine? Maybe? Racist? ummm... who knows? Let's just say they dropped the f-bomb, called various things "gay" and various people "pussy" and have a song called "Transgender 411." To be fair this interview was the only thing in the magazine I read. Still the thing reads like a room full of tweaking twelve year-olds who are trying to sound bad ass to their big brother. Was it even edited? I wonder why this zine / scene gets just a bad reputation? (EC)
Razorcake/Gorsky Press, Inc. / PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles / CA 90042 / www.razorcake.org

ROCHESTER TEEN SET #22 / $1
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 44 pgs
Pure in its focus, we have here "The Punk Issue" of an otherwise punk-filled-*Mad-Magazine*-inspired-many-contributor townie zine. Everybody's definition of punk is different, but these guys are all about the "how'd I get here and where are my pants?" drunky chargy spiky GG Allin-lovin' type. It's great! I take small issue with feeling like it is mostly directed at dudes, but there are contributors of female-named persuasion who (seem to) identify as dudes. That's cool. If you are wondering what makes a good punk song, or what to do with crusties when they show up on your couch, or need a guide of the punks of WWF (and whatever the more extreme version of that is), scene reports, a break down of the pros and cons of all punk hair options, you should acquaint thyself with these pages. My two favorite aspects of this zine are that there are repeating ads for the zine itself (and more than one ad for the same show), and that all cuss

words are scribbled out, as if to imply that it is now appropriate for Rochester's Tween Sets as well. Good job guys! (JB)
Teen Set / 32 Edmonds St. #1 / Rochester / NY 14607

SLICE HARVESTER #7/ $3 ppd US, $6 world
8.5 x 5.5 in – copied – 56 pgs
Straight outta NYC, comes the last and final installment in the *Slice Harvester* saga. Straight and to the point with hilarious commentary, this zine walks you through the boroughs of NYC chronicling the honest quest for pizza. The pizza joints are rated on a sliding scale from one slice to a top-notch seven slices, with an amusing story or memory written about each experience. *SH* has garnered fans across the country, making us realize how much we actually love such a simple and comforting slice. If you love pizza as much as I do, this is a must-read zine! I hope to see more commentary zines from Colin in the future, and when you're in SF hit us up for some good pizza! (DJ)
442 Lorimer St. #230 / Brooklyn / NY 11206 / sliceharvester@gmail.com / www.sliceharvester.com

SUSPECT DEVICE #54 / £2 ppd UK, $4 ppd US
8.5 x 11.5 – copied –20 pgs
A cool copied zine from England, long-running yet up to date. The columns section is short and sweet, with a couple columns I found endearing, the record, zine and book reviews are to the point and the pictures are from bands currently on tour that people are losing their shit to, like D-Clone, Kylmä Sota, Porkeria, Negative Approach and more. Interviews feature Punch, Violent Assault, Burnt Cross, the Domestics, Bloody Gears, External Menace and Carol Hodge who sang for Steve Ignorant's Last Supper tour. The creator of this zine is an older punk and while so many older punks spend time being nostalgic about the past and whining about the present, Tony shows his knowledge of the past without forgoing what current bands right now have to offer. With a minimal cut and paste feel, overall this is a good read and I wish the best to Tony and his crüe! (LA)
2 Pine Close / Ashurst / Hampshire / S040 7BU / UK / www.suspectdevice.co.uk / suspectdevicehq@hotmail.com

THE TROUBLE WITH NORMAL #116 / $2
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
The trouble with this zine is that it's fucking terrible. 116 issues and this guy still hasn't figured out how to construct a proper sentence, or how to use spell check. Seriously, every paragraph is littered with typos. I despise almost everything about this zine. It's a Missouri-centric rag that focuses on bands that I've never heard of, and based on the reviews and pictures (banjos? stand-up basses?) included in the pages of this insult to print media, I hope I never *have* to hear them. As far as actual content goes, there are a bunch of show reviews, some record reviews, an interview with OKC grinders GRG, and an extensive condemnation of New Mexico State Representative Cathrynn Brown. The last piece I actually back, since Mrs. Brown is a deplorable human being waging a never-ending war on women, but the column, like the rest of the zine, is so poorly written. This whole issue reads like it was constructed by one of those kids that goes to Plan-it-X fest and discusses political issues with other privileged, like-minded teenagers. However, the guy behind this zine isn't a teenager. From what I can gather he's hovering at or above the age of forty, which is just sad. (KM)
www.thetroublewithnormal.tripod.com / ttwn@hotmail.com

TRUST #157 / 3 euros, get in touch for international orders
8.5 x 11.5 – printed – 32 pgs – German, some English
Dieses ist ein sehr gut-gemachtest zine und ich wollte auf Deutsch dieses Zusammenfassung schreiben, weil ich sicher bin dass die Schöpfer dieses zine auch ein Lachen an meinem falschen Deutsch haben konnten! Mit starke Schwarzweiss Bilden und ein minimales ästhetisches, für mehr als zwei Jahrzehnt *Trust* hat ein gutes Rezept und es arbeitet sehr gut. Aus irgend Grund, es erinnert mich an das frühe '90s, mit die Unterstrichene Namen und Fragen, die strenge Grenzen und die eindeutige definiert Kapitel innerhalb. Wenn man ein bischen Deutsch kennt, hat einige sehn interessante Interviews zu lessen, wie ein Sonderbericht über Vinyl, mit Interviews mit den Leuten die den ganze Prozess kennen und sie teilen ihr Wissen. Das Iinterview mit der Künstler der Deckseite, Schwarwel, schaut wunderbar! Es gibt auch einige Zinebesprechungen auf Englisch, für die Idioten wie mich, und die Shallplattenbesprechungen werden organisiert durch Plattenfirma—ich mag den! Auf dieses Weise erhalte ich eine Abbildung von was jeder Freigibt. Es gibt auch ein Kapitel "Vor 20 Jahren" dass ein sehr cool Retrospective ist, und die Nachrichten und Daten für Zukunftskonzerten zeigt dass sie wissen was los ist! Ich wünsche, dass ich den Interview auf Bundeswehr lessen können, weil so verständnisvoll shaut, aber leider mein Deutsch ist nicht so gut! Danke für die Reise! / This is a very well-made zine that has been around for well over three decades or more and, if one knows some German, contains some very interesting interviews. I wanted to write this review in their own language, as I am sure the makers of the zine could have a laugh at my bad German. This issue features interviews with Cali's Swing Kids, Istukas Over Disneyland from the Philippines, the awesome artist Schwarwel, a special report on vinyl with interviews of people involved in every one of its processes, plus a feature on the German Federal Armed Forces. Zine and record reviews in German, and some in English too, with a retrospective on *Trust* twenty years ago, plus an event calendar, columns and a great minimal look, that could disguise this as an art zine from the early '90s. Check it out! (LA)
c/o Dolf Hermannstädter / Postfach 110762 / 28087 Bremen / Germany / www.trust-zine.de, dolf@trust-zine.de

TURNING THE TIDE Volume 26 #1 / PDF available on website or contact for issue
11.5 x 8.5 – printed – 4 pgs
Why is it important that I am reading the autobiography of Angela Davis at this specific moment? Well, because I am slowly developing a knowledge for the underground press during the movements of the late '60s and early '70s. *Turning the Tide* reminded me of what the radical press represented. This zine, that takes on more characteristics of a newspaper, is from Los Angeles and talks about some of the political landscape in terms of the Black Riders Liberation Party and the state of current political prisoners as well as those going into trial. I have seen many different approaches when sharing information like this, but I am an old school person, and I like newspapers. Be ready to absorb information when picking this up, because it is loaded with content. *Turning the Tide* definitely reminded me that not all zines have comedic aspects to them, nor do they all revolve around music, they can still be completely rooted in struggles of liberation. (OG)
www.antiracist.org

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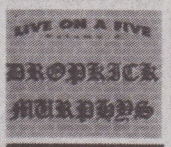

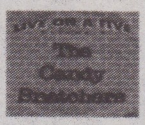

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DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Matt Badenhop, Layla Gibbon, Greg Harvester, Kyle King, Jeremy Meier and Heath Row.

ADULTS – First off, I want to say that this isn't the awesome band from Oakland that goes by the same name, but one of their songs has a similar chord progression. This ADULTS hails from New Orleans and plays mid-paced screamy punk in the vein of early '90s grunge (more MUDHONEY than NIRVANA, if you know what I mean) and more contemporary stuff like DEAD DOG and VACATION. Excellent stuff here. (Greg) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, 2533 N Rampart St, New Orleans, LA 70117)

ALABASTER CHOAD/WATER WAGON – The Bay Area punk scene is historically linked to the artsy/queer/weirdo scene, but over the years, there has been more of a gap between the two. ALABASTER CHOAD attempts to bridge that gap with their wild, aggressive and almost un-definable sound. The band consists of a drummer, an electric standup bass, a trumpet through effects pedals and two singers screaming about space, butts, dicks and all kinds of sleazy shit. The vocals are drenched in reverb and effects. Their melding of free-jazz, hardcore, arty weirdness and defiant queerness is a little hard to fully digest through this rough recording, but is more defined on their stellar LP from 2012. If you thought this band was hard to describe, just wait til you flip this tape over and hear WATER WAGON. My friend, E. Conner describes this as "inspirational speaking." Masterminded by A.C.'s bass player, Orson Wagon, WATER WAGON sounds like people speaking through an AM pirate radio station tuned between frequencies. Subjects covered range from toxic fragrances to masturbation to transcendental meditation to phone calls about renting Port-A-Potties for the Danbert No-bacon show at Gilman Street. A truly indescribable experience, my friends, but well worth your time. (Greg) (?-song cassette, no lyrics, send $4 cash or postage to Wagon Bros Enterprises, 555 Fulton St Ste 110, San Francisco, CA 94102)

AMBER – Coming from Marburg, Germany, AMBER bring us five songs on this well composed cassette. Very dark and emotional "Post-Hardcore." The vocalist, Anna brings shrill cries of agony to the almost epic song writing. The songs are pretty long but they have enough going on to keep you interested. This definitely has a slight crust feel to it à la early FILTH OF MANKIND, but still in itself is very much hardcore. All songs in English. (Jeremy) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, www.haloofflies records.com)

ATERPE – This release is some kind of bizarre grind punk from Thailand. I say "bizarre" because the vocals sound like they have a weird chorus/flange effect on them and sound completely separate from the rest of the music…like the vocalist didn't even consider the rest of the band when coming up with the lyrics. The musical attack sticks to blast beats and fast punk with heavily compressed guitars. They play three songs in about three minutes. I listened to it three times. I still don't understand what is going on, but I kind of like it. (Greg) (3-song CD-R, no lyrics, aterpe.bandcamp.com)

BAKED GOODS – *Basement Glam* – The solo "psychedelic" pop wanderings of one Luke Harun from Montreal. As the title suggests, imagine one diminutive English glam dinosaur locked in a Québécois basement, forced to record his rock'n'roll musings in a preciously murky and lo-fi style. Repeat over the course of two sides and ten tracks. (Kyle) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, goodsbaked@gmail.com)

CHEAP DRUGS – Shame about the name and cover art, 'cause this is some mean-ass full throttle hardcore à la '80s Boston HC meets NEGATIVE APPROACH, but from Belgium. The couple slow jams bore me a bit, but the fast ones rule. Overall this is some sincerely tough, aggro HC. (Matt) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, yakuzzi.blogspot.de)

CONDITION – *Deteroriating* – This is a reissue of the Los Angeles-based D-beat noisy hardcore band's cassette EP, originally recorded in November 2011. The tape features five songs, repeated on each side, and was also released as a 7" by De:Nihil records. Influenced by bands such as ASOCIAL, DISCLOSE and FRAMTID, the full-sounded trio tears through "Smoldering Wreckage," "Sensation Defect," "Complacency/Drudgery"—perhaps the best of the lot—and two more. (Heath) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, Building records, www.building.storenvy.com, conditionpunx@gmail.com)

CRAZY JOE DAVOLA – *The Finale Pt. I* – Maniacal garagey hardcore with a house party vibe. Great riffs, good songwriting, intense yells and hi-fucking-energy punk madness. This is a pleasant surprise! (Matt) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, no contact!)

CRETIN MOUTH – This falls somewhere between singer-songwriter fare, folk-punk, early '90s alternative and open mic night at a coffee shop. To some of the more hardcore of us, that would translate to "total shit" but it isn't. Sometimes you have to let your guard down and let people croon to you about politics and corporate zombies. (Greg) (11-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.facebook.com/cretinmouth)

CRISTINA THE ASTONISHING – *I Am Not The American Teen* – This is pretty slick and professional…And these kids are all around 16 years old! Getting past their ages, they play a great mix of pop-punk, slick hardcore and straightforward punk. They sound like they are veering into that Warped Tour / Epitaph records kind of style, but they do it better than any new band on Epitaph these days. Word on the street is that their singer is not grounded anymore so they are allowed to play shows again. Keep an ear out. (Greg) (5-song CD, no lyrics, cristinatheass@yahoo.com)

CUTTLEBUTTLE – "We are CUTTLEBUTTLE, screamy, bratty gurly dada beauty punx from Oakland." Couldn't have put it better; this is somewhere between RAOOUL, Y-PANTS and DNA. They also say this is not a demo, but their first official release, cassette format by choice. Sounds like a surrealist cartoon soundtrack recorded in someone's basement at 3am; no wave but fun/rambunctious in its aggressiveness. Another indication of the Oakland girl sound take-over. (Layla) (15-song cassette, no lyrics, yarobdafisk@hotmail.com)

THE DEADS – This band calls themselves "metal," but I don't really hear any metal in it. The band jams on some heavy, off-kilter rhythms à la JESUS LIZARD while the singer croons atonally like a Ian Astbury/Glenn Danzig hybrid on Quaaludes. It reminds me of trying to watch *120 Minutes* in the mid-1990s, which means it's an exercise in unfathomable futility. (Greg) (6-song CD-R, no lyrics, thedeads@hotmail.com)

DEMON CITY REAPER – *Collecting Skulls 2008-2011* – Hmmm, I don't really like metal in any of its many evil forms, but for some reason I'm kinda digging on this Russian metal-punk shit. Surging punk-beat via VENOM with metallic sounding guitars doing *lots* of tapping, and overpowering reverbed-to-hell black metal growls. OK, it gets a little old after a few minutes, but to those of you into the metal-punk stuff, or even diehard GISM or GHOUL fans, you will probably need to grab this. (Matt) (8-song cassette, no lyrics, Nikita Mekhanoshin, Baranova 68-7, Izhevsk 426006, Russia, punkwithpower@yahoo.com)

DESASTRE SONORO – *Vol.1 Los Angeles 2012* – This is a comp tape with live recordings from five bands in the LA area. MAL PASO – Four songs from these guys. Seems like this band is only bass driven. No guitar found here. Very bouncy straight forward punk, nothing crazy. Well-composed songs that sound lost in time. This band is good and these songs are reminiscent of bands like MG-15. Maybe this could be better with guitar? CONDITION – Three songs here of fuzzed-out, phased-up heavy hitting hardcore punk. You get the feel of some Scandi hardcore influence with Japanese flair. The sheer heaviness of this sets it apart. One of these songs was previously released on the *Deteriorating* EP. But this is a live recording, not a studio session. ASPEX – Start it off with a cover from Finnish

greats KAAOS! The other two songs from ASPEX are just pure ripping noise with a very clear Finnish punk inspiration. These guys did not last too long as a band (maybe one year?) but in that time they did a cassette and a split flexi with KRÜEL. Check them out! ATRAKO – This threw me for a loop at first. Four songs from the band. The first was an intro, and it had a very post-punk feel to it. Then they rip into furious hardcore ragers. Everything is mean. Pounding drums and sporadic guitar leads. Very pissed vocals. I would really like to hear a studio session from this band. PESSIMIST – Dark and gloomy, haunting crust. The vocals sound as if they are coming from the bowels of a demon. This is very much reminiscent of the early to mid 2000s resurgence of UK influenced crust. Three songs. Over all this tape is awesome and a very good resource for discovering newer bands that don't get much exposure. Comps will always be the best way to here new bands. (Jeremy) (5-band / 17-song cassette, no lyrics, desastresonoro323@gmail.com)

DIFFERENCE – *Demo #1* – Released in June 2012, this five-song demo from the Val Verde, California-based (north of Los Angeles) hardcore band might no longer be available. The songs are short, the vocals guttural, and the sound driving and heavy. Not entirely my cup of tea, but delivered with intensity and all due seriousness—respectable! (Heath) (5-song cassette, Building records, building.alex@gmail.com)

DISABLE – *From Submission to Subversion* – So this is a West Coast tour comp tape. We get tracks from three previous releases (*Blitzkrieg Nights* EP, split 7" with WARVICTIMS and FEAR, WAR, and the BOMB EP.) Plus two tracks that will soon be on a four way split LP. Disable have been covering good ground the past couple years and you can easily see their progression on this tape. I think right now they have finally mastered their brand of harsh DISCHARGE worship. Luckily I had the pleasure of watching them at Subversion Vol.1 in Oakland, and they for sure dominated the night they played. The tape is long gone. I have #9 of 25. (Jeremy) (8-song cassette, nolyrics)

DISHPIT – These three Minneapolis dudes play scrappy, Region Rock-inspired, fast, honest punk rock. Their singer/guitarist has this kind of bratty, tuneful scream that rules. This band has shitloads of enthusiasm, songs about Scrabble and train-hopping and a raw, unbridled sound that will make the most bitter punks smile (Truth: I saw these guys at a warehouse in MPLS and my insanely bitter friends were watching them and positively beaming). They're not breaking any new ground, but who cares? Sometimes you need to drink a few beers, complain about your shitty ass job and dance like there's no tomorrow. DISHPIT is here to provide your soundtrack. The tape comes packaged in a homemade, spray-painted pouch. Punk as shit. (Greg) (12-song cassette, lyrics included, 3637 4th Ave S. Minneapolis, MN 55409, skater8456@comcast.net)

DOGMA – DOGMA plays heavy Midwestern metallic hardcore (heavy on the metallic) that seems inspired by Victory Records (the early, early shit) and chugga chugga mosh-pit madness. Unlike most bands that play this style of music, DOGMA barely makes it over the minute mark for most of their songs, which is great to me. The singer sounds like a human version of a pitbull. Thumbs up all around. (Greg) (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, anthony_peeples@hotmail.com)

EARL LONG – New Orleans weirdos play beautifully shambolic art-weirdo noise without a thought to melody, structure or even vocals. Some people might say "outsider sounds". Others might say "arty garbage". Take your pick. You might be right. (Greg) (8-song CD-R, no lyrics or vocals, ShanGORILla records, PO Box 3127. New Orleans, LA 70117)

EEL – *Drill Mess Madness Violent Punker Scum Cassette* – Well, the title kinda says it all here. Add "raw," "pogo" and "noise" to the list and that about sums it up. But in my own words, Pbrgh's EEL play four tracks of trashed out pogo punk with really catchy riffs and breathless vocals. I could do without the drill noise going on in the background throughout the entire tape, but y'all are gonna love it. (Matt) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, $3 ppd, 518 McCandless Ave, Pittsburgh, PA 15201)

EMPTY ROOM – Raw, pessimistic hardcore from Buffalo featuring folks from BROWN SUGAR, PLATES and EVERYTHING FALLS APART. No frills, no gimmicks, no faking. Three fast ones and two mid-paced, stomping ones. "Americans With Guns" is especially relevant: "Americans with guns need protection from Americans with guns / We've got rights that you can't take away / we're armed and safe." Though it's way more straightforward and punk, EMPTY ROOM has a hypnotic element that brings WALLS to mind. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $4 ppd, Feral Kid, 74 Claremont Ave, Buffalo , NY 14222)

FIRE RETARDED / NEW YEARS GANG – *Split* – This pair of bands from Wisconsin share members and some influences: there's some fuzzed out grunge riffing, there's some lo-fi garage rocking, and there's even an iota of pop punk melodic bliss. FIRE RETARDED plays raucous and noisy evil twin to NEW YEARS GANG's warm, but by no means breezy, and energetic sound. Not so keen on the band names, but the music shows promise. (Kyle) (11-song cassette, liner notes but no lyrics, kitschymanitou@gmail.com, N 4182 Rory Rd., Poynette, WI 53955)

FISHWIVES – Four songs of noisy post-hardcore with heavy reverb on the vocals (seems to be a trend this month). This band seems to be going for an early Gravity records kind of thing and succeeding. They pull off some minimal, instrumental parts that grabbed me a lot more instantly than the rest of it. There's a lot of promise lurking in these four songs. (Greg) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, www.lionscarerecordings.wordpress.com)

FLACCID – *Fuck 2012* – Very fucking lo-fi recording. It's dark and gritty and that seems to be perfect for this band. The demo artwork is nicely done collage work reminiscent of some shit Sakevi would do. The music is awesome. Makes me think of Toronto's S.H.I.T. but with a more deranged backbone. Mid-tempo hardcore with reverbed out vocals. It's a sick fucking demo and I really don't need to say much more. FLACCID is from Calgary, Alberta Canada, and the Canadian punks have just been pumping out some awesome shit. Keep up the good work. FIND THIS DEMO OR BE BUMMED. (Jeremy) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, rockandrollorgasmat@gmail.com)

THE FUZZ – *Trick or Treat 2012* – At times this sounds like the CRAMPS on Quaaludes. At others, it sounds just like what it is: a punishing wash of drums, an eternal guitar solo, and echoed vocals imploring the listener to "*Feel it.*" Initially uncertain of what I'm supposed to feel, I appreciate this demo for its STOOGE-like attempts to pummel me into submission—like the epic slow-fade-out CD skipping that closes out the first side. When all is said and done, I feel a sense of derangement—a sentiment I clearly share with this band. (Kyle) (8-song cassette, liner notes but no lyrics, m.smith08@live.ca)

GAS RAG – This shit rules. Chicago is on point right now. This demo is like a mix between BLOODKROW BUTCHER and URBAN BLIGHT (RIP). Clean but beefy guitar tones with mean ass vocals. The drumming is perfect, cracking D-beats and smooth mid tempo breaks. They rip through six songs so quick you will find yourself rewinding this tape again and again. This really is my favorite blend of hardcore that is popping off at the moment. I hear that there are some members from other awesome bands but that's not important. This demo sells itself. If you like hardcore punk, GAS RAG will not disappoint! (Jeremy) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, $4 ppd to 3053, S. Keeley st., Apt#2, Chicago, IL 60608)

GENERACION SUICIDA – *En Vivo* – The first side of this live tape was recorded on KBOO-FM in September 2011, and side two was recorded live at Blackwater records, both in Portland, Oregon. The radio recording is a particularly excellent recording of what's quickly become my favorite band in Los Angeles. Songs address parasites, boredom, poverty, guns, love, and other topics, all in Spanish. At times, the band reminds me of the EXPLOSION and the THERMALS, as well as MASSHYSTERI and the VICIOUS. The second side is less cleanly recorded but slightly more energetic—and better captures the fun intensity of their live shows. (Heath) (9-song cassette, no lyrics, www.noconformo.blogspot.com, rayosxpunx@gmail.com)

GOD MODE – *Glowing Eyes* – A hardcore thrash version of the GOONS with moshable parts. I'm pretty sure these guys are in high school, but their band camp shows otherwise. (Amelia) (8-song CD-R, $3 ppd, lyrics unfortunately included, godmodeny@gmail.com, facebook.com/godxmodegodxmode.bandcamp.com)

THE INSTIGATION – Well, well…I reviewed this about a year ago, but in CD-R format, with no art or lyrics etc., but it did come with an extra CD-R containing videos and shit. Here's the proper cassette version—great fuzzed out, garage-y hardcore from China featuring (if I remember correctly) a few expats and one Chinese guy. I know they also have an EP out because I saw Jason reviewing it the other day. Good shit. (Matt) (14-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.theinstigation.bandcamp.com, www.yakuzzi.blogspot.de)

LAKE FOREST – *Furtous Party* – A series of quiet, ambient, wobbly and repetitive guitar loops that deteriorate or get consumed by far away noise as each track progresses. This has about as much

to do with punk as the recently found warped easy listening tape that got forgotten under your mom's car seat in the hot Texas summer of 1993, and has no more to do with CHEETAH CHROME MOTHERFUCKERS than the fact that it has the same title and tracklist as their second EP on Belfagor. Total head-scratcher. (Matt) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, Sire Benjamin B Kruger, 2608 St. Paul Blvd, Rochester, NY 14617, benkruger10@yahoo.com)

MEAN BIKINI – The first thing that hits me about this is that the recording sounds a little too pro for a band that is this minimal and scrappy. Getting past that, they sound like a wild hybrid of a more punk VASELINES, CRISPY NUTS and THEE HEADCOATEES, if that makes any sense. There's a slight hint of doo-wop and surf thrown in, but these women are definitely coming into this with a punk frame of mind. They're off to a good start and I'm sure it can only get better from here. (Greg) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, Antony House, Flat 8, Pembury Place, London E58GZ, UK)

MESSIAHLATOR – *Brain Killer* – From Edmonton, Alberta Canada MESSIAHLATOR bring us their five-song demo (recorded in 2011). This is damn near 100% metal. Mixing Swedish death metal sounds like ENTOMBED and AT THE GATES. Creative guitar leads and very solid drumming really bring this together nicely. The dual vocals are also a nice touch. Nothing too over the top. Highly recommended for the thrash metaling, long-hair in all of us. (Jeremy) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, messiahlator@gmail.com)

MINDSLAVE – After a great mid paced instrumental intro, New Hampshire's MINDSLAVE assaults us with eight shots of HC/powerviolence. The mix leans more toward high end than heavy production, giving me the impression that they are a young band with lots of room for growth—but with the velocity and anger already there, I suspect this band's next effort will be devastating. (Matt) (9-song cassette, lyrics included, $4 ppd, Carl Renschel, 116 S. Taylor St., Manchester, NH 03103)

MOHAWK BARBIE – MOHAWK BARBIE plays pretty good, straightforward drunken punk and the bulk of this CD is from a poorly recorded live set in 2000. There are also two new songs which exhibit that this band can sound like a cohesive unit when they try hard. The longer the CD plays, the drunker everyone gets and the guitars fall farther out of tune. Live recordings are tricky. It sounds like the show they played was pretty fun, but it doesn't translate very well on this recording. (Greg) (7-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.dihd.net)

NEED – *Need* – Here's a treatise on the role of the antisocial in a hateful society. The funereal lurch of an intro track makes way for five songs of noisy hardcore, all wrapped in lyrics about the glory of reclusiveness and a debilitating fear of sex. Tightly wound—like the music—and bound in strips of leather, nude men decorate every side of the packaging: is this ethos or empty posturing? My hope is that this band transcends the contemporary glut of mysterious and tortured (and cryptically sexual) hardcore bands by continuing to make brutal music without caving to a brutal and nihilistic mindset. (Kyle) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, crippledsoundrecords@gmail.com)

NOT YET! – *It's a Small World, Alcohol* – Currently hailing from Fresno by way of Santa Cruz, California, Jose Anything (nee Garza) teams up with members of Columbus, Ohio, pop punkers NEW CREASES for this awesome bright yellow (or green!) cassette. Released in April 2012, the tape contains four catchy songs that will appeal to fans of DEAR LANDLORD and the DOPAMINES. "East Bay Breeze" and "Pointless" flow together seamlessly, almost forming the perfect song. My only advice to Jose: Maybe drink a little less but love just the same. Your songs inspire crushes tinged with dissolution. Liz Prince provides the excellent cover art. (Heath) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, John Wilkes Booth, 373 S. Willow St. #138, Manchester, NH 03103, johnwilkesboothrecords.com, david@johnwilkesboothrecords.com)

PIPE SMOKING RABBITS – This sounds like the MC5 as re-imagined by '90s mainstream radio and Guitar Center with none of the guts. (Greg) (6-song CD, no lyrics, tasteforbrains@hotmail.com)

PLUTONIUM BABY – Sort of a lo-fi garage/post punk mix with this one. The weird choppy tension and electro-crap on the second song makes it an awesome track, and the fourth track adds a catchy chorus to the aforementioned recipe. So I guess I find it half interesting, half not, but garage rockers will dig it. (Matt) (4-song cassette, no lyrics, wecomeintheshit@hotmail.com)

PUBLIC ASSAULT – *Public Assault* – According to a scrap of paper mailed with this tape, "these kids are about 15-17 years old from Northwest Indiana. Just an FYI. NWI MUTANTS." Nothing could be more accurate: everything about this tape screams teenagers in the Midwest. As with many bands in this technological age in which we live, serious shades of DIE KREUZEN are going on here, but it's for good and not ill that these mutants are following in such footsteps. (Kyle) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, Triple Bypass records, c/o John Markovich, 3525 Jewett Ave. Highland, Indiana 46322)

PUSRAD – *Dömd Akta Dig Smarttrams* – Woah…tight, wild and speedy melodic hardcore blasts from this Swedish band. None of the songs exceed 30 seconds, but this ain't no grindcore! This cassette collects an LP and two EPs worth of material. I bet they're a riot live. Great listen full of twists and turns—for fans of RAPED TEENAGERS and innovative hardcore! (Matt) (31-song cassette, lyrics included, Spastic Fantastic, c/o Marcel Richard, Schillerstrasse 114, 59174 Kamen, Germany, yakuzzi.blogspot.de)

RANDOM VIOLENCE – Fast, throwdown hardcore with tough breakdowns and gang vocals. Their singer sounds like a ten-year-old girl. I am not making fun of them. It really does sound like a ten-year-old girl. It rules! This style of hardcore is usually populated by gruff, cookie monster-type dudes, so this approach is refreshing and cool as fuck. No bullshit. Seven songs in ten minutes. (Greg) (7-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.lacosanuestro.blogspot.com)

SCISSOR GRIND – Sick rudimentary all girl HC from New Orleans, slow and furious, imperfectly perfect. Lyrics are radical and further the point that this is a band for all the liberated HC girls and queers tearing down walls everywhere. Listen to this and make your own band ok? (Layla) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, nomorefiction@gmail.com)

SURGEONS – This extremely brief cassette release is reportedly a less-produced version of what might be a one-sided 12" soon. "We Need Chains" might be the most intense song on the first side, a raw, rough rocker in which slightly distorted vocals penetrate sharply stabbing guitars and thick bass. "Post Slave" reminds me somewhat of the predecessor band LE FACE, which was a little less violent and virulent. Live, SURGEONS are confrontational and undeniable—at times frightening. Fans of DEAD WASTE should check this out. (Heath) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, www.facebook.com/pages/SURGEONS/289353014431113)

UNA BÈSTIA INCONTROLABLE – Blasting this while watching the sun set over the ocean out of my window. Should be played while running somewhere subterranean in a post-apocalyptic future. Members of CROSTA, GLAM, DESTINO FINAL playing blasted, burned out hardcore punk with shards of industrial strength brutality; guitar blown out/brains blown out, vengeance intact. This is all encompassing shred for those that no longer require use of their inner ear tract, makes me think of MAN IS THE BASTARD in terms of mutant creativity and pure sonic destruccccciioonnnn. It's heavy, aggressive hardcore and weirdly reminded me of watching NEUROSIS play, but with *none* of the tech prog troll guy reality. Experimental/noise-inflected, fucked up heavy hardcore that is relentless and powerful; equally recommended to fans of blown out hardcore, D-beat and early proto-industrial sounds. Fuck! (Layla) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, www.unabestiaincontrolable.net)

UNBROKEN BONES – *Battalion of Bones* – I never spent much time listening to BROKEN BONES, but I guess these Russians have. I hear really tight crossover/thrash with a hardcore pulse. Lots of muted speedpicking, searing leads, and urgent hollering in English. If I skated, I would definitely spend the next couple weeks skating to this! (Matt) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, Nikita Mekhanoshin, Baranova 68-7, Izhevsk 426006, Russia, www.facebook.com/UnbrokenBones)

YDINASEETON POHJOLA – This band wins the prize for most deranged sounding vocalist of all time. In this case, that's a good thing. Non-stop head pounding Finnish hardcore with raw buzzsaw guitars and focused-political lyrics seemingly pertaining to their local issues (judging by the English translations). This appears to be a compilation of songs selected from four different releases, and one unreleased track—however, it all sounds like the same recording session so it flows like any record should. This would normally be too noisy for me, but man it's fucking great. For those who like it raw, I suggest you check this out. (Matt) (12-song CD-R in a 7" sleeve, lyrics included, www.nightstickjustice.com)

RECORDS

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142 – "Demo" 12"

Eight tracks of near-endless blast beats, breakdowns and anthemic parts, with screaming vocals on a one-sided 12". Something about this record is very '90s to me, but there is no mistaking the vintage here, and this is most definitely a modern record that will most likely appeal to fans of CHARLES BRONSON. (JU)
(Spastic Fantastic / Rising Riot)

ABDUKTION / VERSKLAVEN – split EP

This split was executed with the intent to destroy. The VERSKAVEN side is solid. It has that VENOM black metal vibe mixed with pogo noise mixed with the perfection of AFTER THE BOMBS. I cannot praise this band more. The raw vocals mixed with the perfect black metal guitar, mixed with the lo-fi recording creates a purely evil and devastating sound. The ABDUKTION side channels the destruction of newer bands like GLAM and exists on the rawer side of punk. The songs are short, fast and blown out with CIMEX guitars and violent drums. This is an amazing split EP where each band hold its own equally. It comes with a fold-out lyric insert and a screen-printed cover. All in all, this release was done to perfection so go ahead, get this now! (AE)
(Fermented Chaos)

ABSOLUTION – "A Drop of Patience" EP

The ABSOLUTION 7" had the potential to be one of the true great records of the prime—1987-1988—NYHC era. They had the chops, the songs and everything else that needed to be in place for it to happen, plus, their demo tracks are straight-up *fire*, but it didn't. Unfortunately, the 7" ended up a limp footnote. *This* record that I'm reviewing, is a new, 2012 re-recording of the 7". Maybe it's an attempt to correct a mistake, maybe just a fun way for them to "get the band back together," but really, who knows except them. Is it a success? I'm not really sure. I will say that if this were a new record by a new band, I would *love* them. Gavin is still one of the coolest guitar players in the history of hardcore, with one of the most original playing styles that I cannot help but love on any record, including this one, and that always takes me back to my youth, sitting around or skating with my friends listening to a dub of the BURN 7", over and over and over… Yeah, you know what, this better than the original—*somehow*—but it can't escape the fact that it's tainted. (JU)
(Lush Life)

AHNA – "Empire" 12"

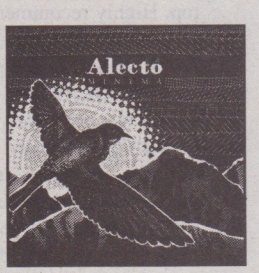
Whoa. In the first few seconds I was def like, "what the fuck is this?" Imagine black metal (no racism, but I can see some church burning) meets noise meets some sludge with some grind moments. This is very borderline for *MRR*, but it's definitely weird enough and stripped down enough to make any punk that likes some black metal in the mix to prick their ears up. Imagine playing ANTISCHIZM on half speed. There are five songs on here, *five*. They are long, but I wasn't bored for a second. This Vancouver two-piece uses drums, vocals, bass and guitar (the magic of recording…) on these tracks. The music is minimal, but has just the right amount of repetition and changes to keep it interesting—their style makes this whole record completely cohesive. OK, what takes this over the top are the higher vocals (yeah, it's a lady) and holyfuckingshit she is brutal. The growls and screams are a mix of ANTISCHIZM and DETESTATION, but this person can do this in pitch, climbing octaves. The lower vocals are a great compliment to the rest and the whole thing is making me listen on repeat. This is not for everyone, but this is absolutely for me. (MB)
(Choking Hazard)

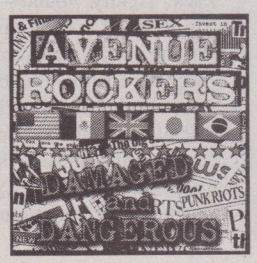
ALECTÓ – "Minyma" EP

This three-piece outta Volos, Greece kick up some shit. The four tracks benefit from thick bass, raw guitar, and pissed, pained vocals. They got power like an overloaded van comin' downhill and their swing is perfect for headbanging—these are great songs. They mix tempos but never lose momentum. The lyrics (in English) deal with the psychological and social costs of the shitsystem. The cover is beautiful and the enclosed spiel pretty righteous. Rules—get it. (JM)
(True to the Game / World's Appreciated Kitsch)

ANTIMOB – LP

Ugh. Why can't I just say "this is amazing and you need it"? That would be so much easier than trying to harness the power of this record and translate it into mere words. Blazing hardcore from Greece that leans on mind numbing heaviness but never *relies* on it. ANTIMOB take the melodic crust paradigm and blow it to the fukn moon – the melody is still here, but this hardcore is screaming and there is not one lazy riff on the entire record. The B side





starts with a build of intensity that promises absolute annihilation and then delivers more than you could ever hope for – rampaging fury tempered with nothing but the uncanny ability to craft a flawless hardcore burner and fueled by a crumbling society. There is nothing in these grooves but pure power. (WN)
(Εξωτικός Παροξυσμός)

ASTRID LINDGREN – "Posłuchaj Jak Mam Dziś Mało Do Powiedzenia" 12"

Not once did this record remind me of *Pippy Longstocking*, weird. But then again, my Polish is nonexistent. It's a one sided 12" of melodic hardcore that draws from a number of musical styles. Most of the record is fast but a metal riff might quickly run into a straight hardcore part with gang backing vocals, then into a pop section with whoo-ohs before the breakdown kicks in. Or there could be some angular, post-Revolution Summer emoish part thrown into the mix. The one constant is the vocals, which stick to something between screaming and a forceful singing style. If you're not digging it, put it on the last song and that might change your mind. (PA)
(Pasazer)

AUSMUTEANTS – "Ah...What an Ugly Face Every Face Is" EP

Oh, this is pretty cool! AUSMUTEANTS play minimal, yet dense garage synth in the vein of...uh...I don't know...COUNT VERTIGO? Forget the comparisons. It's loose, yet deliberate and drenched in non-cheesy organ and reverb. They may take some cues from their neighbors in TOTAL CONTROL and EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING, but they are doing it right. They give their songs a little room to breathe and flow in their own special ways. So good. I want more. (GH)
(Heinous Anus)

AVENUE ROCKERS – "Damaged and Dangerous" CD

Dunno if it's just because I'm getting to be an old man (definitely), or just grumpy (most likely), but my tolerance level for the casual sexism and misogyny that permeates this effort is less than zero. The song titles pretty much say it all "Hi-Infidelity," "Starlets and Harlots," "About Christine," "A Bar, A Brawl and A Brothel"... well, OK "About Christine" is about a car, but still manages to get in a cheap throwaway line about the chicks. The lads proudly sport their multi-national/ethnic nature (cool enough, and why not), but I guess that doesn't really extend to the lassies. The music? Decent enough attempt at punk/ska minus the horns. I'm sure they wish they were OPERATION IVY. Actually, I kind of wish they were too... (RK)
(self-released)

BACKSTABBERS – "BKPU" CD

BACKSTABBERS are cheesy punk rock from California. The riffs are upbeat and catchy, causing this band to remind me of something off of a *Punk-O-Rama* CD I boosted at a mall when I was a wee lass. This was before I realized washed up old men playing B-grade punk was uh, not what I wanted to listen to and before I found live shows in my home town. I'd say they are "power pop punk rock'n'roll." And to clarify, I don't mean good KBD type power pop. Bands like this bum me out—but I'm not trying to say be young or get out of punk, or that punk shouldn't be "fun" and about drinking pints and playing covers with your friends you've had for 20 years as you slobber about the good ol' days. What I'm saying is, at least stand for something *today*—you're too old for skull and crossbones. And I know you are all wearing hats because your hair is thinning. Give it up! (AE)
(Braindart)

BAD ANTICS – "Where Did I Go Wrong?" LP

Weed smoking longhairs from Pedro. This is some '80s style skaterock hardcore that's very SoCal. They would be welcome on a bill with A.N.S. or ANNIHILATION TIME to these ears. The cover's pretty amazing with a great (horrible) painting of the band that you would find at your neighborhood thrift store. The songs get way too long for me but I'm not stoned. Score some tree and rock out. (RO)
(Skrammel / Whine-O)

BAD INDIANS – "Are on the Other Side" LP

Instrumentally, this Michigan group alternates between retreading organ-based psychedelic pop and pleasant, lofty C86-style pop. Both song-writing threads inevitably convene on understated guitar leads and pastoral instrumental passages. It's recorded very well and competently performed, but each primary style of BAD INDIANS is a starting and an end point. Tracks featuring male lead vocals tend to plod along in nasally monotony but considering the popularity of bands with similar vocals, it's hard to call this an aesthetic failure. Perhaps it's now a populist necessity? The female lead vocals recall the bedroom introspection of minimal 1980s pop more effectively and constitute the album's most rewarding tracks. (SL)
(CQ)

BAD TASTE / BRAIN CAR – split EP

Unspectacularly not horrible. Bland in a horribly un-noteworthy way. Some rollicking rock'n'roll that doesn't break the mold or put forth anything terribly galvanizing. It's forgettable, but not all bad...Well, except for one band's sole contribution to this two-song record is a lackluster cover of "Be True to Your School." (P$)
(Reel Time)

BANQUE ALLEMANDE – "Willst Du Chinese Sein" LP

Layers of minimal buzzsaw guitar and detached Germanic vocals skitter over the top of repetitive, seemingly unchanging, robotik drums. It's only when you've been listening for some minutes that you realize that the song has turned in on itself and has in fact gone in another direction. I pinpoint this sound somewhere between recent WIRE and ICE AGE. Although there's not a cliché motorik beat in sight, I am inclined to view this band in the lineage of Krautrock, albeit with all hints of hippie pretension and psychedelia sliced away to reveal a pure molten core of disaffected post-punk. Delicious. (AM)
(S-S)

BED WETTIN' BAD BOYS – "Ready for Boredom" LP

BED WETTIN' BAD BOYS, a band from Australia 2013, has managed to make a record that seems spiritually connected to Midwestern US '80s beer-stain pop. The guitars are loud and upfront throughout, but there's some heartfelt shit going on underneath. Think REPLACEMENTS or GREAT PLAINS in the "then" department, or their countrymen ROYAL HEADACHE in the "now". Drunk, loud and stumbling, but genuine and catchy. A fine rock'n'roll record, and I'm sure countless others will agree. (MC)
(RIP Society)

BELT OF VAPOR – "The Recluse" LP

Noise rock. Yeah, that '80s sound known for bands like BIG BLACK, JESUS LIZARD and SCRATCH ACID. This sound has made a comeback in the last year and BELT OF VAPOR's sound is noise rock. And while BELT OF VAPOR has the usual pummeling aggressive rhythm section that made lots of noise rock bands great, they are also not afraid of some melodic and mellow moments, like on "Reigning Hands," which I have to admit reminds me of the mellowest FUGAZI. They also throw in a handful of straightforward indie rock tracks. The vocals have that vague sound of being sung through a bullhorn. And some of the tracks are even catchy. This is all good news because they have created their own take on this rock sound. If you want to try some loud rock or mellower noise rock give this a listen. (MH)
(Whoa! Boat)

BETON / SKELETON – split EP

Completely on-point from start to finish, this is how you fucking do it, folks. Canada's SKELETON dress to impress, playing downtuned crust with some reverb-drenched death growls that could easily give DOOM a run for their money. There's a melancholy layer mixed in with the brutal that helps keep things dynamic, and the black metal riff they pluck out of the

ether on "Nothing" had me pulling out the corpse paint before I could realize it was still light outside for another six hours. BETON from Bratislava, Slovakia stay closer to the raw party line, but if you're into ripping, galloping D-beat there's really nothing not to like here, and some heavy chorus keeps the one true guitar solo weird and awesome. Yes, yes, and yes. (WB)
(Ultima Ratio)

BIBLE THUMPER / THETAN – split EP

I was fortunate to catch BIBLE THUMPER a while ago, as their minimalist drums and bass dual vocal crust attack is delivered with great ferocity live. Unfortunately that dynamism isn't particularly well reflected in this recording. While the side-closing "Hell Hog" is actually pretty engaging with its driving riff, the rest comes off as a bit too same-y sounding to me. That being said, the reverbed vocals come off very well, with some impressively eerie howls in the mix and the bass sound is fucked in the best possible way. Perhaps these songs weren't the best picks to showcase their particular style? Split mates THETAN immediately take me back to the late '90s/early '00s days when metallic hardcore was the order of the day. Heavy measures of SUICIDE NATION and CONVERGE, with hints of CATHARSIS. Not necessarily as good as those titans, but quite well executed and great for a nostalgia trip. This is certainly 1000% better than the garbage being passed off as "metalcore" today. (AU)
(Burnt Bridges)

BIG BOYS – "Where's My Towel/Industry Standard" LP

If you're anything like me, these songs have already been following you around for years in tour vans, rotting punk houses, shitty boom boxes and...uh, your fucking ipod. They're ingrained in your skull; tattooed on your heart. If these songs are not a part of your life, what are you waiting for? This LP is a deluxe reissue of the band's first studio LP from 1981 and chronicles the BIG BOYS standing apart from the early hardcore sound that permeated the early '80s. The roots of Tim Kerr's clean, meandering guitar style are on full display here. They're pulling influences from funk, jazz and possibly the MINUTEMEN (although I think the MINUTEMEN were also paying attention to them). I don't know what else I can say, really. I think this album is essential for all punks, queers, weirdos and freaks. This reissue comes packaged in a gatefold sleeve with a large, unpublished photo by Bill Daniel. Reproductions of the original inserts are included along with a BIG BOYS sticker and more. Yes, it has a download code too. Get this right now! (GH)
(Light in the Attic)

BIG EYES / MEAN JEANS – split EP

I'm a huge fan of the 7" format. LPs are fine. CDs work. Digital downloads are beyond me. The 7" is where it's at. The split 7" can be really good or okay, depending on what the bands decide to do with it. In this case, you get two songs from each band, with each band using one song to cover the other band. Very clever. As it turns out, I just picked this up at the record store the other day and haven't even had a chance to listen to my copy at home. 'bout to find out if it was money well spent. Jesus, BIG EYES just never seem to let me down. I only discovered this band last year and the few cuts I've heard from them really leave me wanting more. It's catchy pop-punk, power-pop in a FASTBACKS' sort of style. As for MEAN JEANS, I think I may have missed the mark on this band. Not too long ago, I thought this band was hit or miss. However, everything I seem to listen to lately I find to be both really good and right up my alley. To suggest that these guys grew up on the RAMONES would be too obvious. It also doesn't begin to describe their sound, which isn't nearly as straightforward as the RAMONES. You get the idea. If you don't think you understand rock'n'roll, this is a good barometer. If this doesn't do something for you, I can't believe that you understand rock'n'roll. (KK)
(Dirtnap)

BIG DICK – LP

This bass/drum duo sounds instantly familiar to my ears, but yet I am at a loss for descriptors. There's an element of KARP, but that's mostly the bass tone (and without the sweltering blanket of sound) and there's some ass shaking '90s indie punk shoved through a weird San Diego filter. The songs are brilliantly crafted, and BIG DICK falls somewhere between STREET EATERS, SHELLSHAG and '90s Merge...man even writing that makes no sense, but listening to this record certainly does. And it gets better the more I hear it. (WN)
(Dirt Cult)

BLITZ – "Voice of a Generation" LP

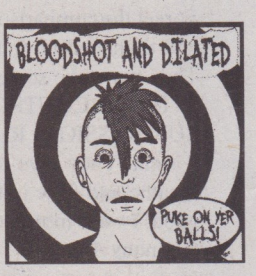
First off, you don't review BLITZ—intellectualizing it that way is to do this record a great disservice. You are just supposed to meet up with friends, throw the record on in a boombox and use it as a soundtrack to run around like un-housebroken savages living out your punk rock fantasies—smashing bottles, raising a ruck and freaking out the squares. Bottom line (JU)
(Papagájuv Hlasatel)

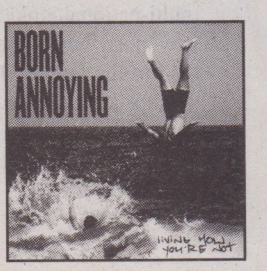
BLOODSHOT AND DILATED / BLOOD STAINED REALITY – split EP

Here is the list of BLOODSHOT AND DILATED band interests from their Facebook page: "Triple fisting goats, sometimes pigs, vomiting on yer friends, baby shaking, bodily fluids, glass heads." And to boot on the other side, BLOOD STAINED REALITY are proud pyrate punx. Yes, it's spelled "pyrate" on purpose. I would write about their music, but I have too much self-respect to engage in either B-grade band any further. If any of the aforementioned descriptions pique your interest, there is a wealth of self-promotion by both bands on the internet. And just to clarify, I listened to both sides in their entirety before I took to further research on the internet. After hearing both bands, the information I found online only confirmed my snap judgment that these are juvenile, washed up punks who have nowhere else to go besides the sub par scum fuck scenes in which they slither. (AE)
(Death Punx Distro / Plastic Fact / Suburban White Trash)

THE BLUE SCREEN OF DEATH – "There Are Just 16 Steps Down to Hell" 10"

8-bit hardcore packaged in a massive floppy disc... aka Nintendo-core that spared no expenses. 8-bit processors were used to make the soundtracks early to video and arcade games. I'm kind of a dork in the sense that I actually spend time with late '70s/early '80s 8-bit revival-





ist records...but this is a little different to the '80s arcade jams that I'm used to perusing. This combines hardcore drumming and hardcore vocals with synthesized sounds that were either produced by sound chips on vintage computers, or were designed to sound that way. I really like it in theory, and I appreciate that they spared no expense with the packaging. While none of the songs totally jump out at me, it may be worth checking out just to hear what a chugga chugga breakdown sounds like with an 8-bit processor instead of a guitar. On the whole I can't see the songs being strong enough for it to transcend novelty status, though in parts it does make for an interesting listen. (P$)
(Sounds of Subterrania)

BOBBY JOE EBOLA AND THE CHILDREN MACNUGGITS – "Trainwreck to Narnia" LP

Listening to the latest offering from these longstanding East Bay jokesters, I was forced to consider what I once found entertaining about these purveyors of comedic folk-come-punk-come-rock. Ultimately, I think it was that, on the earlier recordings, there was some serious sense of sarcasm and vitriol. But now, these reservoirs seem to have dried up, replacing sarcasm with boneheaded guffawing, seething hate with eye-rolling annoyance with the world. These lackings pretty much buried my interest in this record. Maybe this is better than a CRAPPY DRACULA record, but that isn't saying anything. Not recommended. (LP)
(Dirt Cult)

BOMBATÖLCSÉR – "Bude Klid Noise Demo" EP

This release is one of the prettiest seven inch packages I've seen. Everything is black-and-white including some nice off-white on the actual vinyl that looks spray-painted on. A complex fold-out, multiple small posters, a printed sleeve that has the lyrics, multiple stickers, a vellum fold over and a printed paper ring to hold it all together... Nice! Their extremely dark imagery and spiky logo had me expecting a pure crust attack but their sound isn't that simple. It's somewhat of a heavy hardcore with multiple vocalists thing. There is a tiny crust influence but BOMBATÖLCSÉR creates its own darkness. Growling, gruff, barked almost, death metal female vocals. From the South Moravian area of the Czech Republic. Good stuff. (MH)
(Ultima Ratio)

BONE SICKNESS – "Bone Sickness" EP

Vinyl issue of this band's excellent demo of raw/rotten, no nonsense, lo(wer)-fi death metal. This is the perfect kind of metal to me—raw, primitive and simplistic, with a "punk" edge. And don't let that lead you to believe that it isn't technical and impressive. Can't wait for the LP. (JU)
(Inimical)

BORN ANNOYING – "Living How You're Not" EP

This band of haggard Jersey Shore hardcores—one of whom apparently used to play in ENSIGN—dish out some mid-paced NYHC that doesn't warrant any direct comparisons, though I'd say it draws from SICK OF IT ALL, CRO-MAGS and KRAKDOWN both without the metal, and I dunno, UNDERDOG or SUPERTOUCH? But all toughness is removed, and what we're left with is a record that's fun, earnest in the right way, and a glimpse into the lives, of these guys, who are all about living the best they can in the face of being misfits in a cold, fucked up world...All of the songs are a bit different from each other, and manage to vary the tempo and drumming though without often getting fast, with often-elongated vocals delivered in a thick New Jersey accent. Music to skate, surf, or get into trouble to, and I bet they're fun live. (DG)
(Reaper)

BRINK OF DESPAIR – "Rooted in Dust" LP

A record that continues to work its way deeper and deeper into my skull, Germany's BRINK OF DESPAIR convey a mood here that is forlorn and yet still defiant, pulling out one of the better entries into the epic crust arena that I've come across recently. The bands takes a few twists and turns over the course of a full-length, starting off with some thrashy, chugging crust-metal in the vein of that one THEE KVLT OV OUROBOROS EP before switching gears towards the mid-tempo TRAGEDY sound—which they nail pretty damn hard—and then back again. Some will doubtless be lost by the more weepy leads on the second half of the record, but there's a singularity to the proceedings that makes the whole feel like much more than the sum of its part. An auspicious debut, as they say, and I hope we see more where this came from. (WB)
(Rinderherz / Subcult)

BRUDTE LØFTER – "Ung, Dum & Desperat" EP

Four tracks of mid-paced drol from this new K-Town band that I believe features someone from HJERTESTOP. Musically, it's not too far removed from the aforementioned glue-sniffing ragers, but unlike HJERTESTOP, who infused their herky jerky songs with speed and snottiness, BRUDTE LØFTER seem content to straddle the boring line between garage wankery and '82 style hardcore. I just spun this record twice and all I can remember is one generic breakdown at the end of the third track. A forgettable EP. (KM)
(Gummopunx)

BRUTAL TRUTH / RUPTURE – split EP

Deep Six blew the dust off this old record and re-released it. In '97 when this came out I was too into nu metal to notice so it's nice to get a refresher. So BRUTAL TRUTH is a pretty rad grind band if you are just getting out of an embarrassing music-listening adventure and didn't know. Two of the songs are live so the tone is so blasted out and gnarly sounding that I can't help but love it. The whole side is fast and brutal. The RUPTURE side is also a ripper with chaotic guitars buried under oppressively blasting drums in the fast parts. They also slow it down at times to get odd with noisy guitar picking and talked vocals. Now a new generation of collector weirdos can get a hold of this on wax. (BL)
(Deep Six)

BRZYTWA OJCA! – LP

Holy shit man, I will definitely be mail-ordering this LP tonight when I get home. '80s hardcore punk from Poland—why have I never heard of this? What other Polish punk treasures are hiding out there to be revived!? Apparently BRZYTWA OJCA! released a tape in the '80s, it was repressed in the '90s, and this is their first time on vinyl. It sounds like these songs are pulled from a couple different studio and live sessions, but the quality is consistently awesome. Take all the greats like DEZERTER, TZN XENNA, MOSKWA and KSU, and throw in the bouncy beats of PEGGIO PUNX and you've got BRZYTWA OJCA! (MA)
(Pasazer)

BOTTOM — "MMXII" CD

This is metal of the not-so brutal and crushing variety. There is some singing going on here that reminds me of PEARL JAM more than anything else and some of the riffs are pretty generic classic metal worship, but there are some elements to this that I like. The lady singing can belt it when she wants to, but spends more time than I would like crooning about the world being crazy but she's too lazy and whatnot. This whole thing sounds very late '90s to me, GODFLESH breakdowns and all. (BL)
(self-released, no info)

BOURBON SCUM / KNYGHTS OF FUZZ – split EP

Two bands separated by 30 miles and two different styles of garage punk battle it out on this little slab of wax. BOURBON SCUM has the leather jacket thing, made popular by bands like the DEVIL DOGS and TEENGENERATE going on. Though there is also a little RADIO REELERS feel to these songs too. KNYGHTS OF FUZZ sound just like their name implies with their own brand of '60s fuzz inspired punk jams, though definitely punker then a lot of the more psychedelic stuff that comes out on labels like Trouble in Mind. A great comic book insert proves these bands have a nerdy sense of humor too. (JF)
(Carlton)

CAGED ANIMAL – "Caged Animal" EP

Hip-hop intros on hardcore records (outside of certain NYHC contexts) are dubious at best and pretentious at worst, but the one on this record, provided by San Jose-based ANTWON and DJ EONS ONE (ex-SPAZZ), works well and is a proper opener for this 7" of roughly recorded, moshy, pissed hardcore. A baseline comparison could be the NO TOLERANCE demo/first EP, or maybe early KNIFE FIGHT if they'd been more modern hardcore leaning, but CAGED ANIMAL opts for simple but proven riffs and songs that are immediately to the point and end as soon as that point has been made, while keeping the songs from blending together. For instance, "Fake Ass Scene" has an ANTIDOTE-type drumbeat and "DFTC" uses a straight up CROSSED OUT song structure, as well as plenty of more standard mosh. This record is better than most, and I'm stoked that there's a band currently doing this style in the Bay Area, but unfortunately, it falls just inches short of mind blowing. If they'd put forth a little more effort in the riff-writing department to write stuff that wasn't as played out, and gotten a slightly less muddy guitar tone, I feel like this record would be absolutely raging, rather than merely above average. But despite these minor flaws, I'm moshing. (DG)
(Warthog Speak)

CALIFORNIA X – LP

This record sounds big. The kick is boomy and the kit sounds like it was recorded in a giant room. Maybe that's why the whole thing stands out a little from the slew of bands that are currently doing the fuzzed-out indie/punk thing. It sounds like they are drawing from the sound of bands like BUILT TO SPILL and DINOSAUR JR., yet it can't be said that they sound exactly like either of those bands. It's mostly mid- to up-tempo songs with clean, sung vocals that sit a little back in the mix that is dominated by fuzzy guitars with short lead fills and those big drums. While you may not be blown away by the whole thing, there are a couple of gems like, "Lemmy's World" and "Mummy" that are worth the listen. (PA)
(Don Giovanni)

CAREERS IN SCIENCE – "Foreverwolf" LP

I gotta say, on presentation alone I was super ready to fucking hate this. It comes off as a total novelty/joke record, from the faux-metal cover, to the cutesy band photo to the equally cutesy song titles. But…it's actually not bad at all. The enclosed (endearingly amateurish) one-sheet references "'80s hardcocore", "post-punk" and "modern pop-punk" but all they really needed was one word: LIFETIME. This band sounds like a lesser version of *Hello Bastards/Jersey's Best Dancers*-era LIFETIME (with a dash of early BOUNCING SOULS as well) and that's totally okay by me. It's melodic in a pleasingly minor-key way, with pretty good melancholy lyrics and just generally recalls a time when the phrase "melodic hardcore' didn't conjure visions of dudes with beards in flannel shirts who take themselves way too seriously. This isn't necessarily my jam, but I'm pleasantly surprised by how much I enjoyed it and I'd heartily recommend it to anyone who's into this sound. (AU)
(self-released)

CHANDELI'ERS – "Sweet Time" 12"

Six songs of pop that skirts the boundaries between power pop, indie rock and pop-punk. The male guitarist and female keyboardist trade lead vocal duties, and if you know me you won't be surprised that the songs where the girl sings are my favorite: imagine the MARKED MEN crossed with lady-led indie bands like the DELGADOS or CAMERA OBSCURA. Great stuff, but the other songs are not to be sniffed at either: the people in this band know their way around a hook. On the dude songs I'm picking up more of a TOM PETTY meets VELVET UNDERGROUND vibe. Soon-to-be classic stuff. Can't wait to hear more. (AM)
(Tender Buttons)

CHANNEL 3 – "Land of the Free/Make It Home"

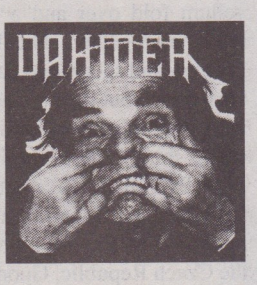
If you had any doubt whether this was old material or new material, you've got two options. You could look at the photo included on the insert or you could listen to the record. There is no doubt that this is current material. While that might sound like a slag, it wasn't intended that way. That 50-year-old punks sound like 50-year-old punks is awesome, particularly to a 48-year-old punk. Trying to sound like you're young and angry when you're 50 is stupid. It's disingenuous. It's embarrassing. But just because you're 50 doesn't mean you can't have a relevant message. It also doesn't mean that you should be cast off somewhere making folk music with an acoustic guitar. If you've ever been a fan of CHANNEL 3, I encourage you to give this one a shot. (KK)
(Hostage)

CCR HEADCLEANER – "53rd and 420" EP

Live, CCR HEADCLEANER is a *tour de force* of guitar noise absurdity. The riffs, although barely discernible, are devastating. The songs are slow, willfully saturated marches of maximal mean-spiritedness. This EP, while not quite conveying the flippant oblivion of CCR HEADCLEANER live, is still a deliberate mess, but it digresses into quasi-shoegaze segments that detract from what I perceive as the band's strongest points. One track in particular (it's impossible to determine the title since the sides are not marked,) is fierce, dense and the vocals aren't affected in the bothersome dehumanizing way of the others. This sole track effectively conveys the groups' divisive disregard for trending tropes and clear reference points. This record is a great introduction to one of San Francisco's least compartmentalized rock bands. (SL)
(Caesar Cuts)

CCR HEADCLEANER – "53rd and 420" EP

This record is so incredibly woozy to me and these dudes are such a strange crew. Every time I fucking see these kids play it almost seems like they just shit everything out on the spot, but then they'll come together here and there with perfect song chunks, it's like the perfect amount of jammer freakouts and sing along familiarity. Dosed in pranks and glitter, hits from a bong, insane time changes, as many people on stage as possible, driving along in the car so fast, flipping across the highway, somehow surviving and laughing about it. The perfect amounts of confused clatter, slurred lines and parts where everyone headbangs at the same time, all the while dipping toes deep into thrash, psychedelia and clinging onto the American



rock'n'roll dreams of the sixties. Try to imagine if DIET COKEHEADS and NEIL YOUNG and CRAZY HORSE were one and the same. More than once I've heard the term "psychedelic redneck" bandied about among them, and then keep in mind the fact that the band name is a mash-up of CREEDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL and VCR head cleaner, which was the huff of choice at one point (maybe still?). And seriously, there are some genius catchy-as-fuck riffs in here. Such a rager. (MM)
(Caesar Cuts)

CHOSEN ONES – "They Called Your Number" LP

As I listened to the second or third song on *They Called Your Number*, questions of "authenticity" started to flit through my head. Songs about private life troubles of working class gentlemen usually draw an eye roll from me, but looking at the pictures of the three members of this band and really reading the language of the lyrics, mostly noting the particular crudeness of expression (multiple songs feature the line "I'm too fucked up," or some variation thereupon), something seemed to ring truer than usual. Unfortunately for the CHOSEN ONES, these concerns evaporated extraordinarily quickly, mostly the sheer cheese factor of the lyrics and the guitar leads, although the fact that these songs are so generic and boring. This is the same nth generation D4 schlock with Americana rock guitar leads that I rail against all the time. So, lads, and now I mean all of you, next time you just have to express your unbelievably everyday woes and you or someone else says something like, "We should start a band that sounds like D4," or, "Nice, I like that, it kinda sounds like SCREECHING WEASEL," just please don't. (LP)
(Reaper)

CLEANSING WAVE / MIDNITE BRAIN – split EP

I've been looking forward to this split for quite a while, and I've had the pleasure of having it in my grubby little hands for a couple of weeks now, so I can safely say that this is an easy record to recommend. CLEANSING WAVE have been evolving and finding their sound, and this recording is their most impressive yet. The opening audio collage instantly recalls ANTISCHISM, and that impression is borne out by the music as well, with the qualification that CLEANSING WAVE sound only like the most dynamic hardcore moments of ANTISCHISM, with none of the meandering instrumental interludes. Dark, driving hardcore punk that walks a fine line between apocalyptic pessimism and internal strength. MIDNITE BRAIN, on the other hand, is as subtle as a mic stand to the face. Continuing the run started by their fantastic demo and tour tape, they make phenomenal driving hardcore in the spirit of late '80s/early '90s Japan. NIGHTMARE are always my go-to comparison, with the busy drums and bass roiling under alternately slippery and sharp guitar riffs, topped by Laura's commanding vocals (and creepy lyrics). Get this. (AU)
(Twerp)

CLOUD RAT – "Moksha" LP

It's impossible to remain objective (whatever that means) when reviewing a band that you already love, so just in case you didn't read my year-end top ten last month, I will disclose my status here as an unrepentant CLOUD RAT fangirl. By now, it should be clear that this band has completely transcended the reductive grind label they tend to get tagged with; I'd just call it beautiful, blast-happy hardcore/crust that manages to prove (for the nth time) that black metal and screamo are really just two sides of the same wonderfully depressive coin. *Moksha* stands the pinnacle of CLOUD RAT's rise to genre-titan status over the past few years, and the longer format really gives them room to explore the full depths of their sound. Hell, there's even a killer Neil Young cover ("The Needle and the Damage Done") to seal the deal. This is mandatory. Class dismissed. (WB)
(7Degrees / Halo of Flies / IFB / React With Protest)

COMPULSIVE ASS WIPERS – "Koku" CD

This band will certainly never be mistaken for the much better WIPERS. Stupid band name and all, this band is probably thrilled to just have a CD out. On the back cover they offer to play your house. No rock star bullshit here. It doesn't make this release sound any better but at least we have some prospective. A mix of BLINK 182 and ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE. A four-track release that might earn these guys those desired house parties. (RL)
(Yamutha!)

CONGENITAL DEATH – "From My Hands" EP

Very fast, technical, blast-beating hardcore that borders on CONVERGE complexity at times, but mostly stays away from the metal and focuses its razor-sharp, nicely honed reflexes on staying pure (AKA punk). (JU)
(Molars and Fangs / Ranch)

CREATIONISTS – "Αγία Σοφία" LP

Wow, for a bunch of Creationists this is pretty sick. Hella tweaked, reverbed-out smart punk shitgaze shit, kinda goth, but not in a fake eyeliner way. I guess a lot of bands sound like this these days; these guys manage to sound pretty fresh and unique. Like, I'm most of the way through Side A and I would typically be mad right now, but this is truly hitting the spot. 300 press, 100 on white. (GB)
(Super Secret)

CRYSTAL MESS – "Unholy Neckbreaker" CD

Cover art looks like some high school gore grind, the insert live pic looks like some bar punk dudes trying desperately to hold on to some dream of rock'n'roll that will never be a reality. But we review things based on how they sound, not how they look…right? This fukkn *sssllaaayysss!!* A total shred-a-thon steeped in '80s Bay Area thrash, CRYSTAL MESS retool the classic sound for my modern ears ever so slightly, just enough to inject the heaviness that I crave without tarnishing the luster of balls out proto metal punk. And I assure that this is punk, there's no posing, and I even detect a few catchy riffs hiding behind sinister (and flawless) vocal snarls. If these Canadians wanted to write knuckle dragging cro magnon hardcore then they would blow the doors off every band this side of BOSTON STRANGLER, but they have set their sights on a different goal, and they will get that one too. "A right time for a wrong place." My face hurts. (WN)
(self-released)

DADS – "Brown on Brown" LP

This is off kilter propulsive punk art from turgid soiled demented Florida. It makes me think of teenage me listening to my warped copy of the BOYS NEXT DOOR *Door Door* LP and wondering if there is something wrong with the record or with my brain. I don't remember the 7" output being this compelling, but this DADS LP starts out like early A CERTAIN RATIO but damaged and also that HAPPY GO LICKY LP. Echoed out, sort of dub damaged punk… The next song is sort of bleak and endless but in a way that makes me think of live VELVETS bootlegs and listening to THIS HEAT. And it's ongoing, the B-side dissolves into parts that are almost jam band like, but Syd-era FLOYD jams or JULIAN COPE endorsed ideas rather than anything distasteful involving Dr Seuss hats and grilled cheese. A dense fucked up record for dense fucked up punks. I wish they had sent a reviewer copy! Year end top ten. Side A is great but side B will turn your brain inside out. (LG)
(Wharf Cat)

DAHMER / MESRINE — split EP

Apparently enough weirdos are into this 2001 Canadian split that it warrants a reissue. Both bands tear the shit out of their respective sidesm with super fast and blasty grind emissions. MESRINE almost has enough pig-grunt vocals to stray into brutal death metal territory. I prefer the DAHMER side, as they keep the gore-grind tendencies a little better under control, but still have a huge and dingy sound. FISTFUCK fans might recognize some of the personnel. (BL)
(Choking Hazard / Doomsday Machine)

DAN PADILLA – "Sports Fans" LP

This is pretty much what most people think of when "pop-punk" is mentioned. It's similar to say DILLINGER FOUR or UNDERGROUND RAILROAD TO CANDY-LAND with just a hint of love for the Boss. It's mostly short, up-tempo songs with simple lead guitar parts and slightly snotty, slightly gruff vocals (his attempt to sound like the guy from the TRASHMEN at the end of the last song is pretty good). If you're familiar with the band, this record is certainly better than any previous releases. The songs sound a little cleaner, catchier and more to the point. (PA)
(Dirt Cult)

DAS KAPITAL – "Ghost Bikes Ride" LP

I don't want to say what I thought this was going to sound like, but the reality of this record is a *lot* better than I thought it would be. At times, sounding like Kirsch-era PINHEAD GUNPOWDER and sometimes treading into that DILLINGER 4 area that is hard to escape with this genre of melodic punk, DAS KAPITAL writes a pretty smart song when they really try (this is coming from the guys that wrote "Punk House Heaven"). Some of the songs sound big and anthemic while others are quick and punk. They have that kind of big, plodding guitar sound and gruff vocals that the pop-punk kids like, but still aren't mired down in that HOT WATER MUSIC-style worship. This is good shit. If you want it on vinyl, you better hurry up. They only pressed 100 copies with silk-screened covers. Otherwise, it's all digital for you chumps. (GH)
(Johanns Face)

DBTB – "Super!!" CD

Lo-fi indie rock pop punk here. Also known as the DANI BAND TRAVELING BAND, this almost has a Plan-it-X label feel to it. Also a mix of guy and gal vocals here at times. Maybe a punky BLAKE BABIES or VOMIT LAUNCH. Five tracks and a bonus guitar number at the end. This is OK for this type of stuff. It does have a spastic charm to it. I don't think I'll wear this out but it doesn't suck either. (RL)
(self-released)

DEAD ENDING – "DE II" 12"

Old dudes get back to their roots—courtesy DGC/Interscope—thanks yo. (To be fair, only one dude needed permission.) The clean, sterile production and the plain, straightforward songs do not elevate this five-song release. At their most distinctive, though, they put together a couple of decent tracks—an "Indefinite Detention/Speed Of Lies" single would've been a better use of resources, I say. In a world with actual punk bands, even that wouldn't be something I'd need to hear again. (JM)
(Alternative Tentacles)

DEATH CAMP – "Teenage Nightmare" EP

This shit will kick your motherfucking pussy ass. I just heard they played a show where the roof literally started on fire and fell in. You can believe it listening to this record. Hide it from your mamma. Very metallic but not pussy-ish in any shape or form. That means the guitar player can wail. The singer's in your face, gruff and spittin' on your face kinda style. There's lots of slow grindy parts with lyrics about killing, which is right up my alley. This may send you on a killing spree like that cop-killer in L.A. and I say go for it. Five dicks up. (RO)
(Black Rebel)

DERNIER COMBAT – "Turn a Blind Eye" EP

Brash and anthemic as all fuck, DERNIER COMBAT share a member with Atlanta's near-peerless DISABLE, but turn down the noize attack a notch or three by comparison. The phrase "crust'n'roll" kind of makes me want to throw up in my mouth, but this record pulls the style out of the scuzz bar and back into the filthy streets where it belongs. Picture-perfect guitar and bass tone certainly don't hurt, and "Above the Law" is seriously one of the best anti-cop anthems I've heard in a long time. (WB)
(Baby on Board)

THE DIMARCOS / KILL YOU DEAD – split EP

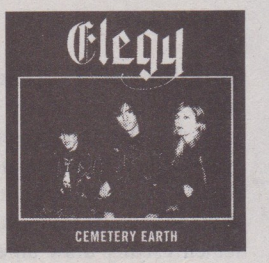
The DIMARCOS play two fast, teenage-sounding punk songs that are musically in the vein of early SCREECHING WEASEL or the QUEERS, complete with whoo-ohs but with a vocalist that has a much more gruff-sounding nasal vocal style. KILL YOU DEAD start off their side with an anthemic pop-punk song in the vein of the early No Idea pop-punk bands. Their second song is a bit of a surprise. It's heavier, with screamy vocals, a choppy verse and a guitar riff in the chorus that sounds like '80s hard rock. (PA)
(Bigger Boat)

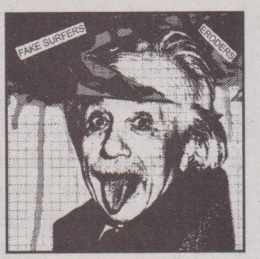
THE DIVINE 6/7 – LP

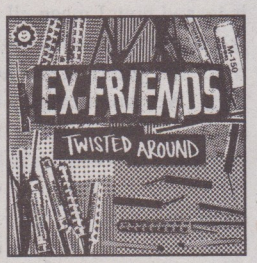
'60s rave-ups, urgent balladry, straight-ahead garage-punk—the DIVINE 6/7 operate in a slew of genres given to tiresome rehashing. Yet, the DIVINE 6/7 does so with an undeniable urgency and character that sets them far apart from similar bands. The vocalist sounds like he's whispering in your skull, then screaming from the next room. Always a little anguished, he commands an impeccable rock'n'roll sneer and a certain attention to subtlety in his sometimes-soulful delivery save some of the more derivative tracks. Every high-contrast album cover with a guy's legs spread apart and a guitar slung low makes me cringe, but a band like the DIVINE 6/7 arrives to reaffirm my allegiance to formulaic rock music. (SL)
(Arkam)

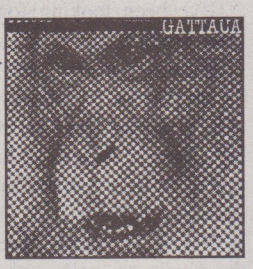
DIE EULE IM BART DES JUDAS – "2.95" EP

This record is a failed experiment. These Germans had the idea to mix some fairly raging and trashy garage-meets-thrash tunes with a synthesizer, but it doesn't work. I appreciate that they're trying something a bit different, but when you've got legitimately good riffs recorded in a delightfully filthy tone, and at least two vocalists that perfectly deliver throaty, spastic yells whenever they're called upon, you can't just throw a synth into the fray without knowing exactly how and when to use it. For one thing, all the synth parts are way too happy-sounding to coalesce with what is otherwise a pretty pissed off record. Secondly, it sounds like the electronic bits were recorded after everything else, or maybe these guys were just too drunk to acknowledge how awfully the synth melds with the rest of the music. The last track is a self-indulgent cover of "Eye of the Tiger," which almost fooled me into thinking this whole experiment is just tongue-in-cheek, but the songs preceding it have real vitriol, which just makes me even more disappointed thinking about what could've been. (KM)
(Bakraufarfita / Spastic Fantastic)









EIEFITS – "依存症" EP

Wow, shit. This is a serious super-group of Japanese hardcore, featuring members of bands like LIP CREAM, FORWARD, the HECK and COLORED RICEMEN. Fortunately, it more than lives up to its pedigree. This is raging punk that joins '77 punk to early '80s Japanese hardcore like TYPHUS meets the DEAD BOYS. The A-side is more up-tempo, with the title track in particular being a frantic driving hardcore workout that should become a mix tape staple in the years to come; while the B-side is consumed by a swaggering punk number that's too cool for words. This is a fucking great record, that should appeal to pretty much anyone who considers themselves a punk. (AU)
(Mangrove / Rebel Label)

ELEGY – "Cemetery Earth" EP

What would a combination of DISCHARGE, TANK, MOTÖRHEAD ,GBH and INEPSY produce? The answer is ELEGY. This EP is rocker punk perfection. I cannot praise this band more than I already have in the pages of *MRR*. ELEGY doesn't feel or sound like a "modern" take on that rocker sound—they are just made out of blood, guts and beer. This type of sound pours out of them as naturally as Lemmy drinks whiskey—no pose. (AE)
(Shadow of Fear)

TH' EMPIRES – "We Are th' Empires" EP

Judging from the cover (Dudes drinking 40oz's with balaclava masks on) I was expecting raunchy garage ala the RIP OFFS or the FUCKERS but this is straight up rockabilly. They have one of the best song titles ever with "King Of The Couch". It's way too clean rockabilly sounding for my tastes, You know. I don't really feel like going down to the fucking malt shop and hanging out with Potsie. If you like that kind of shit they do it well. (RO)
(self-released)

ERODERS / FAKE SURFERS – split EP

What the fuck is up this month!? FAKE SURFERS are goddamned great! "Small Talk" is one of the greatest Michigan punk anthems I've heard. This is like the FIX *Vengeance* kind of hardcore punk rock anthem. Fuckin' ERODERS! This is my favorite music. Manic hardcore energy, but sloppy and punk as fuck. Great, great, great fuck you YPSI. (GB)
(self-released)

ERROR – "Hard Lessons/Only the Devil Knows"

This honestly sounds like almost every other TERROR record I've heard. I feel like these dudes have been writing the same song over and over for about ten years now. But guess what? That song fucking rules. The two songs on this EP don't disappoint and are everything you would expect from a TERROR release: Hard ass riffing, ignorant mosh parts, and classic Scott Vogel lyrics that push these jams over the top. Glad to see TERROR is still going strong and look forward to the new LP! (TM)
(Reaper)

EX-FRIENDS – "Twisted Around" EP

Gruff-voiced melodic punk that falls a little into that SPRINGSTEEN style that some bands are pulling off these days. EX FRIENDS still have their feet firmly planted in the punk camp though. Out of their four originals, "Vexed Question" feels a little like a throwaway song (one line repeated over and over), but the rest are pretty solid. They throw in a PLOW UNITED cover that rips. (GH)
(Yo-Yo)

EXTINCTION OF MANKIND – "Northern Scum" LP

I understand that crust has become out of vogue to some (and has hardly been introduced to the younger generation who jumped straight to shoelace headbands and white-noise-laced chaos punk through the power of the internet), and this is totally fine. There was a lot of shitty third rate crust trolling through the punk scene in the '90s, so I understand the hesitation…but there were also bands like EXTICTION OF MANKIND. 2007's *Northern Scum* is a fukkn bulldozer—just pure churning power and fury not typical of a band 15+ years into their existence. Perhaps a touch more metal than their earlier releases, this slab is packed with thrash metal riffing, but there is never a doubt that these Brits are punk as fukk. This record slipped by me when it was initially released, but I have a feeling I am going to be spending a lot of time with this well-deserved reissue. (WN)
(Agipunk / Xtinction)

FATUM — "Skverna" LP

I'm not as stoked on this release as I was by FATUM's split with DISTRESS but this Moscow juggernaut still delivers some crushers on this disc. There is some serious BOLT THROWER / HELLHAMMER worship going on here with hefty death metal riffage on top of a crusty foundation. The guitar work is usually good but inconsistent in spots and the drums sometimes lapse into a generic punk beat. It's good but not as great as I was expecting. (BL)
(Gasmask)

THE FINDERS – "Finders Keepers" LP

The fuggin' FINDERS. If you're a record fiend from the Bay, you pro'lly know their name from the Amoeba bins, both their 45s are still a semi-regular sighting; I even just saw the "raer" first picture sleeve variant for the *Calling Dr. Howard* on the wall there for like twelve bucks. Their other single has a shittier sleeve and one killer track, but aside from the pre-FINDERS band the ROCKERS killer 7" EP, these guys were a bit of a letdown. Well, that was until Cheap Rewards went digging into their archives. Who knew they had a whole albums worth of material?! I can't believe this is so good! Sure, there are some duds, this *is* a powerpop "album" from '81/'82 after all, but fuck, "Talk To Me" is a bonafide classic, plenty more classics where that came from. Great record, great work bringin' unheard vintage P-Pop to the masses. Keep it up!! (GB)
(Cheap Rewards)

FOREIGN MOTHERS – "Duh" LP

FOREIGN MOTHERS describe themselves as a stoner GANG OF FOUR and I can understand that comparison, but I also think they sound like a more minimal SONGS FOR MOMS, especially in their vocal delivery. If I didn't know better, I would say the two bands shared a singer…but they don't. The whole LP has a minimal feel that recalls post-punk feelings of the '80s along with faint traces of the SLITS and KLEENEX. The album feels cohesive and complete in ways that a lot of bands don't strive for these days, which makes for a great record. (GH)
(Thread Pull)

FORT BS – "Proba + Studio 1986" LP

FORT BS was a political Polish band, started in the mid '80s and who continued to release cassette tapes into the mid '90s. And now here for the first time is a collection of their recordings pressed onto vinyl. Everything on this record is written in Polish so please excuse any vagueness (or mis-information) in this review. Flipping this record from A-side to B-side, you feel like you are listening to two completely different bands. A-side is dark and down-tempo. You could liken it to JOY DIVISION if imagining that it was created by a CLASH-style rock band. There is saxophone and maybe some violin (in addition to the regular rock band set-up). It sounds really cool. When you flip the record to side-B, you can see that this band evolved into a more manic punk band, but still in the CLASH-style dynamic. The punk songs are raw and gritty, but still tainted by the droning post-punk showcased on the A-side. It's like if you took out all the reggae from the CLASH and replaced it with cold-wave. It's fucking awesome, you will like this album. (FS)
(Pasazer)

FUK – "Bad Drugs Competition" EP

Oh fuck, these old farts again? Ex-CHAOS UK, etc etc…but is it good? Naw, it's shit. Just the way it should be. The recording is a bit clean for my taste, but no one can deny that these vets are still cranking out ripping punk that's just as juvenile and catchy as their output from 30 years ago. Do you like glue? Not having a job or a future? Pictures of dogs in sunglasses? If the answer to any of these questions is yes, this

is the record for you. Seriously though, this needs to sound at least 50% shittier. I expect worse from you fellows next time. (AU)
(Gasmask)

GATTACA – "Hymny, Vlajky, Uniformy" EP

The melodic Euro-crust sound is alive and well according to the jams on this new EP from Czech Republic's GATTACA. Heavy, loud, slow, fast, pounding, weaving guitars and barking dual vocals. After looking at their webpage, I was surprised to learn that their brutal vocalist is a woman—much like the first time I saw a live photo of DAMAD. This shit is moody and powerful, poetic and political. It's also refreshing for me to see a band promoting animal rights/veganism in a time when I often find myself surrounded by carnivorous punks—didn't used to be that way. Nothing groundbreaking here musically, but very solid and effective. (MA) (Contraszt! / Dog Lovers / Halo of Flies / M.F.L.)

GAY KISS – "Fault" 12"

Haling from Phoenix, Arizona GAY KISS come at you like a rabid dog! Throbbing bass, vocals that shred, guitars that go atonal with venom and drums that pound your skull with the frenzy only a madman lost in a trance can deliver. This is hardcore now: senile, disillusioned and fearless, and it fucking floors. The lyrics are abstract yet sharp and you can actually hear him sing despite the excellent ripping vocals. When the tempo drops to a concrete plod, the screams get more intense and grueling, while the guitars churn out one heavy hardcore attack after the next. Mean as fuck, this sounds like the soundtrack to a bad nightmare and I love it! There is an eerie fuzz coating the production that sends chills up my spine and the closing track, "Enclave" is a mega opus of darkness and demise, while "Deus Ex Machina," "Social," 'Defenestrate" and "New March" are sure pit ragers. "Spit Oath" is just a fantastically botched breed of black metal expansion and hardcore brutality, yet this mutant meltdown sounds as natural as hardcore has ever sounded. Not a second feels wasted or frivolous. Even though GAY KISS has peers that may sound similar, I wish to make no comparisons—they completely own it. I can't wait to see them live. Absolutely stunning. (LA)
(Anxiety Machine)

GLEN IRIS – "Round and Round" CD

Glen Iris. It's a hood in Australia, it's a hood in Alabama, and I don't know what the fuck it means or give a shit after listening to this. Why have I had to waste so much time on this bullshit while much better bands are getting a quicker treatment. The first song is surprisingly better than you'd think from the godawful packaging. Sorta reminds me of PSYCHOTIC PINAPPLE, but this crap sure ain't punk. It quickly degenerates into long guitar jams and is long as fuck. Live in a college town in the '90s and you'd probably hear a half dozen loser bands like this clogging up your local big time "rock" club. (RO)
(Moodswing)

GREMLINS UK – "You Live in a Park" EP

This little record features a small dichotomy of songwriting from side A to side B (spoiler alert: not in a good way). Side A drags out some tire garage rock songs that you've probably heard on some Hozak or Burger records relatively recently. If that's your thing then I guess "Don't Give em Enough Rope" is alright as a poppy party song, but I can't really recommend it. Side B takes the aforementioned tired garage rock sound and slaps it on some Todd C-worship-style-songwriting. The result is summed up best by the last track on the record, entitled "So Second Rate." (LP)
(Meth Mouth)

THE GUTTERS – "Should We Make a Seven Inch?" EP

Really hoping this band was shit so I could type the obvious one-word review: "No." Unfortunately this is a really great record. Stripped down DIY punk rock like the early BILLY CHILDISH / POP RIVETS stuff, or maybe ARMITAGE SHANKS, with snotty, safety-pin in cheek vocals. Absolutely brilliant stuff. (AM)
(Tadpole / Gutter)

HAGGATHA – "Haggatha IV" LP

The fourth release from this Vancouver project is a dense and heavy collection of sludgy headbangers. Fans of EYEHATEGOD will find something to bite into but I like the SARDONIS-esqe chord progressions and guitar tone as well as how they blend the occasional black metal murk into a buildup. The songs sound groovy but also depressing and angry. Dude's vocals are killing it, great high-pitched scream with enough throat to give it presence. The second side of the record is a single 18-minute song aptly titled "Epoch." Well played, this record is approved. (BL)
(Choking Hazard / Blind Date)

HAPPY HOOKERS FOR JESUS – "Stab You" EP

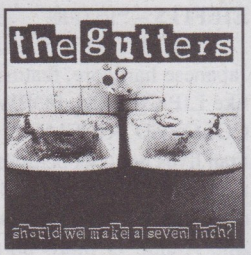
Fuck! This shit is sick! Unrelenting punk rock damage, great! It's hard to imagine how a band could break new ground in 2012, but these guys did it… Take the smarmy little shit music of the URINALS, speed it up 150% and crank the volume to twelve. The B-Side is the inevitable come down from the manic speed of the A-Side—bring on the headcrushing depression. Great schitt limited to 200 copies. (GB)
(Vulgar Deformity)

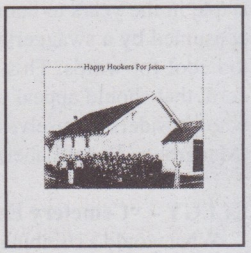
HENRY FONDA / NIHIL BAXTER – split EP

HENRY FONDA rips through an eclectic bunch of short'n'fast hardcore tracks that I'm into. First off, they have wonderful samples before most tracks and I know some aren't into that but it never gets old with me. They mix up the hardcore and fastcore sounds a good bit. There are sounds from grindcore, fastcore, modern hardcore and even some melodic guitar tones from emo. Their topics deal with some of the social aspects of our society including "Homophobia can suck it" and maybe my favorite "Ich Scheiss auf Jesus-Liebt-dich-Sonnenstrahlen" with its great George Carlin sample and quick brutal attack. NIHIL BAXTER does more of a spastic hardcore that's not as heavy or serious, but just as good. They remind me a bit of JAPANISCHE KAMPFHÖRSPIELE but more fastcore/hardcore/powerviolence than grindcore. This seven inch rocks. (MH)
(Spastic Fantastic)

HERÄTYS – "Näen Punaista" EP

Goddamnit, this is a bittersweet assignment. The last material from the already departed Scandinavian HC rippers, after a great run of releases and some wide-ranging tours. Very much in the vein of TOTALITÄR by way of





SKITKIDS, striking a balance between the former's no-bullshit driving style and the latter's loose rocking style. Shit, it's hard to know how to convey just how great this band was. All I know is that anyone who could remain unmoved by the fucking ridiculous solo at the end of "Tuhon Maa" or the entirety of raging A-side closer "Mustaa Ja Valkoista" is not my kind of punk. A great and fitting send off for one of the best bands of the '10s so far. US press on Prank is forthcoming as well. (AU)
(La Familia)

HERD OF WASTERS – "Beer Whore" flexi

After apparently slamming their first record, these guys were brave enough to send this one in, with a note suggesting that they were, perhaps, misunderstood. I don't know that I'd get worked up enough over this one to slam it, but I feel like they're almost daring me to. Honestly, this is good, but not great, hardcore that leans towards the catchy side of things. It's straightforward and delivered at a pretty good clip. We Americans might have you believe that the Canadians aren't capable of humor. This record proves otherwise, as some of the lyrics are actually pretty funny. (KK)
(Wasted Wax)

HORROR VACUI – "In Darkness You Will Feel Alright" LP

Loaded with post-punk/new-wave/deathrock melodies from years now passed, HORROR VACUI from Italy are part of the new crop of bands paying homage to the almighty, dark and infectious Moody Melody. Following their EP, which I enjoyed, this LP lurks through the night like Nosferatu. The vocals are deep and epic without sounding like a joke and I can tell the band draws equal parts from JOY DIVISION and the CURE as it does from DEAD CAN DANCE or CLAN OF XYMOX or TJAMC. The music never ceases to keep my head bobbing and every track proceeds to the next with ease. The bass licks and sways, the guitars weave and creep, and the drums have a cold industrial punch that at times transforms this into something that I can hear appealing to the punks as much as the club-going EMB/goth crowd. The lyrics are more on the personal/poetic/morbid side and the whole ambience is so solid you could cut it with a razor. This sound may be having a comeback right now (however second-rate), but this speaks to the teen goth in me and I like it. Stand out tracks for me are "Leave Me Alone" and "Yersinia" while "Everytime" has a bass-line that was pulled straight from the book of the CURE. For fans of the dark arts and all things gloomy. (LA)
(Avanti / Legion of the Dead)

HOTLIPS MESSIAH / TUTU AND THE PIRATES – "Get Weird" split EP

Jesus. I had my clever retort all ready in my head, but TUTU AND THE PIRATES actually kills. This is an unprecedented feat, a forgotten no-name "punk" band reforms 30 years later and puts out a record that someone would actually want to listen to. Both their songs are great, great recording that somehow doesn't sound like a shite bar band, just straight up punk rock, the way you wish ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS or whatever reunited '70s band would've sounded like. HOTLIPS MESSIAH is fuggin' weirdo heavy keyboard punk with a girl singer, the second song is the winner for me, punk rawk. Hats off TUTU. (GB)
(Sexy Baby)

HOT LUNCH – LP

SO MUCH ROCK THAT THIS REVIEW REQUIRES ALL CAPS. HOT LUNCH HAS A TOTALLY FUCKING GIANT PROTO-PUNK SOUND. IT CHANNELS BLACK SABBATH AND CRUSHED BUTLER AND ANY NUMBER OF HEAVY NUMBSKULLS, ALLOWING HOT LUNCH TO FUCKING LIQUIFY EVERYONE IN THEIR LINE OF SIGHT, WITH THUGGED-OUT, FUZZY RIFF POWER. THIS IS SO GOOD THAT I WANT TO DRINK A PINT OF EACH MEMBER'S SWEAT WITH THE HOPE THAT I COULD ONE DAY ACHIEVE THEIR RESPECTIVE LEVELS OF POWER. FEATURES MEMBERS OF WIG TORTURE, HAROLD RAY LIVE IN CONCERT AND A FEW OTHER GOON GENIUSES THAT I WANT TO RAGE WITH. I AM GOING TO BUY THIS RECORD AND BURN MY HOUSE DOWN. UNREAL. FUCK EVERYTHING THAT ISN'T HOT LUNCH. (MC)
(Who Can You Trust?)

HOT LUNCH – "Killer Smile/You're Alight"

Here we got some local late '70s skate rock featuring Arizona legend Rob Alper and SF's own legend Aaron Nudleman of MENS CLUB fame. From that alone you know you're going to get some wailing guitar GRAND FUNK RAILROAD sounding pure rock'n'roll. They even cover a song from a 1980 skate vid. You'll want to roll up a fat dube, get your deck and listen to this on a crappy boom box as you invade your neighbor's vacant pool. (RO)
(Who Can You Trust)

THE INSTIGATION – "Foreign Moron" EP

If you've ever spoken to a Westerner who's lived in China, there's a good chance you've also heard tales of the nationalism and xenophobia at play within this rising global superpower. The INSTIGATION, a Shanghai-based band whose members appear to include both Western expats and Easterners, is in a unique position to address these forces on songs like "Foreign Moron" (about "round eyed" foreigners throwing their weight around), "Brainwashed" (about those "bound by race" and "national pride") as well as a fitting cover of FLAG's "White Minority." Musically, the four tracks of catchy hardcore on this EP contain enough snot, hooks and tasty solos to stand out no matter what continent you're on. (JH)
(self-released)

KAIVOSURMA – "Revisionistit" EP

I've recently decided that there is a great wealth of awesome punk/hardcore coming out of Finland at the moment. KAIVOSURMA formed in 1998 and this is their fifth 7", and I'm now adding them to the aforementioned list of awesome current Finnish hardcore. Fast, slick, guitar-drenched manic hardcore accented by great vocal hooks in Finnish. Straightforward, but with some interesting turns, keeping it far away from being generic. Oh, and loud pick slides (which, as I've said before, are super punk) in all the right places. (MA)
(Slode Headquarters)

KING FRIDAY – "Dynamite" EP

A great power-pop meets pop-punk release from this combo that includes ex-BEN GRIM. Very heavy on the pop side of the DESCENDENTS and ALL. This would have sounded great in the '90s and it sounds great now. I can never get enough DESCENDENTS worship. Four bouncy tracks with cool harmonies and chunky riffs on this Japanese release. Highly recommended for the pop punkers. (RL)
(SP)

KURRAKÄ – "Hermanas de la Oscuridad" EP

Man, the first ten seconds of this record are extremely reminiscent of NOG WATT, which is a great first impression. I'm not personally a fan of these vocals, although I am aware that many, many other punks like this vocal style. Her harsher, angry parts are the best part of the vocals, in my opinion. Moving on, the music is extremely '80s sounding; very simple and straight-forward à la TOZIBABE and again, NOG WATT. I really dig the more bass-driven riffs in "Hermanas de la Oscuridad" and "Ciudad de Cristal" and I love Brianne's drumming; simple but on point. All in all, this is a great record and you should pick one up! (KR)
(Todo Destruido)

KUUDES SILMÄ – "Kuudes Silmä" EP

Darker, dancy post-punk from Finland! I didn't have a reviewer copy to take home, but I was already obsessing over this band anyway via their bandcamp. This four-piece present a seriously powerful delivery, to a chilling point. There is a great synth sound, and the guitar player is also the vocalist, the bass is looming and abundant, and the drums are perfect; very SIEKIERA. Everything just flows so well together. This three-track seven inch is eerie and ominous when it comes to composition and exe-

cution—in other words, hunting this seven inch down will be well worth it for you, and anyone else who appreciates real music. (KR)
(Combat Rock / Rytmi)

LAST YEAR'S MEN – "Clawless Paw/What Can I Get"

Two songs of raucous (but soulful) garage punk in the vein of the STRANGE BOYS. The A-side is slow and catchy, with a raw, angst-ridden flavor, while the flip is an upbeat, edgy '60s punk "new oldie" dance number ready-made for the hop. (AM)
(Sophomore Lounge)

LEIDKULTUR – "For a Better World" EP

A little bit of a letdown here from these Germans. I reviewed their LP last year and really enjoyed it. They still have drive, passion, intricate fast hardcore songs and political lyrics in German (explanations are provided in English). On this release, however, it sounds as if the bass player got to produce—a fat layer of sludge sits on the recording, whereas the LP was sharper. The difference really hurts their sound. Try the LP first. (JM)
(Spastic Fantastic)

LEXICON DEVILS – "High Blood Pressure Damage" EP

Garage meets surf meets JFA-style hardcore. I hate this shit, it sounds like a low-rent version of NIGHT BIRDS. No originality in the riffs, no bottom end, and the singer sounds really happy, like he's a stand up comedian about to tell a joke. Oh, and the cover art is a cartoony drawing of a guy trying to get out of a bathroom stall. Fucking terrible. (KM)
(Surfin'ki)

LIGHTNING BOLT – "Oblivion Hunter" LP

This is one of those cases where it seems as if it is not gonna matter what *MRR* has to say, the record will find its way into the places it belongs regardless. But this is the record review section so here is the review. I used to go see LIGHTNING BOLT a lot when I lived in NYC in the late '90s/early '00s— they were unpredictable, hilarious, scary and a force to be reckoned with. Parts of this LP are reminiscent of that era of LIGHTNING BOLT, but they are swiftly ruined by the sections that are almost psychedelic carnival-esque in a BUTTHOLE SURFERS meets BOREDOMS fashion. Maybe that sounds like something you are after and yes, it could be a good thing, but this is just sort of *there*… It is what it is and so forth; but like I said in the first sentence, this band has an audience, and they don't suck so it doesn't really matter what I put forth here in regards to their sound. (LG)
(Load)

LIVVER – "Fuck You, Pay Me" LP

Gloomy, death-obsessed East Coast hardcore of a post-"Holy Terror" persuasion, this is a record that reminds us that dark, brooding guy is totally the tough guy of this generation. A competent take on the new-school USDHC / Southern Lord-core sound, the ætmospheric intro had me eating out of the palms of their hands, but a lot of the riffs that follow felt interchangeable, with too few *holy shit!* moments to keep me coming back. The LP's name kind of sums it up for me; sure, it makes them sound hard as NAILS, but wasn't punk supposed to be about, like, subverting capitalist modes of relation and stuff? Lyrically, it often feels like the band is going through the motions ("This heart is blackened" is as indicative a line as any), and songs like "Surf Tsunami" give this an almost exploitative vibe at times. (WB)
(Ammonia / Prototype)

LOW CULTURE – "Screens" LP

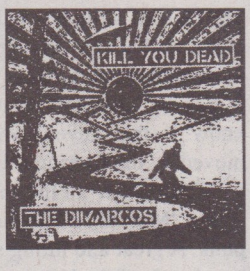
I was going to open this review with something about how these songs just sound like MARKED MEN material, and pan away from there, but then a quick and cursory glance at ye olde internet revealed that one of the members of LOW CULTURE was in thine MARKED MEN (also SHANG-A-LANG). I never liked the MARKED MEN, but I guess that I'm somewhat mollified by the fact that this is some of the same songwriting, as opposed to gents just aping the style. However, I will say that I would rather not see anyone continue to try to hash out that whole pop punk thing that has essentially already been done as good as anyone's going to do it. Perhaps a good model to look towards is the TREASURE FLEET LP from last year. Thereon, pop punk dudes explored mod psych territory to excellent results. A record like *Screens* just feels timid and stale. (LP)
(Dirtnap)

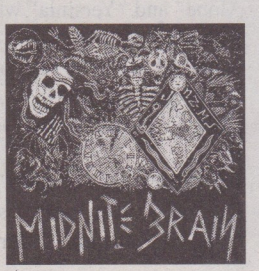
LOW CULTURE – "Screens" LP

This LP follows up on the heels of a remarkable first demo and I'd been looking forward to hearing it since I heard about its release. It's difficult to talk about this band without mentioning the MARKED MEN since: 1.They share a member, 2. A member of that same band recorded this on the same analog equipment and 3. They play a very similar style of music. This band also features half of the members of the now defunct SHANG-A-LANG. You know that feeling when your friends are in a band and you sort of like them just because they're your friends? Then, they go on some grueling, life-changing, three-month tour and when they return, it's like they're completely different and kind of amazing? This is how I feel about SHANG-A-LANG evolving into LOW CULTURE. They took the most melodic, catchy, infectious and somber moments of their former bands and honed it into something that is better than the sum of its parts. The lyrics reflect urgency, agoraphobia, a deep sadness, some longing and a little bit of celebration. Some may simply write this off as more boring pop-punk (I would call this melodic punk. There *is* a difference.), but it takes a lot of effort to play this style of music and make it memorable. If all "pop-punk" sounded even remotely as good as this, I would openly embrace the genre. If you have FROZEN TEENS, FUTURE VIRGINS, MARKED MEN and TOYS THAT KILL records on constant rotation in your room/shack/boat/converted garage, you will not be disappointed by this LP in the least. (GH)
(Dirtnap)

MACGYVER – "Panthalassa" LP

Excellent, fast melodic punk from Brno, Czech Republic. Great modern recording with everything balanced, right up front. The abrasively sung vocals, often doubled up, shine throughout this whole LP. I love the way languag-





es from this part of the world sound with punk. This band sounds like equal parts STORM THE TOWER and INNOXIA CORPORA, and if that doesn't mean anything to you, try "brilliant, infectious, upbeat, inventive melodic HC/punk." I dig it. (MA)
(Papagajuv Hlasatel)

MALFUNCTION "Finding My Peace" EP

Reaper drops another banger, this time it's the new EP by Richmond's MALFUNCTION. Five very sick mosh jams meant for hard pitting and/or hitting the gym. There are cool riffs and hard-as-fuck breakdowns all over this thing. I'm hearing a bit of RINGWORM and OUTBURST on this EP, which is a great look! Fans of bands like BACKTRACK, TUI and TERROR should be into this. (TM)
(Reaper)

MANATEES – "Out for Booze" EP

Here's a mean little bugger from Memphis, Tennessee. Apparently these two boys and a girl have a release on Goner, but I think this stands out from much of the bluesy garage pack with its dark and decidedly more punk approach featuring ugly vocals, driving rhythms, and sometimes meandering guitar lines. Lo-fi lovers are advised to check this out. (JH)
(Pelican Pow Wow)

MODERN DAY RIPPERS – "Rip it Up in a Modern Way" CD

A mediocre "stupid" punk release here. Why do I think all these bands worship NOFX? So these guys mix punk and goofy hardcore. The vocals have an off-key quality à la the old college rock band TOO MUCH JOY. But where TOO MUCH JOY had clever witty songs, these guys' songs are annoying and silly. May be best for parties if that. (RL)
(Sexy Baby)

MY TURN – "Athens" LP

Very melodic hardcore that's reminiscent of GORILLA BISCUITS, STRIKE ANYWHERE, or the various '90s Epitaph/Fat Wreck Chords bands that had hardcore kids as fans (GOOD RIDDANCE, etc.). Anthemic gang vocals over positive breakdowns break up the verses with fast, four-chord riffing, as well as the chromatic guitar leads and harmonics common in this style. Not my thing, but at least the vocals are not sung. (DG)
(MT)

NEEDLES – "Desesperación" EP

What a daunting, yet honored task to review this record. I say that, not only because they are the best Bay Area band, but this is the best record I've heard in a long, long time. It's absolutely stunning; on simple tan/black cardstock, with a hand-screened inner sleeve, a little insert with a live shot and the lyrics to "Desesperación" and heavy vinyl—this is the definition of quality, and I would expect no less from the band or the label. The music delivers hard, with simple yet aggressive riffs, accompanied by Martin's harsh screams, and perfectly unique drumming. You cannot fuck with this even if you tried to. This is how punk is played by four hardcore dudes who've been in countless bands here in the Bay Area, LA, Chicago etc, and have lived and breathed hardcore and punk for 20+ years. You wanna know what a breakdown sounds like? These guys will give you a tour of their vast knowledge and experience with this record. Anyone lucky enough to have caught them at Subversion Vol. 1 was completely blown away; I had so many out of towners tell me that. Anyway, buy this or drop out. No joke. (KR)
(Iron Lung)

THE NIGHT BRIGADE – "Save My Soul" 10"

NIGHT BRIGADE play decent modern punk à la RANCID or ANN BARETTA. Really that is all I can say about it, because after listening to it, I had to replay it ten minutes later just to remember it. I can't say it's bad, because nothing screamed take it off the stereo; it's just there. (JF)
(Sexy Baby)

NORWOOD PARK ALL STARS – "Northwest Highway" CD

I know why I got this for review…because I am a Midwesterner that has lived in Chicago for most of my life. Well, this is a collection of songs that pay tribute to the mid-'80s punk scene that occurred in the north side and the near north 'burbs of Chicago with its base in Norwood Park. This probably means nothing to you, but if you decode it, it's about a bunch of dudes that played together during that time creating a punk sound that fused different styles, due to the "diversity" of the people playing together. You have "teenagers in garages to middle-age instructors and every kind of rock-star wannabe in between." In the cool Marvel comics-looking CD liner notes, you see that the bands were incestuous resulting in a bunch of other unmemorable bands. The jam sesh on this CD takes a ton of the dudes around this time and the result here is, regrettably, equally forgettable. The music is well-played and recorded well, but the lyrics are terrible and the music is boring bar rock with a hint of ANTI-SEEN scuzz and GEORGE THOROGOOD worship with *Fat Elvis* meets a bad James Hetfield. Sorry dudes. I respect your wanting to play together, wanting to document your scene and that you are hometown heroes, but this is bad. (MB)
(Bam Bam, no info)

NOTHING PEOPLE – "C'mon Girl/Walk On"

NOTHING PEOPLE's vocalist commands an understated swagger that elevates this 45 from a good to a great one. He's hardly trying, as if too smug and distracted to invest himself emotionally in the song, which lends it the ciggie-and-shades aloofness that straight-ahead, riff-based, rock about girls should arguably command. The 45 sleeve shows a comic strip setting a narrative to the simplistic lyrics, which further reinforces the sense of cheekily self-aware *cool* evident on each side of this record. (SL)
(S-S)

NUORET SANKARIT – "Oma Etu Mielessä" EP

Anthemic Finnish punk that leans more in the direction of rocking punk than the hardcore that country is known for. This is the modern creation of kids reared on RATSIA and SENSUURI, not TERVEET KÄDET. Hooks in the riffs, snarls in the vocals…if I could sing along I would be stoked, but my Finnish sucks. (WN)
(Psychedelica / Woimasointu / Mauski / Pupu's Bistro)

OI! KULT – "Mladi Imajo Moc" EP

This band was active between 1982-1987 in Ljubljana, Slovania, which was once controlled by Socialist Yugoslavia. So…if you know your history, being an outspoken political punk band in that climate was no easy feat. This band was often censored for their clever yet direct critique of the regime of the time. Their songs were banned from the radio for fear of influencing impressionable youth. OI! KULT's only previous releases were a tape in 1983 on Galerija ŠKUC Izdaja and an LP in 1986 on Dossier which featured quite a departure from their original sound. On this EP you get two recorded tracks and one live one. "Zal Ljudi" is the jam on here, one that you will want to play a couple times. What does it sound like? Catchy mid-tempo punk with slightly distorted melodic guitars, even-tempered drums with some solid yet simple fills and the vocals are fucking great—melodic but angry with a touch of scratch. I hear some definite early Brit-punk snot meets some almost Biafra moments. The packaging is awesome with a four-color gatefold sleeve, printed inner with English translations, with the band's logo, a black square in a circle, a symbol of a totalitarian state—can't get much punker than that then. Only 680 copies. This label is putting out some winners and this is one of them! (MB)
(NE!)

OWL – 12"

OWL has that lo-fi, analog, early days of metal sound. OWL sounds a lot like WICKED LADY and bands of that ilk. These three brothers and Melanie capture that lost era of sound and feeling to perfection on this LP. There is not a song that is filler or goes on too long on this record. Each song progresses perfectly onto the next and the full length is a true showcase for a solid band that has honed its sound carefully

over the course of several years. They are not cloning their sound from earlier bands and have a punk background to boot. This creates a specific sound all their own. They are not to be written off as home-brewing, bearded, hipster NWOBHM replicas. There is a psychedelic feel, especially on the B-side, with a lot of influences pervasive throughout the record. These influences range from that stoner doom depth to epic metallic jams. This is a hard band to capture and a forerunner of this current Oakland scene. So buy the ticket, take the ride on the repress that shall be released soon. (AE)
(Magick Hermit)

PANICO – "1985" EP

This is the first time we are hearing this '80s Peruvian hardcore band on vinyl. This record compiles all of their songs that have been floating around on tape for decades. You get the "tuca-tuca" drums on here with the sounds of Latino streetpunk with some Oi! moments, rhythmic, catchy, fuzzy guitar riffage and some hardcore flavor. This is raw and angry with scratchy throat vocals singing about the doomed future of youth in the political state of the time. These tracks could have easily appeared alongside GUERRILLA URBANA and ZCUELA CRRADA. This sounds like it's gonna fall apart any minute and with song titles like "Todo es Caos" you know why it works. The sleeve looks old school, stark black and white layout and it folds out to some of the lyrics on the inside. Not everyone will think this essential, but it is the rawest form of punk that makes me happy that punk started when someone pissed off picked up a guitar. The energy here is one that is hard to authentically replicate. (MB)
(Sintemores / Rock Sub Discos)

PASSING PHASES – "Endless Autumn" LP

Jangly '90s college rock styled songs by a band that includes (one? some?) of the many ex-members of PG. 99. Since we're talking in terms of ex-PG. 99, I'll also toss out there that is in the sonic ballpark of a more upbeat PYGMY LUSH if they had a guitar sound similar to the REPLACEMENTS. While the vocals are usually sung under straight ahead chord progressions, the leads and instrumental parts almost sound '60s-inspired. There are some slightly surfy parts and some guitar picking that sounds like it could have been lifted from the *Easy Rider* soundtrack. I could see this band sharing a bill with (and appealing to fans of) fellow '90s college rock contemporaries KICKING SPIT and DAIKON. (P$)
(Cricket Cemetery)

PELVIS DOUGLAS – CD

This is the debut release of a French pop-punk band, firmly rooted in the MUFFS school of rock. It's catchy and melodic but played extra fast with tuff lady-vocals. Ask yourself a question: Would the GITS still be important if they had a different vocalist? If instead of having Mia, they had a vocalist who was sincerely good (but not mind blowing like Mia was). This is exactly what you'd get (if you're curious). By the way, what the fuck was up with Andy Kessler (guitarist for the GITS) calling himself "The Godfather of guitar" at the end of the GITS movie? Wasn't that absurd?! Did anyone else notice that? Sheesh, probably not. And no one is probably gonna notice the PELVIS DOUGLAS because they have a stupid name and bad cover art (even though they are actually a good band and are totally worth listening to). Oh well. So it goes... (FS)
(self-released)

THE PHANTOM SCARS – "Again and Again" EP

Illinois combo doing their best to relive the '90s lo-fi snotty garage boom. Leather jackets, ski masks, the whole nine. All four tunes here are basic, speedy and plenty fucked sounding. Nothing I'd pick over any cruddy release on Rip Off records, but the spirit is there in spades. (MC)
(Manglor)

POOL PARTY – "Pool Party Party" CD

This Florida has two sounds. One sound is RANCID-esque and the other is QUEERS style punk. This is a collection of two EP's and a few other tracks. The lyrics here try hard to be funny but with titles like "You Don't Know Shit" and "She Likes Dick" it's just too sophomoric. Not the worst band musically, just too many failed attempts at being wacky for me to handle. (RL)
(Doom Buggy)

P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. – "I Hate TV/Oops..."

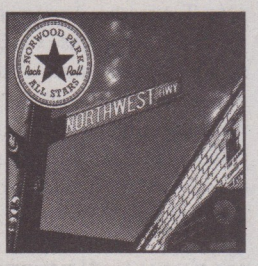
This is a solid punk'n'roll record offered up by a supergroup of sorts from PDX. RESIST and POISON IDEA both lend members to this outfit, but really this is just an okay record. Both sides are fast, spiteful, beer-soaked songs that are probably better absorbed in a live setting. "I Hate TV" features a ripping lead riff, repetitive chorus and searing solo, but after one listen you'll get the point. "Oops" is a bit more varied; there's a break in the middle of the song where the band brings in an acoustic guitar for a change of pace, before reverting back to the breakneck speed of the verses. This will certainly satiate genre fans, but after a couple listens I don't really have any desire to revisit this 45. (KM)
(Gas Mask)

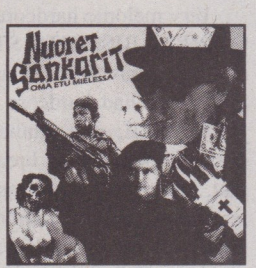
PUSRAD – "Dömd" 12"

This band plays incredibly fast and short songs (the longest is 36 seconds) that listen like a record being played on the wrong speed, and may very well be sped up. Most of the songs are in a general Nardcore/Mystic records comp suburban hardcore style in terms of attitude, melody, and sung vocals except that there's a lot of fills, stop-start parts, lack of structure and other intricacies hidden within the grooves, and it could just be me, but it sort of listens like clean-cut arty types belittling generic hardcore by playing it, if that makes any sense, and even though that probably isn't the intention. The ballad of this record reminds me more of major label DINOSAUR JR. than anything, or at least what they were listening to. Most of the songs end abruptly, and the record ends with the recording stopping akin to someone turning off a record player. (DG)
(Gaphals)

RAPTUROUS GRIEF – "Juez Corrupto" EP

A heavy Scandinavian hardcore sound is what RAPTUROUS GRIEF seems to have. Or is this an updated Italian hardcore sound? Either way it's raw, fast punk hardcore. I love how the band sounds like it could lose it on almost every track. I keep waiting for one of the tracks to implode as the band falls apart, and that's a good thing. Maybe more than a Scandinavian hardcore sound, it's





more of a heavy hardcore meets fastcore. Oh hell I don't know, I just know I like it. They also carry on the wonderful band tradition of two-person-but-crush-you-into-the-dirt. Oh, they don't sound like IRON LUNG or KARP or the NEED or POPULATION REDUCTION but the energy that these duos bring is here. Get this! (MH)
(self- released)

DAVE RATA – "Hallucigenia" LP

You may know Dave from RATAS DEL VATICANO, an infamous Monterrey unit specializing in assorted punk ridiculousness. Mr. Rata's solo effort is an exceptionally darker affair though, trading traditional punk sounds for something more uneasy and maddening. There are some ace RUDIMENTARY PENI inspired dirges, a few electronics-driven trips and some driving, tense post-punk. The vocal snottiness is retained more often than not, making the overall vibe that much more desperate and filthy. This just a whole hell of a lot better than I had imagined it would be, free of the over-indulgent signifiers most commonly associated with "solo records" in my mind. Well worth your time and money. (MC)
(Bat Shit)

RATAS DEL VATICANO – "Rafagueados" 2xEP

Monterrey's RATAS DEL VATICANO treat us with a gatefold double 7" worth of eight raw punk tunes. I don't mean "raw punk" by modern standards, I mean punk that is raw sounding. The first track seriously had me wanting to get up and thrash the reviewer's station—way faster and harsher than I remember this band being before. The next few tracks are mid-paced stompers with a great melancholic undertone. Then put on disc two and things pick up again with more thrashing. I saw his band play at my buddy's record store in Austin several years ago and they were fucking great. I think they've gotten better. Worth your hard earned money for the first track alone—the rest is just a bonus. Essential Mexican punk! (MA)
(Bat Shit)

RAW PRAWN – "None Left" EP

Perfect DIY pop from down under that will make you wanna get rid of all the generic just-OK records you bought in the last two years and start anew. This disc will fuel your next dance party with clarity, ease and snot. It will turn you away from the dull and the unworthy and remind you of what is possible with only the most rudimentary tools. They are just so fucking good, not a filler song to be found here; just DIY masterworks that evoke early CLEAN, O-LEVELS and DESPERATE BICYCLES… Biting and hilarious and essential. This is what I wanted EDDY CURRENT to be like after hearing everyone collectively jiz in their pants over that band's just OK sound. An essential document of the possibility of DIY, this is my record of the month and is further evidence of the Orstralian genius streak. Totally cannot wait for the forthcoming LP. (LG)
(RIP Society)

THE REAL ENERGY / THE SECRET PROSTITUTES – split EP

As a rule I try not to like current bands. But what the fuck, eh? SECRET PROSTITUTES are very dumb, they sound like authentic KBD Eurotrash, but they are from Houston, TX which is funny because I lived in that fucking hellhole for three years, and they are quite likely the best thing to ever come from there. They sound Finnish or Spanish or whatever. This is limited to 300 copies, this one is on red vinyl. Oh wait, yeah, there's another band here. Sorry guys. *Not*! REAL ENERGY is also from the hellhole of Houston. This that kind of thugged out disaffected punk rawk'n'roll that record collectors like. This song rules, and they speak English so you know it's good. *Great record, keep 'em comin' Houston*! (GB)
(Torture Garden)

THE RIDGELANDS – "Corey Webster Must Die!!!" CD

Chicago skaters bust out some straight the fuck up *Dookie*-era GREEN DAY worship. It's all there, from the guitar tone to the licks to the vocals. Shit is uncanny. I can't throw my support behind anything I can tag so easily, but I guess they do it well. If someone put this on I wouldn't demand that they take it off, but that's as charitable as I'm getting here, folks. (LP)
(Sexy Baby)

THE ROCKERS – "Don't Leave Me Tonight" EP

The ROCKERS' one and only EP sees legit reissue, bringing bounce-inducing glee to literally dozens of candy-eating power-pop wimps the world over. There aren't many American power-pop records that can hold a candle to this, that's a fact. The NERVES single is its closest relative in terms of sound and quality: four exceedingly well-crafted crunchy poppers, all capable of leading a single in their own right, but jammed together on one platter for maximum impact. The band later morphed into the FINDERS (also reviewed this month), but I must say that nothing the later outfit did reaches the heights of this EP. It's just perfect. Genre fans and the merely curious ought to get on this immediately. One of the very best. (MC)
(Cheap Rewards)

RUST BELT DEMONS – "Never Mind the Singles, Here's the Flexi Babies" flexi

A flexi with a download card! Now I have seen it all. RUST BELT DEMONS give us two songs of modern street punk that would sound fine next to SMALLTOWN, BELTONES or ONE MAN ARMY. Solid stuff. (JF)
(Sexy Baby)

SACCAGE – "Death Crust Satanique" LP

For some reason this reminds me of the first time I heard HELLHAMMER. Not that SACCAGE sound that much like them (not that far off either) but there is something about that mix of metal, black metal, crust and hardcore that when done right can be heavy. SACCAGE, from Quebec, Canada really mix up the sounds. Some of the tracks have lots of straight punk/hardcore parts that end up moving into a fast metal/crust sound. Most of the lyrics are in French. There is an element of sloppiness and those simple drums that give this a raw feel. The first track starts off with a classic '80s metal gallop riff. Ooofff. Yeah, it's metal. Hell "Tormento" reminds me of early speed metal. I dug this but it might be because it brought back memories of being a mid-'80s metal head. Maybe that's what you want to hear in 2013? (MH)
(Torture Garden Picture Company)

SHAVED WOMEN – "Pressures" EP

I'd heard this band's name in passing, but had never actually heard them until I spun this EP. I thought they were on a DIY tip, so it came as a surprise that this record is accompanied by a full-on press sheet. Anyway, this is an excellent record that mixes bass-heavy AmRep-style dirge with the modern self-loathing aesthetic of SLICES, and also throws in some sick BLACK FLAG-esque leads. My one complaint is the sense of restraint exercised by the band. None of the tracks really take off, but I think that's the point. This is not a hopeful record meant to excite, it's a dose of depressing reality. The music and lyrics seem confined, almost willfully, to the trudging sound these guys have established, and it definitely works for them. The sense of despair is real, and if you're not into it, that will only add fuel to their slowly burning fire. (KM)
(APop)

THE SHORTS – "Hang 'Em, Flog 'Em" EP

Straightforward hardcore punk—simple riffs will bounce you to the moon while gruff vocals spew left leaning politics and social frustrations. These dudes have been at this in various projects since most of us were teenagers (and since before the teens amongst us were born), and the SHORTS are another quality notch in their UK punk belts. (WN)
(Suspect Device)

SKIMASK – "Cute Mutant" LP

I was sitting there listening to this record and contemplating the record sleeve, trying to decide if this is why-be-normal weird (to which I don't get and if anything kind of hate) or if these people are just really total freaks. I was leaning towards total freaks when Greg Harvester

looked over and was like "oh, I think I know this band, I heard it's a drummer and two guys with microphones and one of them sings and the other one just makes guitar noises." OK, definitely total freaks. The closest thing I can say is SIX FINGER SATELLITE if they were less cold and slick and more over-enthusiastic and drooling uncontrollably. Or MENS RECOVERY PROJECT, if they were even more of a manic onslaught wall of noise. And the pop culture references! The inner sleeve is a picture of Spongebob with three eyes, song names like "Tempurpedic mattress," and other stuff! This band seems like they have little to no connection to reality and it is so radical. Like, there aren't really elements of shock, just straight up weirdness, which I'm way into. An excellent album on both 33 and 45. (MM)
(100% Breakfast / Infinity Cat / Sophomore Lounge)

THE SLIT PLASTERS – "Chasing Jet Black Muffs" 10"

This is an assault on the senses and, for me anyway, not in a pleasant way. There is just way too much going on here. It's faster paced, there are drum fills, it's herky jerky, and they sometimes stop for dramatic effect on the vocals. I'm three songs in and I can't take it. Uncle. Uncle. I give up. My guess is that they've got some sort of a following, as the record sleeve shows email addresses for booking, management and merchandise. Fuck, listening to this is making me nervous. I gotta fly. (KK)
(self-released)

SNEEZE ATTACK – "Big Shadow" EP

This is so cool. "Big Shadow" sounds like the JESUS AND MARY CHAIN playing the BIKINI KILL song "Feels Blind." It's all blown out in a basement punk band style yet remains super melodic, reminding me of JAMC at their most rudimentary, or even the RAMONES where the punk masks a perfect sincere pop song. I think they might be influenced by East Bay pop punk and say… early VIVIAN GIRLS!? But something about the tremulous, sincere yet awkward recording takes it somewhere else. Then the B-side is even more blown out, total basic rudimentary punk with dreamy melodies in the under currents, and so good too… total RAMONES meets Dangerhouse records frenzy. Usually when people liken bands to the RAMONES it means the band is well versed in terrible pop punk with no imagination on show, but this band really reminds me of listening to early RAMONES live recordings. That blast off feeling of "is this gonna fall apart" and "how the fuck did they write a better pop song than the BEATLES ever did and yet they are gonna collapse before the song is over." I mean this band isn't *that* cool, nobody is, I don't mean to get yer hopes up that much. But they bring to mind such feelings and ideas and comparisons on this recording at least. Totally recommended. (LG)
(Phonoselect / Pleasant Screams)

SOMALI PIRATES – "Greatest Hits" EP

Four songs of melodic, goofy and gravely-throat street punk from Southern California. Lyrics, as explained on the "insightful song explanations" insert, cover such well-trodden themes as politicians are scum, work sucks and paranoid white folks are silly, plus an "epic Somali tale." Can't say there's anything new or interesting going on here. (JH)
(Camel Clutch)

THE SPLITS – LP

Finnish all-female group the SPLITS deliver very familiar sounding garage rock with occasional glimpses of a pop sensibility, but their strongest assets seem underutilized. Rather than highlight the oblique aggression hinted at, the SPLITS try to assert hooks that mostly fall flat and seem too familiar. That being said, between tired melodies, counter-intuitive drum beats, feral screams and menacing riffs lurch forth. With a refocusing on the SPLITS unexpected rhythms and atonal vocals, they could be a force, but this LP portrays a band torn between styles and confusedly grappling with conflicting musical directions. (SL)
(P-Trash)

THE SPLITS – LP

I am double reviewing this because this band made my Year End Top Ten, they totally blew me away, so I got vested interests. Their 7" was a mix of DICTATORS / TESTORS style desperation but made by four Finnish girls… just so sick. They make urgent music that is for late night phone calls, missed opportunities and lonely bedroom dance parties. If you were a fan of the BANGS but wanted more anger and less sugar, more lean dark action then this is your sound! If you were wondering where the girls are that are digging into that WIPERS sound, then wander no more. Usually I am not a stickler for sound/recording qualities, but this record could definitely benefit from a fuller more epic feel somehow. It's a bit of a let down in that respect. It seems stilted somehow because of that, but fuck it, the songs are powerful and cool anyway. OK, I am #1 super nerd fan of the SPLITS. When are they gonna tour the West Coast!? (LG)
(P-Trash)

SPRAY PAINT – LP

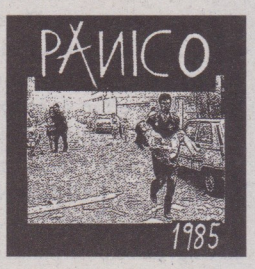
More moody than their previous unabashed hit *Spock Fingers* (which was one of the three best records to come out last year… believe the hype). This record is good, there is no stand out hit, but it has that same ERIK SATIE (minimalist repetitive song structures) writing songs for a more dissonant WIRE (or URINALS) song style that worked its magic on prior releases. I'll come right out and say it; this is a very good record. Does it measure up to the band's past successes? It's totally worthwhile to find out for yourself. (P$)
(S-S)

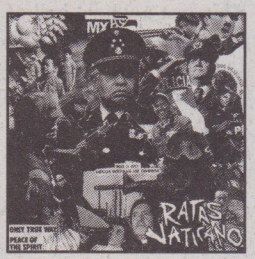
SPY DEVICE – "Miniaturized" LP

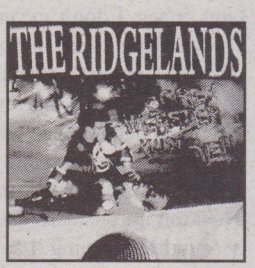
Clean sounding poppy "new wave" sounding punk. Hate using that term as any old timer would. Their included record label letter calls them DEVO crossed with the BUZZCOCKS in a Northwest kinda way. It could be really good in a SPITS way but it never really takes off and is way too safe sounding. The vocals are in that deadpan '80s style but they're just boring. This band could be good if they just grew a pair and didn't play it so safe. (RO)
(2 Minute Rock, no info)

STAT DAD – "Mominatrix" EP

Snotty snarky punk that comes off like '90s punk looking back to '80s SoCal…I know that might now make sense to some of you, but others will think of the kind of punk you can play at a frat party or at a shitty bombed-out







punk house and still make everyone happy. It's good, solid, lowest common denominator, aggressive punk rock. (WN)
(Sexy Baby)

STELLAR CORPSES – "Vampire Kiss/Jonestown"

Attention all PENNYWISE fans! You like the MURDER CITY DEVILS, right? And you always wish the P-Boys could learn from M.C.D and adopt more of a scary/horror vibe. Am I right? Well, your wish is granted. Are you listening world!? The STELLAR CORPSES are here! You might as well throw that TAKING BACK SUNDAY record straight into the trash. You won't need it now that STELLAR CORPSES have arrived. (FS)
(Chapter 11)

STORMSHADOW – "Set on Destroy" LP

Did you guys really name your band after a G.I. Joe ninja-action figure?! Well, either way, this is a pretty cool album. Apparently these guys were a New Brunswick band in the late '90s and recorded this album before they broke up in 2000. They released it as a CD-R at their last show. And as a labor of love Don Giovanni records is giving it a proper vinyl release some thirteen years later. This is also a hard record to describe; it jumps around through so many styles and genres. But a majority of time is spent jumping back and forth from emotion to political hardcore, and doing it seamlessly. This is a type of punk that lived and (more or less) died in the '90s. I can see how many years ago it captured imagination of a wide-eyed Joe Steinhardt. (FS)
(Don Giovanni)

SUICIDAS – "Vives Sin Sentirte Vivo" EP

This is very melodic dual vocal punk that is actually comprised of two dudes and a lady from Vienna and Barcelona. Lyrics are in Spanish with a melancholy air. I love that the vocals are no stranger to some nasty punk, as this band is comprised of members from heavy hitters like RUIDOSA INMUNDICIA, SOTATILA, DEMENZIA KOLEKTIVA, BELGRADO, DESTINO FINAL, INFÄME, but this is pure singing with some raspy moments. There is an element of rock'n'roll here, but these five songs are mostly mid-tempo, very danceable punk through and through. There are even handclaps in one song. This band could have a dream tour with GENERACION SUICIDA. Fun, yet tough—sad yet hopeful. (MB)
(Contergan Punk/Disundead/Kämäset Levyt)

THE SULPHUR LIGHTS – "Little Pills" EP

This is one of those great mystery singles, Xeroxed cover, no labels, just side A and B written with a marker. No contact info or label mentioned of course, just a band name and song titles that's it. Twenty years ago this record would have been one that made people wonder who is this mysterious band. But it's 2013 and with the power of the Internet I can tell you that SULPHUR LIGHTS hail from Brisbane, Australia. I can also tell you that this record was WFMU record of the day last week. Of course, I wouldn't have any desire to research this record if it didn't provide three great tracks of trashy punk à la fellow countrymen DIGGER AND THE PUSSYCAT or bay area alum ROCK'N'ROLL ADVENTURE KIDS. Still have no label info, but try writing the band. (JF)
(self-released, no info)

SUNPOWER – "Decade" LP

While I've heard this Belgian band's name for some time, this release, compiling their various EPs, splits and comp appearances over the past ten years, is my first introduction. The central thrust is positive and socially conscious "veggie patty and potatoes" hardcore of the pre-YOUTH OF TODAY variety. The similarities to early 7 SECONDS, in fact, are quite strong from the message to the whoa choruses, although the progression of releases also shows them incorporating a few more modern hardcore tropes. An unremarkable, though decent, listen for those who like hardcore simple and attitude free. (JH)
(Farce Attack / Spastic Fantastic / peter bower)

SWEET TALK – "Pickup Lines" LP

Fuck this is good. Austin's SWEET TALK remind me a lot of the power poppier stuff that is coming out of the south the last few years like GENTELMAN JESSE, GG KING, ect, but not as smooth. No let me take that back, more of one with a feel that screams Texas à la MARKED MEN, SOMETHING FIERCE, mixed with the energy of the first REPLACEMENTS. I say the REPLACEMENTS because while this record sounds nothing like them, it reminds me of that first LP on some level too. This is an awesome LP and I am gonna buy my copy as soon as I am done here at *MRR* HQ. (JF)
(12XU)

THICK TREAD – "From the Neck Up" CD

A spirited full length from the self-proclaimed progenitors of Saggy Armz Punk. Full of the angst and energy of youth, coupled with a generous helping of melodic hardcore, running the gamut from FIFTEEN to MINOR THREAT, via BAD RELIGION. Top marks for effort. Execution is none too shabby either. If they make another record, I reckon it'll be top notch. (RK)
(self-released)

TINTA LEAL – "Take Control!" CD

Spanish/German band playing hardcore that's a bland mixture of DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR-style beatdown-core and poppy butt punk. Double-bass beats intertwine with "whoa-ohs" throughout the duration of this record and none of it is particularly interesting or memorable. Lyrics are of the generic political variety; these guys repeatedly decry faceless enemies and vow that there is something "more" to live for. Overall this is a weak, lifeless rallying cry. (KM)
(self-released)

TRANCE – "Demo" EP

Four tracks of catchy, poppy punk from Mallorca. For those who don't know where that is, it's a pretty little island off the southern coast of Spain. This is more in line with shit like LOS NIKIS than recently worshiped bands like ESKORBUTO or MG-15. Great full recording, catchy vocals, and an ULTIMO RESORTE cover. I'll dance and play air guitar to this shit… (MA)
(Discos Regresivos / Disundead / Metadona / Muerte A Tipo)

TRIANGLE FIRE – "Red Collar Laborer" EP

This 7" starts with the best track, which destroys—savage metal riffing, male/female shredded vocals, quick and tight, total pissed. The rest of it isn't much of a letdown. If you liked APHASIA, you'll be with this. The B-side has some peace punk pleasant singing, "we all have a chance to change the world, every single boy and girl," before they resume raging. This and them being from GA/SC does bring ANTISCHISM to mind. The A-side is stronger, but this is still a cool record. Printing the lyrics such that the sheet has to be rotated to read 'em is a bad idea, though. Three hundred copies were made. (JM)
(self-released)

TSIGOTI – "Read Between the Lines… Think Outside Them" LP

Imagine WORLD INFERNO FRIENDSHIP SOCIETY playing FIREHOSE songs while LIFTER PULLER load their equipment on stage. And add some piano. A lot of piano. The lyrics are radical, the intent noble but unfortunately this is not what I want outta life. (LG)
(Post-consumer)

TÜRBOKRIEG – "Future Primate/F.F.W.F."

This is super thrashalicious grind. Demon vocals, impeccable drumming, starts and stops on a razor edge with impressive soloing with no fucking filler. This band features members of INSECT WARFARE and P.L.F. among other bands, so you know what you are in for. Samples start both songs, with one track being a cover that is arguably better than the original…I will let you decipher what it is. These Texans got this down. (MB)
(Death Exclamations / Torture Garden)

UNHOLY GRAVE – "Unholy Warfare" EP

UNHOLY GRAVE have an modus operandi and after about seventeen years of putting out hundreds of releases that's understood. They rehash a lot. Seven inches seem to come out of

nowhere but with nothing much new on them. Sometimes there is little reason at all to hear one of their new releases. Well, this is one of those seven inches. It was recorded at a 2007 rehearsal before their US tour. Great. Anything new? Not really. Recording quality? Not really. Sleeve includes flyers of incredible shows on the other side of the world I wish you could have seen? Yup. Some mix of lo-fi hardcore, metal and grindcore? Yup. Awesome unique vocals? Yup. After more than 100 releases in almost two decades, if you haven't heard this band you can't really say you are into grindcore. On the other hand, this would not be the place to start. (MH)
(Agromosh)

URBAN ACHIEVERS – "Feel the Guilt" EP

While Hjernespind has put out better stuff, this is still a decent EP of fuzzy, early '80s style hardcore that brings to mind very early Dischord and Touch and Go, as well as the 7 SECONDS demos. These songs are primitively written and recorded, with an URBAN WASTE or REAGAN YOUTH type fuzzy guitar tone, and hints of early MINOR THREAT melody, with a sloppy recording that has the bass awkwardly jutting out, and the vocals going in and out. The songs use simple riffs that keep the listeners attention, at least for a little while. (DG)
(Hjernespind)

LA URSS – "Sonidos de un Derrumbe" LP

Spain has been absolutely killing it recently: with bands from many different genres of punk, from all over the country, releasing great records. This LP from LA URSS is the latest addition to Spain's ever growing repertoire of great releases. Make no mistake about it; this is "punk" music in the truest sense. The influences are varied, from ULTIMO RESORTE to DAG NASTY to the NERVOUS EATERS. This band has an undeniable knack for writing bouncy, catchy songs that will reinvigorate your blackened punk heart. The guitar riffs on this album are basically harmonious leads with a killer tone that really enhance the already solid songs, which are generally accented by sloppy gang choruses that somehow fit consummately with the band's overall vibe. Standout tracks include the raging opener, "Viejas Armas, Nuevas Guerras," the Revolution Summer-esque "Otros Dioses," and the instantly catchy "La Gran Caida." You want this; even if for some inexplicable reason you weren't sold on this band's earlier releases (they're all good), you'll be fully on board after hearing this LP. (KM)
(La Corporacion / Todo Destruido)

VINDICTIVES – "Mono Flexi" flexi

Yeah, those VINDICTIVES. They recorded four new songs; first new songs in over ten years. I know you are all dying to know what they sound like, but before I indulge your curiosity, I need to make a public service announcement to all bands and labels out there: *stop making flexis!* Seriously, they get damaged so god damn easy it's nuts. I couldn't even listen to the first two songs 'cause the flexi was fucked up when it arrived. I know you can save all kinds of money on shipping, but what's the good in cheap shipping if you can't even listen to the record? So the songs: three of them are on the flexi and the fourth one (let's just assume this is the worst one) is only available through the download card. The first song was (at least) physically unlistenable due to the damaged flexi. The second song was a down tempo crooner. Something more akin to the WALLFLOWERS than the pop-punk madness you'd expect. However, the third song is an actual return to form. Zany light hearted pop that's attempting to be funny. This song is however not good either. Now you should also know, I claim to (at least modestly) like the VINDICTIVES, they have made several really cool songs, but this flexi falls way short of their heyday. (FS)
(Sexy Baby)

VOMIT ASSAULT – "Raised for the Slaughter" 12"

This record almost lost me before they had me. The long, boring intro of echoed riffs leads into a heavy Euro crust galloping D-beat onslaught right before you're about to give up on this band. Once VOMIT ASSAULT hit, I had no choice but to say that they're really good. VOMIT ASSAULT is like seeing HELLSHOCK live and watching an overcrowded room lose their shit. Every instrument blends so well together that it creates a seamless experience, crossing over arbitrary punk genre boundaries. It has the epic punk interludes of that Savannah crust sound mixed with the rawness of Swedish D-beat greats. The layout of the record is rather odd—there is no sleeve, just a 12" insert cover. Don't judge a book by its cover, this record is a breath of fresh air that leaves one gasping for more. (AE)
(self-released)

WASTED PIDO – "The B-Low Budget Sessions" EP

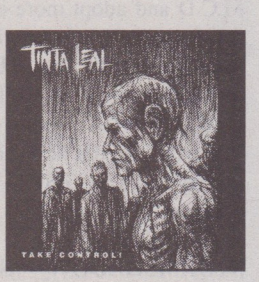
Italian one-man-band action. Unless you can deliver excellent songs like BBQ or KING LOUIE, one-man bands appear to be a hell of a lot more fun for the man in question rather than the listener. Nothing you haven't heard countless times before. (MC)
(94tapes)

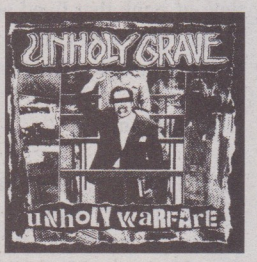
WET NURSE – "Daily Whatever" LP

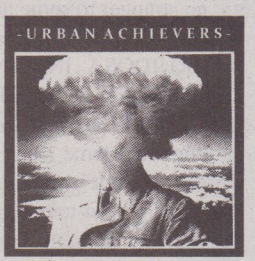
I like this and then I don't, but then I like it again. I guess it just kind of goes song by song for me. It's bare bones poppy punk. Or maybe it's punky pop. Yeah, that might be more like it. Throw in the female vocals and it should be right up my alley, and at times it really is. Like when it's that slightly awkward, disjointed poppy thing, I kind of like that. When they try to make that jump from awkward to serious, you start to lose me. Also, after a while, the same vocal pattern gets a little tired. Cute becomes annoying pretty quickly. While it's not terribly relevant, I find the cover art somewhat disturbing. (KK)
(Astro Girl)

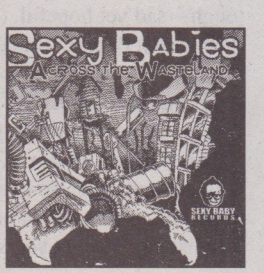
WHITE LUNG – "Two of You/Hunting Holiday"

I just learned that this band had a video produced by *Vice*. That's right, the same publishing entity responsible for, among other things, helping to popularize casual racism, documenting SNOOP ~~DOGG~~ LION's conversion to Rastafari for consumption/gawking at by young white urbanites devoid of opinions save those dealing with people or media, and whose founder, who once scammed unemployment to start his little rag (funny for someone who seems to really hate "government handouts"), now pumps out "paleoconservative" screed for *Taki Magazine*, alongside Pat Buchanan, Jim Goad and John Derbyshire (who was too racist for even the *National Review*). Browse on over to www.takimag.com sometime if you want to, um,









become aware of the existence of this garbage. I guess McInnes' racism wasn't ironic, after all. Now to be fair, I'm not saying that WHITE LUNG shares these views, and I know that *Vice* contains a range of opinions and political viewpoints, especially after McInnes jumped ship. But for fuck's sake, why the hell would you want anything to do with this crap? Now getting off my soapbox and listening to this record objectively, I'm a bit bummed. I've liked this band for a number of years, and even their not-as-good-as-others records—both LPs and 7 inches—are still great. Even though I didn't think *Sorry* was as good as *It's the Evil*, I still liked that they were taking their sound in a bit different direction. But I really feel like "Two of You" is simply a not-as-good retread of their song "Atlanta." The same desperate riffs and I'm-one-sleepless-night-away-from-skipping-town feeling, but without the urgency. "Hunting Holiday," on the other hand, is a bit different and better, if only because it's a side of WHITE LUNG not as thoroughly explored. A lot of their signature dynamics are there, but the pace is picked up and the desperate feeling is present. Both songs end abruptly, which seems to be a regular practice for this band. Ultimately, this record is not essential, and I suggest either passing it up, or listening to their earlier material as a better starting point. (DG)
(Sabotage)

WORD ON THE STREET / RECKONING FORCE – split EP

Two northern punk bands—from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, respectively—on one 7." WORD ON THE STREET sticks pretty close to the generic NY '83 playbook, alternating between mean thrash and mosh parts as well as a couple of creative sound samples in between. RECKONING FORCE wins my vote though with a more mid-paced vibe that channels LAST RIGHTS and street-smart UK acts like the 4 SKINS. There sure are a lot of bands aping the Oi!/hardcore sound at the moment, but I think these kids get it right. They even close their side out with a cover of DECADENCE's "Slam," one of the most awesome/underrated hardcore tracks of the early Boston scene. Gimme more, please. (JH)
(self-released)

GARY WRONG – "Heroin Beach/Mayhem Troopers"

The enigmatic Alabaman GARY WRONG, with the deft help of his myth-creating Bay Area label Bat Shit records, delivers another malodorous ode to senseless conquest quixotic destruction marches. Relatively simple progressions and straight-ahead structures performed with WRONG's perverse maladjustment become something much more twisted and off-kilter than the mere sum of their parts should allow. "Mayhem Troopers" even squeezes something akin to a hook out of WRONG's futuristic detritus while "Heroin Beach" matches a twisted screech to a twisted guitar lead and vamps on it until the track gloriously collapses under the weight of its redundancy. (SL)
(Bat Shit)

XYX – "Teatro Negro" LP

When I first heard this band it was their first seven inch. It was 2008 and I was immediately floored—everything ever—heavy, chaotic, tense, heavily delayed. I needed to know more. I read interviews where they spent the whole time talking about acid, about getting high and recording everything from beginning to end. It didn't come of as annoying just really fucking rad. And I was so excited to see them play and I went to a club in 2009 that was totally dead and they seemed to not give a shit, they seemed bored, going through the motions. It was such a let down. I wanted chaos and they gave me meh. Layla told me about this record. The band broke up a while ago and then this album resurfaced. I felt skeptical. The seven inch blew my mind and the show bummed me out. I felt skeptical until about three songs into this record. It's not even that the third song is a mindblower or anything, it just took a minute to understand a spastic seven inch to a bored show to this record. Like maybe you didn't like every step of the way but now it's perfect and makes perfect sense. This is more thought out, songs that are songs rather than a short chunk of written-whatever in a sea of freakout and fall apart. There are still tumbles into chaos and nonsense all over the place, it's just not the main deal. Aetherial backing vocals, random keyboard washes, saxophones, the rage is still visceral but also there's this crazy amount of zoning/zenning. It's like jumping through consciousness's where everything blends and bleeds together and slides along, but then reality slams back in and you have a moment of trying to assemble the pieces and then it all slides away again. When it comes together it jerks along and struts tuff and the bass is so distorted and the vocals yelp and whisper through everything, and the drums start and stop and roll, and then it falls into delayed vocals and droned out peace that almost feels slithering and crawling. It sounds like a church chorus and then like the pit in a dirty club and then like swimming and then like driving fast, and then like the light glinting through the trees and then breaking bottles and then being on a hilltop, and then being bored to the point of hate. This record is in an almost constant flip-flop and then at the end everything collapses together. I'm so glad this record escaped obscurity. (MM)
(Monofonus Press)

V/A – "Brno Stále V Plamenech" LP

That means Brno still in flames. And oh it is! I love compilations, I was very happy to get this one. I've always thought that, when put together well with love and care, they're a terrific way to discover new bands. When the compilation is themed around a particular area, then it's my favorite, as you basically get an audio tour of the scene represented. In this case the second largest city in the Czech Republic, Brno city. If you like Eastern European hardcore, punk, crust or grind (or have a taste for the heavier, noisier, harsher aspects of those genres), this city is probably already on your radar. To vlaho-Europeans like me who like their punk political, places like Prague and Brno are a hot spot for punk travelers and bands, so to hear anything from there always feels like an exciting lesson in punk. Take note: this is not only packed with cool bands (FESTA DESPERATO, BOY, MACGYVER, TUMMO, 6MAS, MIDNAT DÖD, MORSA, SEE YOU IN HELL, to name but a few), but it also comes with a beautiful 40-page booklet with information, pictures and lyrics from all the bands included, followed by interviews with each one (in Czech) *and* two Brno scene reports from 2003 and 2010 from *MRR* (in English), which only reaffirms the fact that this city really has got a vivid punk scene, and has done for some time. The layout is neat and professional looking, the paper smells great and the booklet's front cover mimics the BAD BRAINS lightning, only this time it strikes a Brno landmark. If you're a comp lover who cares little for the latest hyped USHC trust-fund band, but loves the *real* raw fucking deal, from the streets to your ears, make sure to check this out! Punk as fuck, political to the bone and DIY all the way! (LA)
(Bažina / Člověk, no info / Dead Heroes / Gas Mask / Insane Society / Papagájův Hlasatel / Phobia / Totalitarianism Still Continues, no info / Véva, no info / Voltage / Waking the Dead / Zero Budget)

V/A – "Sexy Babies Across the Wasteland" CD

I guess this is a sampler for Sexy Baby records, save there are only three bands from that label amongst the 31 bands (with a track a piece) on offer. Be that as it may, like the best compilations, this is, indeed, a showcase for a surprisingly high quality collection of what is out there in the world of punk...typically of the pop/street/melodic hardcore variety. Some of the names are probably familiar—TURBO AC's, KOFFIN KATS, TOTAL CHAOS (who seem to improved over the years, judging by this effort!), the DUCKY BOYS, the APERS, and, er, PATRIOT. New to me (and a pleasant revelation all), are the (early) MISFITS-inflected the THUNDERFUCKS, the glorious female-fronted pop bliss of the BOMBPOPS, the wondrously irreverent MATT FRICTION AND THE CHEAP SHOTS, and the drivingly sublime snot of the REAGANOMICS. Tis a long time since I've seen the ol' "pay no more" affixed to a disc, but this would be a bargain at twice the asking price of five bucks. (RK)
(Sexy Baby)

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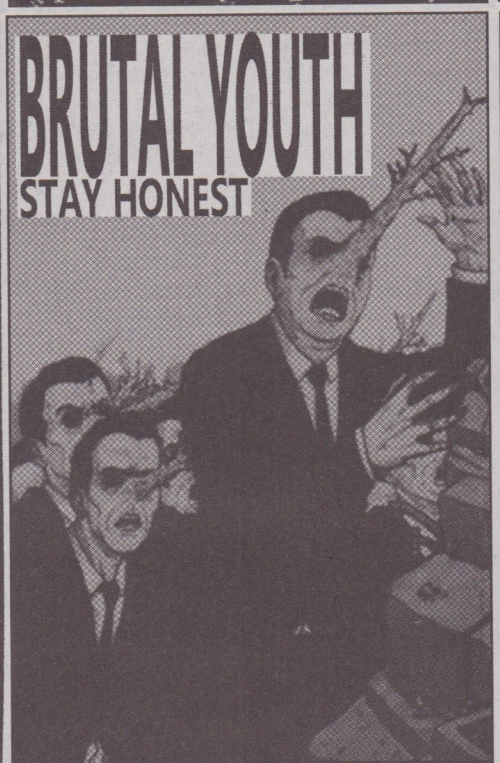

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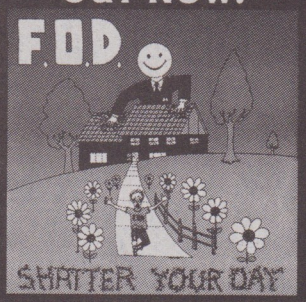

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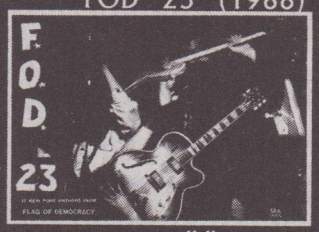

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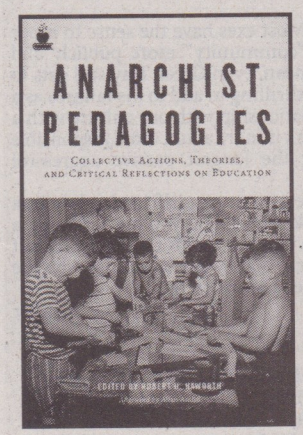

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In his essay "Ends and Means," Italian Anarchist Errico Malatesta wrote, "All of us, without exception, are obliged to live more or less in contradiction with our ideals." This philosophy both haunts and challenges the authors of *Anarchist Pedagogies: Collective Actions, Theories, and Critical Reflections on Education*, a collection that frames radical education reform in the contexts of historiography and political theory. Throughout, the authors (among them, David Gabbard, Isabelle Fremeaux, and Alex Khasnabish) take on the onerous task of enacting Anarchist praxes from within "institutionalized" academia—a space in which such theories may never be functionally realized.

This text thoroughly and elegantly explains the project of tyrannical educational establishments: they hermetically seal-off the production and consumption of information to an elite—who also mediates the valuation process of this information. By working symbiotically with other State-run institutions, certain social and economic narratives are reinforced and normatized. Thus, activists and students of Radicalism/Anarchism may find themselves suspended in and disempowered by the dominant ideological complex and, in the words of Stephen Shukatis, "re-incorporated into the workings of state and capital…creating the image of subversion." This compelling tension is one that contributors revisit in chapter after chapter.

As Nathan Jun notes in his section, "Paideia for Praxis," university-level curricula are insidiously designed by the joint edifices of State and Capital: they codify, organize and promote social hegemony. Academic institutions, then, may be read as closed systems, in which agendas strategically (though covertly) replicate the conditions which allow these hierarchies to thrive. Using the logic of Kropotkin, Jun calls for *transformative* university programs (as opposed to an outright abandonment of them) which could unite theory and practice and retain a humanist ethos at their core. Here, he echoes Ivan Illich, who stated that traditional schools are mired in social ritual—and it is the ritual which must be changed before radical reform can be enacted.

While these analyses should not be revelatory to most readers, the authors' proposed educational alternatives may prove more so. A new, Anarchist pedagogy, as described by these authors, entails: (1) the promotion of a type of learning that necessitates self-directedness and autonomy; (2) the production of spaces that emphasize community participation and social/political progressiveness, whose architecture is (3) lateralized and decentralized, as are the power dynamics therein.

Yet, I found that this framework only generated more questions. Is it tenable with the notion of a liberated, atomized self? How can Radicals socially constitute themselves in a way that would satisfy Anarchist telos—that would not simply replicate the top-down authority model of the current system? If we are ontologically defined by our social relationships, can true "autonomy" even be achieved?

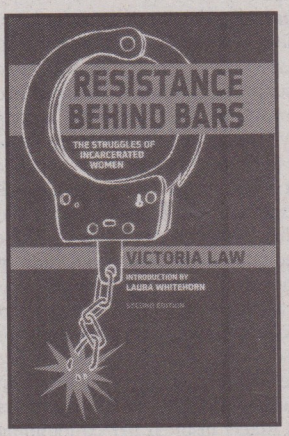
In her chapter, "Anarchism, Pedagogy, Queer Theory, and Post-Structuralism," Lucy Nicholas addresses such fundamental problems using Foucault-dian theory. She argues that, "autonomy can be understood not as a natural proclivity, but as a *situated capacity*," or potentiality (italics hers.) Additionally, she re-valorizes knowledge, distinguishing basic knowledge-transmission from authoritarian practices. I found such (re-)definitions to be crucial in understanding the structural and semiotic barriers which we, as Radicals, must negotiate.

The text additionally succeeds in its characterization of Anarchy as a workable, embodied approach to existence. Multiple examples of liberated educational spaces within myriad countries were provided in order to demonstrate how new infrastructures of resistance can and have been engineered. In his chapter on "The Anarchist Free Skool," Jeff Shantz discusses the concept of a "temporary autonomous zone." His account of this "heterotopic" environment (a counter-site, or alternative space) echoes the comments made by Jun. Rebuilding programs, rather than dropping out of extant ones, is key to evading capitalistic confinement and debunking the "myth of social mobility," to which advanced educational credentials contribute. However, while such theories are persuasive and eloquently relayed, he comments, "[t]he persistent lack of analysis and vision along with a failure to assess the political context for action and develop useful strategies for meeting stated goals consistently undermined the collectives' capacities to do political work. Clearly good intentions were not enough" (141). Yet Shantz optimistically alludes to the reinvigoration of similar spaces; he too emphasizes that effective resistance must be lived.

Other sections explicate disparate issues such as intersectionality, academic privilege, anarcho-feminism, and the actual mechanics of "free skools," such as the *Escuela Moderna* and the Really Open University (ROU). But because the individual authors return to the philosophies of lived-resistance and collective action, the chapters feel thematically well-integrated; marked tonal shifts do not disorient the reader so much as they create a textual metaphor for the *vox populi*.

As a whole, *Anarchist Pedagogies* functions as a hybrid manifesto/historical anthology/field guide—while it does not ignore the daunting complexities of revolutionizing our education system, each experience and infrastructural critique lead one to conclude that such revolution is irrefutably needed now. Appropriately, the afterword is entitled, "Let the Riots Begin."

—Alex Cruse



Resistance Behind Bars: The Struggles of Incarcerated Women
Victoria Law
286 pages • $20.00
PM Press
www.pmpress.org

In *Resistance Behind Bars*, Victoria Law weaves resistance theory and personal accounts to present incarcerated women as agents of their own change. Law manages not to victimize, glorify or judge the women she writes about, deftly moving between bleak statistics and individual experiences that together paint a disturbing but not entirely hopeless picture of incarcerated women. Law adds a dynamic layer to our understanding of women's prison resistance, showing that through positive collective action and constructive educational programs, stereotypes of incarcerated women *and* the prisoners' own self perceptions "change from that of bad girls or victims to 'women with real strengths'" (54). While doing so, she prompts larger questions about responsibility, justice and humanity, leading readers to wonder how cycles of degradation behind bars are perpetuated, what we as a society can do to change them, and how incarcerated women themselves are working toward that change.

Readers of this book should start with "Some Historical Background" on page 159. There we learn about the complex relationship between prison and reform movements, and that "'prison itself was born from early reformers' calls to replace corporal and capital punishment with the extended loss of liberty" (166). In this chapter, Law brings to light the larger social and historical forces converging to result in a modern prison system bursting with poor people and people of color. Tracing changes in prison demographics during the nineteenth century, Law argues that post-abolition, prison replaced slavery as a method of institutional control of the black population. She discusses changes in modern laws that favor the rich (by comparing sentences for crack cocaine and powder cocaine), the criminalization of minor offenses leading to the needless incarceration of more people, and society's moralistic condemnation of those accused of "feminine" crimes (prostitution). Perhaps this important section is at the end of the book so readers will focus on the women's stories and personal accounts included in earlier chapters, or, perhaps the author wants to disrupt readers' reliance on stodgy academic form (historical overview followed by examples). Being a stodgy sort-of academic, I loved her research, and I hope all readers of *Resistance Behind Bars* will find and appreciate this rich historical overview at the end of the book.

Law outlines the barriers she encountered while writing about women's prison resistance along with the general reasons women's resistance is not widely documented. Those who do take up the difficult task of studying women behind bars often "feminize" their focus, highlighting women's relationships in prison families and kinship groups while failing to recognize female resistance generally, and aggressive, more violent female resistance in particular. By showing that female prisoners resist their conditions using methods that are both peaceful (through education, letter-writing and supportive coalitions) and aggressive (litigation, riots) Law reveals that women use diverse tactics to navigate prison's complex systems of oppression.

In many ways, this is a book about the unjust power dynamics that are built into the structure of our society and how these dynamics are intensified behind prison walls. Possibly the most heartbreaking chapters of *Resistance Behind Bars* deal with the ways sexual abuse, punishment and healthcare uniquely affect women in prison. The author cites outraging yet unsurprising cases in which women are shackled during labor and receive delayed or inadequate treatment leading to sickness, disease and even death. She also addresses subtler ramifications of incarcerating mothers, such as the increased likelihood for their children to be pumped through the foster care system. Or, substandard prenatal care offered to women who, as a group, already have poor health due to years of "poverty, poor nutrition, inadequate health care, and substance abuse" (32). Or, denying women who are impregnated by prison guards entry to prison nursery programs in some facilities. Familial connections and visitation rights are used as bargaining tokens to deter women from organizing, and Law cites several cases in which women have taken successful legal action to protect their rights as parents. Law's description of incarcerated women who challenge the loss of their parental rights and organize to connect with their children suggests that the stigma of prison mothers as unfit and apathetic is a broad, unfair generalization deserving of a more nuanced interpretation.

Studying women throughout history requires researchers' creativity in deciphering silence and the absence of information. Law navigates the difficulty of this sort of work, giving voice to illiterate women who are excluded from the formal, written grievance system and documenting the solidarity demonstrated by women who help their illiterate fellow prisoners understand documents related to healthcare, education and the law. She shows that unity can exist between female prisoners when they are given something to value: "the opportunity to critically examine issues affecting their lives and to challenge prevailing stereotypes built bridges between prisoners who had previously believed they had nothing in common" (79). Law demonstrates that, as a group, educated prisoners are more confident and more capable of positive and constructive collective action.

There is so much more within *Resistance Behind Bars*. The introduction by Laura Whitehorn, a former political prisoner, sets a tone of perseverance and hopefulness. Law includes a chapter devoted to women's work, a robust glossary, a recommended reading list, and a resources section outlining support programs for incarcerated mothers, prison resistance organizations and books-to-prisoners programs, among others. She discusses the horrors experienced by incarcerated women with AIDS, along with positive gains in AIDS education due to prisoners' collective action. She covers the unique challenges faced by immigrant detention center detainees as well as an added chapter on the experience of transgender, transsexual, intersex and gender-variant prisoners. The epilogue proves that Law's work will only open the door to further research; publication of the first edition of *Resistance Behind Bars* in 2009 prompted a flood of additional stories of women's collective action in prisons.

Does the author have an agenda? Yes. Could a conservative reviewer pick apart the statistics she presents? Sure. But the importance of this book does not lie in Law's presentation of facts and figures, though they are devastating. The most remarkable feature of this book is that Law has created a vehicle for these silenced and forgotten women to be heard. Her own experience as an armed robber in her teenage years along with her visits to incarcerated friends in Rikers inspired her co-founding of NYC Books Through Bars. She also works with incarcerated women to create *Tenacious: Art and Writing from Women in Prison*. Both activist and academic, the author does not make excuses for the women she interviews, but instead provokes us to consider the interplay between larger societal forces of racism, prejudice and sexism, and individual choice. In the process, she shows that reform doesn't occur only on the outside, but that positive change comes from within prison as a result of the collective action of the prisoners themselves. From these gains readers, activists and researchers on the outside can draw knowledge, and more importantly, prisoners themselves can draw hope.

—Alyson Barrett-Ryan

Beyond The Music: How Punks are Saving the World with DIY Ethics, Skills and Values
Joe Biel
192 pages • $15.95
PO Box 14332w
Portland, OR 97293
www.cantakeroustitles.com

It's been said a million times: what we do is secret. Punk revels in its exclusivity, its rareness and its coded language. We use aggression, filth and loud-ass noise to alienate norms. It's just, like, what we do. Joe Biel has written (to use the verb loosely) an exposé that we're actually just normal god fearing folks who want to save the world.

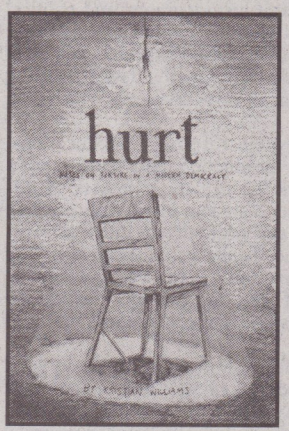
The cover: it's sweet and it's blue. Silhouettes of white gender conforming people with generically coifed hair dos with their backs faced to one another (lovers scorned?) sit on top of the title encompassed by a green postage stamp shape. Then there's a blurb on the back, also typed into a green postage stamp. Joe (or whoever wrote this blurb) seems to agree with me. "Punk is notorious for its loud music, aggressive attitude and safety-pinned style." This blurb seems to contradict the general aesthetic of the cover and design in general not to mention the book's content. Is this supposed to be camp? High irony? Or is it just the perfect thing to give to your grandmother to make up for wearing a Dead Kennedys shirt to Thanksgiving when you were thirteen?

The book itself is comprised of interviews from between seventeen and two years ago. Joe asks people about their jobs. While surely some are professional punks, for the most part, these are people that Joe would like to have us believe are doing something. They are non-profit directors, journalists, graphic designers, therapists and body builders. These are the things that Joe claims "save the world." They are also simply middle class jobs that white people have been holding forever. Is this the "long way, baby"?

At what point are you not punk anymore? Most exes have the sense to move on. Joe has been excommunicated from the "community" more publicly and thoroughly than anyone else I can think of. I mean, even Green Day still gets to play punk shows. I don't have anything new or thrilling to add to his failures as a punk. Like an abusive ex, Joe encounters his relationship with our culture with a moral chip on his shoulder. He touts that his punk is more adult, more responsible somehow. He seems committed to scribing the longest passive aggressive dishwashing note of all time.

Joe, where are the sex workers, the drug users, your ex-girlfriends, the pizza delivery driver you didn't tip, and all the people who called you out for being a motherfucker? Are they not also assisting in saving this world? Or maybe it's not about some skewed notion of futurity for a world that hands us shit. Maybe the rest of us seek and destroy and you're just another asshole on the list.

—E. Conner



Hurt: Notes on Torture in a Modern Democracy
by Kristian Williams
64 pages • $6.95
Microcosm Publishing
636 SE 11th Ave.
Portland, OR 97214
www.microcosmpublishing.com

At 64 pages this is more of a perfect-bound pamphlet than a book, which isn't a criticism. What we have here is a collection of pieces on torture from activist and academic Kristian Williams. Williams' previous books were titled *Our Enemies in Blue: Police and Power in America* (South End Press, 2005), and *American Methods: Torture and the Logic of Domination*. He explains in his intro that the essays collected here were "written alongside, or shortly after, *American Methods*—during George W. Bush's second term, 2005-2009."

Rather than summarize I'll quote the author's thesis: "The institutions using torture tend to be the most repressive and least accountable parts of the state, and the uses to which torture is put broadly illustrate the distribution of power in our society. In particular, torture reveals the imperialist nature of America's foreign policy objectives, and of its super-power position in the global system, and, it reflects the stratification of our domestic society along the lines of race, class, gender, citizenship, and so on."

Hurt is not an essay collection. The book is broken into five parts: Personal Reflections; Media Silence and Public Opinion; Torture, Democracy and Inequality; Prison Abolition; and Conclusions and Synopses. The writings are from 2004-2009, and each section has up to three pieces such as an interview with the author by a Hungarian journalist; a countering of CBS's self-censorship of the Abu Ghraib images; and an involved book review.

The book's subtitle, he notes, is "deeply, bitterly, ironic." I assume that if you're reading *MRR* then you're familiar with such irony. The cleave is as deep as you would expect from notes on American use of torture. The author's personal intro is powerful—he writes of the nightmares he began having that only hinted at torture: "I dreamed of endless screams, and of shadows that stretched toward me, and of hands holding instruments that I could never quite see." But he doesn't play victim here or pity himself: "And yet we must remember: I am only thinking about torture, while elsewhere there are actual human beings held in lightless cells, starving and frozen, undergoing electroshock, being beaten, being raped. Their suffering is not in the least abstract. Their confrontation with horror is not in any sense voluntary."

The author's tone in the rest of the book is somewhere between an academic conference presentation and a radical infoshop roundtable. I state this objectively, and assume that the intended audience falls within those confines. Williams' belief in anarchism is plain throughout and he makes strong (albeit abstract and idealistic) cases for a real democracy—"where the people rule, there are no rulers."

My only real criticisms are with the slight length of the book and stitched-together feel of the pieces. The largest essays are a rebuttal of someone else's book on torture (Rejali's *Torture and Democracy*). These extended fights are rarely interesting to outsiders, and to this reader, detracted from the more pressing issues. But maybe I'm missing the nuances. The whole book seems the beginning of a much broader dialogue. Which may be just the point.

—Travis Fristoe

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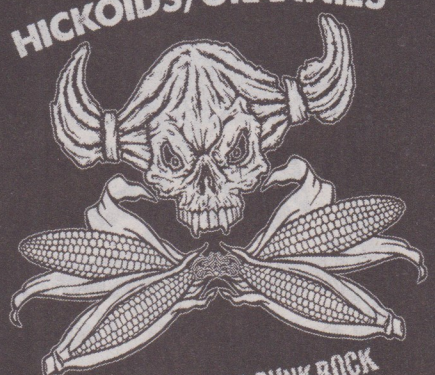

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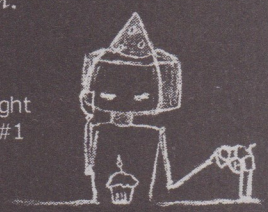

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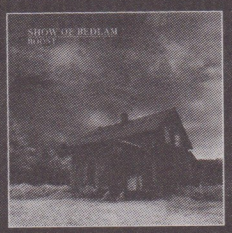

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SICKOIDS

SICKOIDS

Born from the mean streets of Philadelphia, Sickoids channel their anger through a sound that melds catchy riffs with a hammer to the face. Interview by Ned Wells. Photos by Martin Sorrondeguy.

SICKOIDS
SICKOIDS
SICKOIDS

MRR: So let's start out with a brief history of the band, who plays what, etc..
Eric: I'm Eric and I play bass.
Vince: I'm Vince and I play drums.
Rob: I'm Rob. I play guitar and sing.
Eric: I sing sometimes too, but never into the microphone.

MRR: How did the band start?
Rob: Vince and I had been in Witch Hunt together for five years and when said band had run its course we still wanted to keep playing together. However, we were looking to take it into a different direction, musically and lyrically. After playing together for a while we developed our sound and got a clearer sense of what we were going for. Eric moved to Philly right around the time we began searching for a bass player. We knew him previously from playing shows with Direct Control. He lived in the house next door from where we practiced and we began hanging out a lot. One day I talked to him about playing with us when we were drunk at the bar, he said yes, and after that everything gelled fairly quickly.

MRR: This band successfully melds raging hardcore with some melodic elements, and some off-beat time changes, all under the banner of punk. Were there any specific bands you were influenced by? What do you think about genre-specific "tribute bands" that have popped up in the last several years?
Eric: Some of the main ones would definitely be Hüsker Dü, Die Kreuzen and Christ on Parade.
Rob: Voivoid! Bands that use tri-tones! Evil bands. Rudimentary Peni has always been a strong influence on me. I enjoy bands that put out a vibe and an aesthetic that separates them from the rest. A lot of old Italian bands also come to mind.
Eric: Yeah, lately we've been throwing in a lot more foreign influences like Wretched and Anti-Cimex. What do you mean by a "tribute band?"

MRR: A band that tries to sound exactly like an older, classic band.
Eric: I can only speak for myself in saying a lot of times it's awesome. If it ain't broke don't fix it. But if you can't do it right then don't even try doing it.
Rob: I can't say I'm particularly into it. If it's done well then it can work. Although a lot of the time you can't really ape the energy that was in the original band you are trying to emulate. Without the energy it isn't sincere and I think it's a waste of time. You can tell who's good and who sucks.
Eric: Let me agree with Rob here in saying that sincerity is important and you can tell who is playing a particular style just because it is trendy at the time. There are some bands that really stand out though.

MRR: Some examples?
Eric: Nerveskade did a great job sounding like Disorder and copying their imagery, which was awesome. Perdition has the Scandinavian hardcore style completely nailed down.
Rob: Perdition has that energy.
Eric: Yeah, crazy energy. Those dudes are awesome at what they do.
Vince: I definitely think it's cool when bands can draw from a lot of influences, still drawing from that raw energy that started from one particular style.

MRR: Do you think the accessibility of punk on the internet and downloadable music has watered down punk as an underground subculture?
Rob: I don't think it's just changed punk but it's changed music in general. Now any asshole can record a record and make it sound good without being able to back it up live. That kind of takes away from bands who hone their craft, write records and actually play their songs. The internet has definitely made music more accessible. Now no one goes through that awkward phase of looking like an asshole with an Anti-Flag patch. As much as it's awesome to be able to hear records you would never see anywhere, the internet has its downsides too. It seems like you take a kid, throw a computer in his face, and suddenly he knows everything about the history of punk music. It takes away the experience of learning about bands through other bands and the social experience tied to that. I used to look through the thanks list of every record I'd get to find out about new bands. I'd read zines and mail-order and trade mix-tapes. Now you type in "Finnish punk" on a Google search and every obscure band you would ever want to hear is there. It's awesome in some ways but in a way it's a bummer.
Eric: Rob pretty much covered it. I don't think it's "ruined" punk at all. It just doesn't seem as much fun sometimes. It was definitely frustrating hearing about these amazing records that were impossible to find and a lot of time was spent digging and searching, but that was part of the experience and made discovering these records more valuable on a personal level. It does seem a little fake and obnoxious when you got some young-ass-dude spouting off about Blue Vomit and who became an expert on Italian punk overnight when it took you a long time to find out what the fuck that even was. At the same time, no matter how you get into it, you are always going to have people who are genuine and stick with it as lifers, and those who are into it for a couple of weeks—that will never change.

MRR: The next question is for Vince and Rob. The band you guys were both in previously in, Witch Hunt, was known to be outspoken about a lot of political and social issues, both in lyrics and in a live setting. What was your relationship to radical politics then and has it changed? Did you feel pigeonholed by the anarchist punk movement?
Rob: When I started playing in that band it was never with the specific idea that I was playing in a band with women, nor was it that I was playing to a particular scene. For me I was just playing in a DIY hardcore punk band. At least that's what I always thought. It did seem that over time I felt like people were telling me what kind of style I was playing, what I believed in, and were basically trying to sway me to their political ideologies and agendas. I'm all the way to the left as far as political beliefs go but I never felt comfortable with the "anarchist" tag. I believe in free-thinking but I don't think an anarchist society could ever work. It was awkward for me but also extremely polarizing—I still feel the effects of it now. Pretension has always been a shitty byproduct of the "anarchist" punk scene—of all scenes, honestly. That labeling hasn't really followed me with this band, which is nice because that was one of the reasons for starting Sickoids.

MRR: Rob, the lyrics you've written for this band have a very reflective feel to them, scathing and introspective while at the same time hard-hitting and angry. Sickoids' live set blasts through without any in-between song explanations. Was this an intentional change from your previous band?
Rob: Playing this music is my outlet. I don't need a pat on the back from the audience or constant reaffirmation when we play.
Vince: I'm sure all of us have seen bands where a member says something profound regarding some real shit that happened to them personally—having a strong effect on us as an audience member. Unfortunately this is not usually what happens. When was the last time a band talked about something real that happened to them that day that was fucked up or relevant to anything—instead of going down the set list describing what each song is about, repeating themselves? There's nothing to that. We just like to let the music speak for itself.

MRR: Have any of you ever shit your pants in a public place? If so, when, where and why?
Eric: When I was living in Richmond, I was at a bar with my friend Tony Bitch and we decided to go to a 7 Eleven to get more beer. They stopped selling around midnight and it was 1 am. We were pretty pissed about not being able to get beer, so I decided to go into their parking lot and teach them a lesson. So I pulled my pants down and took a massive shit. I was pretty nauseous from drinking so much and the smell of my own shit didn't do much to sweeten the deal. The pungent stench and the feeling of splatter on the back of my legs grossed me so much that I ended up puking into my underwear and having to walk the rest of the way home. I went back and cleaned it up the next day because the parking lot was three doors down from my house and there were cameras pointed at me—I was a regular customer.

MRR: What's the most disgusting thing you guys have ever smelled in a punk rock setting?

Eric: Probably the shit in my pants at the parking lot.
Vince: During the summer of 2006, when the last Pointless Fest got shut down, on the second day there was a last minute show set up for Witch Hung, Hellshock and Lost Cause, at what must have been a squatted house in deep west Philly. It was really hot in that basement and bands were setting up, so people were mostly hanging out upstairs. Everyone was already pretty uncomfortable, but then an oogle shit himself upstairs. To avoid it, everyone rushed downstairs as a band was about to start. It was a mess.

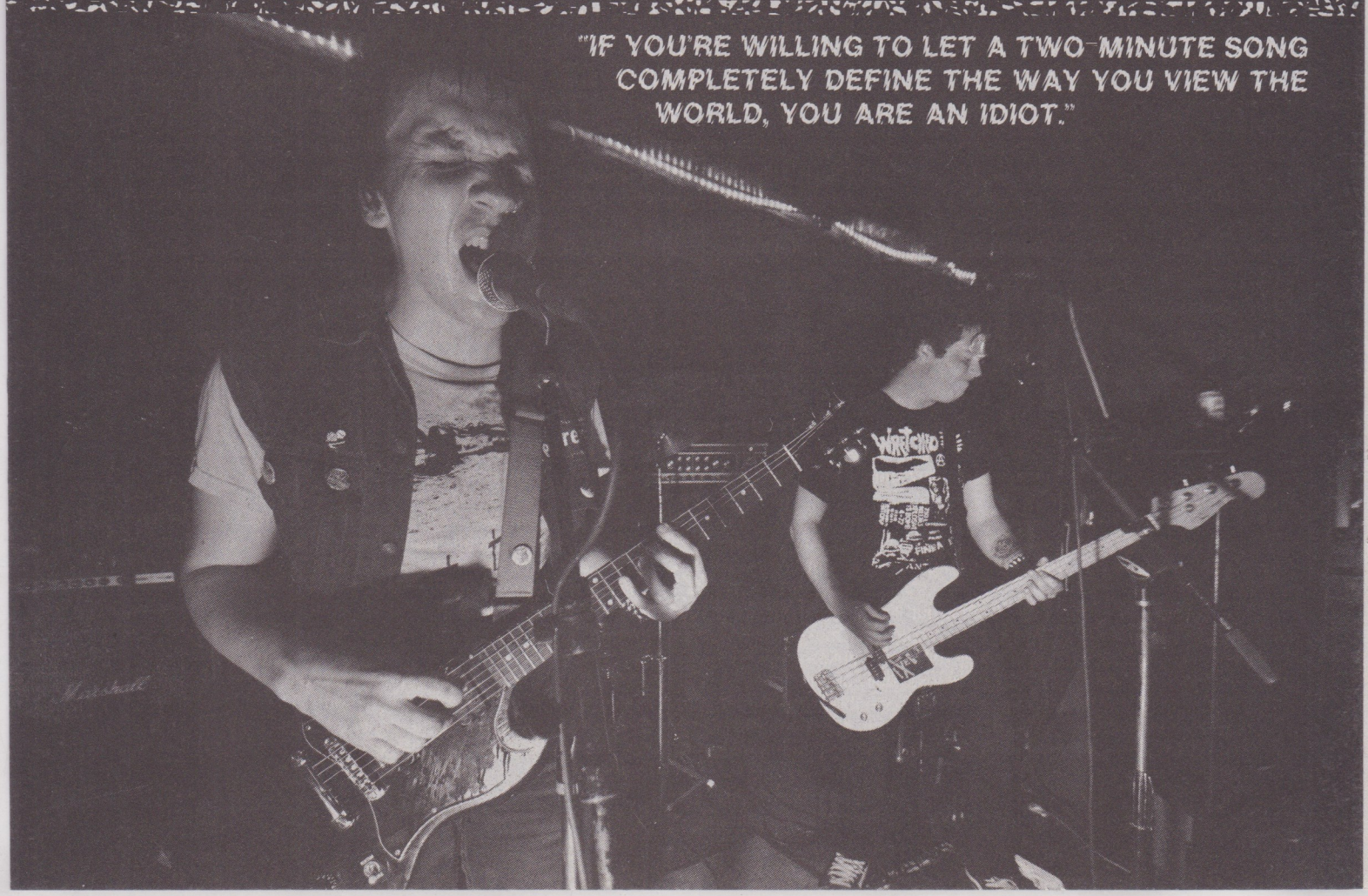
MRR: You guys have been on a few tours, any particularly amazing shows, highlights?
Eric: Gainesville was fucking awesome. It seemed like it was going to be a dud when we got there but all these kids showed up at the same time. They freaked out for every band and were all really stoked. Boise was also great. If your band ever heads that way on tour be sure to play there. Oakland was also killer—every band was awesome and there was a shitload of people there. Raleigh as well.

MRR: You guys went on a full US tour a few months ago, any ripping bands to watch out for?
Rob: Bukkake Boys from Atlanta.
Eric: Replica from the Bay Area.
Rob: Double Negative from Raleigh.
Eric: Stripmines were amazing, also from Raleigh. Effluxus was killer, from SF. Trauma from Portland.
Vince: Manipulation from Chicago, we did the last five shows of tour with them.
Rob: Negative Degree from Denver.

MRR: The amount of DIY punk bands doing full US tours seems to have decreased in the last few years.
Vince: For a lot of bands, going on long tours isn't in the cards financially. Some folks can't just quit their jobs and drop out of life for a month. Everyone who goes on tour makes sacrifices—it usually comes down to whether or not it's worth it. Luckily we were able to do it. We came home with enough to scrape by but lost a lot of money to van repairs—that shit adds up. But in the end it was still well worth it, and it was one of the funnest tours I've done.

MRR: Do you think the increasing amount of fests have changed the touring landscape for bands? Especially in regards to foreign bands playing the US?
Vince: I'm not really into fests as it is. I have a short attention span, so watching like ten bands at any given time is difficult. If there was a group of amazing bands that were all playing I would be inclined to go, but for the most part I can't really handle them. It's overwhelming.
Eric: Yeah, they can be pretty overwhelming. I remember when fests used to be two days at most, now they seem to be four-day events with lots of filler bands. Fests have definitely changed the landscape of touring, especially as far as foreign bands coming to the States. It can be good as in it might be the only place to see a Japanese band if you live in a city that's off the path of tours. On the other hand it sucks because it kind of takes away from the whole underground network that links different cities across the US and makes it harder for bands to travel from town to town.

MRR: Are there any Philly bands you'd recommend folks check out?
Eric: The Brood are like Poison Idea mixed with Japanese hardcore; Dead People Screaming, the same kids who do shows at Cloud City.
Vince: Backslider and Gash, those kids are cool as shit and book shows, put out records, and record bands.
Rob: Leather have the pounding noise-rock hardcore thing down. They're productive and they tour. Attitude Era are the craziest, most energetic band going I think. They're like Heresy. Definitely a band to watch.
Eric: No Stayer is great. Awesome NWBHM style. They just recorded for a single.



MRR: Discharge, Black Flag, Gauze, or the Ramones?
Eric: None of the shit that any of us listen to would exist without the Ramones. *Road to Ruin* was the first punk record I ever bought at some dirt mall flea market in Raleigh. Black Flag basically created hardcore, playing every shitty town across the US, working their asses off and spreading that music like a disease. Gauze has only released killer records and they've been playing forever. Discharge started out influenced by the Sex Pistols and started playing harder, louder and faster. They took shit to a new level and influenced practically everyone who followed. I don't think there is a punk band that isn't in some way influenced by Discharge—especially Scandinavian and Japanese bands.
Vince: I remember seeing the Ramones on TV when I was eight years old. I came from a family that listened to a lot of records, good and bad. So the Ramones' music hit me pretty early on. Later, after doing some reading and searching, I came across Black Flag. The *Jealous Again* EP completely blew my mind and changed everything I knew about music. And it's always interesting when you first hear a band's best record and the next one you buy is their worst. The second Black Flag record I got was *Family Man*.
Eric: My second one was *The Process of Weeding Out.*
Rob: I bought the *The First Four Years* and *In My Head* at the same time. My mind was blown. I didn't listen to *In My Head* for a very long time. Who am I kidding? I still don't!

MRR: Is there a particular condiment you enjoy putting on your food or other things?
Erik: Mustard—spicy, yellow, any kind. Vegenaise.
Rob: Curry ketchup's good. Is avocado considered a condiment? I try to incorporate it into every meal if possible.
Vince: I was scared of mayonnaise my whole life, but I recently starting putting it on pizza—it fucking rules!

MRR: It's always interesting how a condiment can enhance the taste of a food that it might not be traditionally associated with. Provolone cheese on tofu hoagies has always worked for me.
Eric: I would never have thought of that until I saw you do it. Put some cheese on it!

MRR: All three of you are in your late 20s/early 30s. How does it feel to still be involved in a subculture associated with youth rebellion? Does being involved in punk now mean something different that it did when you were younger?
Rob: I don't feel that strange now because everyone I hang out with is my own age. When I see young kids I think it's cool because hopefully they'll get older and stay involved with things. At the same time, seeing all these old punks die off is depressing, especially ones whose glory days were playing in bands like 25 years ago. The difference now is I'm not as idealistic as I was when I was younger. Punk is just a part of my life. It's what I enjoy and I don't see things changing. I might move somewhere else, work a different job. I might not always play in a band but it's always going to be a part of me.
Vince: For the most part my enthusiasm for playing punk music hasn't changed since I was sixteen. Different things have entered my life, but punk has always been there. I would like to think I will be playing this music when I'm 55, but I kind of hope not. I don't think 50 year-olds getting up there and trying to recapture their youth is really doing it for anyone.
Rob: Just to go off what Vince said, I was watching a video of the Effigies playing on a children's show on YouTube. That was pretty hilarious and depressing at the same time.
Eric: It essentially means the same thing to me. When I was younger I was more in people's faces about things but I've chilled out as I've gotten older. It's awesome to see younger kids coming up. Hopefully that'll continue to happen.

MRR: Rob, are there any lyrics you're especially proud of?
Rob: I don't know if proud is the right word, but I enjoy writing. I enjoy words and language. Playing in this band has allowed me to purge a lot of darkness out of me, mostly stemming from some heavy stuff that's happened to me over the last couple of years. Some important relationships I've had have come to an end, whether the result of death or disintegration. These things happen. But playing with these dudes has been the best thing for me.

MRR: A lot of punk music can be very reactionary when it comes to social/political issues; ranging from anarchist ideologies on the left to isolationist conservatism on the right. Do you think politics has any place in punk these days?
Rob: I think there is still a place for politics in punk. I don't think it's any punk rocker's place to tell people what to think or do, but it's impossible to not have some sort of opinion about the world, whether you express it through activism or just being pissed off. To me punk has always been about expression. If you want to sing about politics then do so! If you want to sing a bunch of nonsense then go for it! It's all about release and communication. But for people to think there is one set agenda for punk, be it on the left or the right, is straight-up ignorance.
Vince: I think there is a place for politics in punk. There is a place for politics in every aspect of life. During the '90s it seemed you had to say all the right things and have all these political guidelines in check. The whole sense of exploding with energy, saying what you needed to say whether it made any sense, went out the window. I feel like that's where a lot of this music came from, raw energy. When everything became dogmatic it took something special away from the music and turned a show into a classroom. It's interesting because you can learn so much from seeing bands and hearing people talk and get turned on to a lot of really inspiring ways to view the world, and be inspired to educate yourself. But at the same time it can be the worst place to learn about anything because look who your teachers are! A bunch of complete idiots who figured a few things out. If you get interested in something, read about it! If you're willing to let a two-minute song completely define the way you view the world, you are an idiot.

MRR: All you guys are moving out of Philly. Where to? Will the band continue?
Eric: I'm moving to Richmond.
Vince: LA. My girlfriend lives there and I've always wanted to give California a try.
Rob: Moving to the Bay Area. Always wanted to live there. I like the weather, the people and the quality of life. The band will continue. We all love doing it and no one is going to be replaced.

MRR: Anything you guys wanna add?
Rob: Thanks for the interview, Ned! We just recorded six songs for a 12" EP to be on a split release between Sorry State and Grave Mistake in Spring 2013. Hopefully a tour of Euro-land will follow!

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DIVORCE

I've known Divorce's rhythm section for almost fifteen years. Drummer Andy Brown and Bassist VSO have been in various bands together and separately since the '90s, but when they surfaced in 2008 with a self-titled 10" on Glasgow's Optimo label—an imprint with a reputation in releasing electronic music—I heard something different. A group that it was almost impossible to talk about without firing off clichés; a group resolutely difficult to pin down yet impossible to dismiss. But then maybe that's what folk say about a band they want to convince people about. All I know is that it was hard to believe the outcome of these guys getting together and playing music. It's genuinely extreme, references everything you might think it would—from buzzy black metal through power electronics, via a healthy love of Arab on Radar-style weirdness—but also sounds nothing like any of that. I should also mention from the start that I release their records now, in the interests of full disclosure.

Interview by Michael Kasparis.

Photos by Stella Wan (www.stellawan.com) and Trent Rampage (www.bad-fotography.co.uk).

MRR: So, let's cut the crap...I've known you for years, so I'm pretty far ahead of most in terms of Divorce knowledge, but can you give *MRR* readers a brief run down of how the band got it together? And, in *MRR* time-honored fashion, tell us what you all do.

Vickie: The band started through a combination of old friends and random encounters, and us all wanting to make a big nasty racket! My role in the band is in high-end guitar shrieks and too much (or not enough?) fuzz. I also help out with a lot of the visual side of the band, sleeve designs and posters and stuff!

VSO: Andy and myself can't get away from each other, we have tried but always come running back. Plus a love of anything fucked up or harsh sounding that'll annoy folk and make you wanna punch your face in is the drive for me anyway. To be in this band with these good folks...Oh and I play Gibson G3 meaty fucking bass yo!

Andy: Vic (VSO) and I had been bumming around playing in numerous bands over the years, most of which had been frustrating experiences with diminishing returns, none of them really being the "dream band" that we'd always wanted to do (something *loud* basically), so we made a decision to finally form a band on our own terms.

It's worth mentioning that around the time we formed there were very few if any noisy bands in Glasgow doing anything challenging; the success of Glasgow bands like Franz Ferdinand and Belle and Sebastian had cast a shadow over the city, you couldn't move for third-rate clones clogging up the bills of every gig. It was doing our head in so instead of just grumbling about it we decided to form the band we'd rather go and see!

We knew a few other people that might be into joining and the whole thing came together relatively quickly. We didn't have a specific genre we wanted to adhere to stylistically, we just wanted to make loud, aggressive, interesting music in whatever way worked between us. We all had bands we admired and referred to, but it was never a case of wanting to sound *exactly* like any one band or genre, which was really liberating as it meant that our music had only to pass our own standards rather than a predetermined list of musical rules.

MRR: It's worth noting at this point that Jennie Fulk does vocals in the band but "doesn't do interviews." From what I've observed she genuinely has no interest in it. I know Andy and Vic have been friends and in bands since the mid nineties but I don't know really what music Jennie and Vickie did before...what did they do?

Vickie: Divorce is actually the first "proper" band I've been in, and by proper I mean a band that's gone further than a drunken "lets start a band" conversation at a party. I've done a couple of one off harsh noise things in the past but Divorce is my main focus. I've played guitar since I was a teenager but never really found folk that got the heavy stuff I was into until I moved to Glasgow! There is definitely no noise scene in the villages of County Durham.

Andy: It could be argued that it benefits us not having the whole band made up exclusively of world-weary ex-members of other bands; it gives what we do a more open-minded perspective and willingness to experiment more with less potential bad habits being brought from any previous bands.

MRR: There was a line up change a couple of years ago that sets apart the first 10" from the rest of the band's output...what happened?

Andy: Sinead and Hillary, who were members previously, felt they had done as much as they wanted within the band and left to go on to do different projects, nothing any more exciting than that I'm afraid! We're all still friends and both of them are now making amazing music with bands like Aggi Doom, World Peace and Palms.

MRR: Can you give us a run down of 2012's best bits and what 2013 holds for Divorce? If you don't mention me I'm going to cry.

Vickie: Most of the first half of the year was taking up with writing our album! In between jobs and college and getting chucked out of our practice space we spent a good few months solidly writing and experimenting. This process for me was definitely a highlight—plus the recording and the grueling three weeks of hand-making the sleeves made it all so satisfying when we actually had the finished thing in our hands. Gig highlights for me included our Glasgow album launch where we got James to play live sax on "Stabby (Stabby) Stab" and also playing with the awesome Doomsday Student.

VSO: For me I think it's seeing the change in folk getting it; you could see it in the shows we did this year and the response to the album… it's one thing I used to notice bands I was into saying, and seeing it yourself is kind of cool. It's not like you are in a band to gain recognition or get praise at shows but there's a small self-indulgent part of me that does love it. Oh, and getting some custom guitar pedal made for us by Gojira...I think gig wise, London's *always* fun! The Glasgow album launch was great as well...there's been too many good shows to really pinpoint one in particular...

As for 2013…It's going to be a rushed/busy/stressful/fun/sad year...got a Euro tour planned, new record to record, a massive plan for the *end* of the year [Divorce are planning a US tour for the fall] and yeah… lots of time hanging in our awesome new space writing.

Andy: There's no doubt that the best part of the whole year was the release of our first album (*so don't cry!*). We put a lot of pressure on ourselves to create something brand new, that stretched us and made us experiment with sounds, styles and techniques we'd not previously tried before. We wanted to make the album a fully immersive recording rather than simply a playlist of songs we had kicking around, something that made more sense listening to it from start to finish instead of a record that could be cherry-picked by the listener...and we wanted *no filler*!

We're riding a bit of a creative wave right now and are already stockpiling songs and ideas for the second album. If all goes to plan we'll be recording again in the spring, right after we come back from another European tour that's happening in March and April 2013. All being well our hope is to have the second album released in the summer.

MRR: I *know* you don't wanna talk about it, but maybe in a sort of full disclosure/group therapy way it might help? So last time I saw Divorce it was one of the best times I've seen you. It was so…malevolent? I mean, I've been to loads of HC, death metal, power electronics shows, whatever, but there was just something genuinely unsettling about it. Then you guys sort of exploded after the show, punches, blood and all. Is there some sort of tension within the group that colors the music?

Vickie: Haha! I would say that that incident was something of a one-off, personally I was genuinely shocked that shit happened the way it did, especially after such a great show! I wouldn't say at all that any tension would feed into the music, we play in Divorce 'cause it's fun, and 'causr we like playing with each other, we're not trying to offload any sort of baggage or pent up aggression while playing. The more intense a show is, the more fun we have.

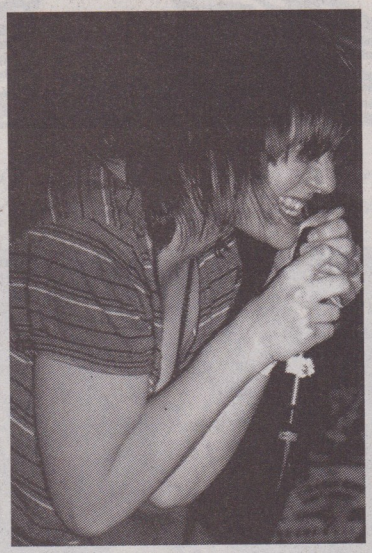
VSO: Right well, nearly three years of shit brewing exploded in one night all because of band stuff, girlfriends leaving for Greece times two, bad tour diets of just booze and coffee, cunts of soundmen telling us we sound too trebly for the zillionth time, *London*, love London/hate London, that one last really strong Turkish coffee, bum notes, drumsticks falling and missing beats, not having a tour manager to deal with the after show shit and having to sort it ourselves whilst fucked, fifteen years of being pals and not having a bust up... it was just time! I also personally blame it on watching that *Some Kind of Monster* Metallica documentary on the ferry back from Europe together...it's Lars Ulrich's fault! *And we sorted it by the way...We love each other again.*

Andy: What happened in London was unfortunate and pretty embarrassing; communication should never get so bad that it devolves into aggression, especially between each other. It put a few of our friends in an uncomfortable position too and for that I am ashamed and really apologetic. As a band we work ourselves extremely hard because we've all got a shared devotion to what we do. I think that night there was just a combination of shitty events before the gig that led to such a bad conclusion.

As far as the kind of music we play affecting our temperament, I don't agree at all. Just because the music may sound angry and aggressive doesn't necessarily mean it's a reflection of our personalities, in fact if anything the opposite is true—the uglier our music gets, the happier we become. I'm sure there are bands far quieter and less aggressive than us out there that have fights nastier and more regularly than we ever do. Do you never hear of the infamous Veronica Falls knife-fight of 2010? It was like something out of *West Side Story*!

MRR: You're quite a principled bunch in a way that a lot of people say they are but aren't. For example you've turned down features in certain publications or websites that a lot of "punk" groups would bent over backwards to be in. Do you have some sort of stated stance that you all agree on, or do certain things make you feel uncomfortable?

Vickie: Aye, certain things make us feel very uncomfortable! Without naming names, there are certain magazines that sell themselves as lifestyle publications, mostly for people who I think are incapable of having their own interests and opinions and need to be fed what they should be listening to or wearing, etc. Everything is of the moment and to me that becomes so meaningless. Bands that want to gain column inches in these sort of rags are foolish, if they're doing it for cool points and the exposure of being tipped as the "next big thing" how do they not realise how momentary it is, no one will give a shit come three months down the line because they'll be listening to something new! These magazines don't have a single sincere word to say, detached journalism laced with irony and negativity. And in between



all this bullshit there will be some horrendously misogynistic photo shoot encouraging both men and women to be completely vacuous. Divorce wants nothing to do with any of that!

VSO: Well I don't care I'll name it…*VICE fucking sucks*! Yeah, when you're young and don't know what the fuck's going on maybe you have an excuse for reading it. But for a grown adult in a band to think being in a shit hipster mag that tells you what to fucking be, that promotes misogyny and sexism and underage fucking porn on every back cover—you're as dumb as that (free toilet paper in the form of a) magazine.

Andy: I think our only stance is a personal one, not any kind of predetermined punk rock "code". We've refused offers from publications because we don't read or enjoy what they publish and don't want to endorse them with our appearance in it. Their opinion of what we do wouldn't matter to us anyway. If we did agree we would be endorsing their editorial stance and for us that outweighs any perceived benefit we may gain from it. The same goes for things like working with certain promoters if their business ethics are distasteful to us.

We've come to these conclusions in a couple of ways; either by getting burnt or by being misrepresented in the past, or by having a genuine, fundamental dislike in the first place. We're not reading from any predetermined punk/DIY "prayerbook," our decisions and the reasons behind them are our own. Being a fully autonomous band is the perfect situation for us to be in, there're no managers, press agents or anyone behind the scenes pulling the strings or coercing us into doing things we don't want to do; we're in charge of it all and can decide for ourselves who we want to work with. It's funny though, seeing people's incredulous reactions when you say you turned down this interview with X magazine or that gig with X band, it's like we're questioning a religious belief! People seem to have forgotten the freedom that comes with saying "no" every now and then!

MRR: While we're still on the subject, what does "punk" or "DIY" mean to you? Do you care? What does it mean in the current climate of no one having any money and listeners being able to get anything they want for free, if they want it. Do principles matter anymore?

Vickie: DIY to me means pleasing yourself, having complete control of what you're doing and just getting shit done without waiting for someone else to do it for you, and I think having an activist attitude like that is an important principle to have. Music and art shouldn't be made with the purpose of making money; it should be about exchanging ideas within a like-minded community and enjoying yourself in the process.

VSO: DIY means to me that your band is not like your day job. You work like fuck doing shitty jobs so you can do this thing you fucking love, that makes no money and almost fucks you up doing so; it's also about not waiting for that deal, that's a fucking myth...you can get albums out yourself, whether it's on a gamy CD-R, Soundcloud or Bandcamp, or any other digital form, or screen printed covers with the luck of an amazing independent label pressing the vinyl for you. No one fucks anyone over and you split after shit's been paid for; that to me is the true DIY critique, it's about getting the music out there. I guess the only thing I wish we could do is the Fugazi ethos about records being five dollars…and the gigs all being the same, you can't always set promoter door fees and shit, it's not as cheap as it was to make records either, yo...

Also, I don't mind shit being available for download for free; big fucking bands can afford it, they signed with the devil anyway, and smaller bands well—I think how the fuck else are folk going to find out about you? It works in the long run, we have people who message us from Japan to New Zealand, how the fuck would they even have heard about us without either buying or "illegally" downloading from the internet…I think it's really fucking awesome that some kid is playing our shit in their bedroom halfway around the world with their pals going, "What the fuck is this shit?!"

Andy: For us I think principles matter, definitely, but they are our principles only, not the next band's. We genuinely give a shit about how our music is presented. There're elements of the supposed punk and DIY "ideologies" that ring true with us and elements that don't. Nobody can judge us, or call us hypocrites if the decisions we make and actions we take don't resonate exactly with what they believe "should" be done since they're not in our fucking band!

I think the notion that there was ever really any proper money to be made in music that isn't wholly populist and commercial is bizarre. Seeing other guitar-based/indie/punk/whatever bands burn themselves out after constantly compromising their music and ferociously prostituting themselves to gain what little exposure they can just seem kind of sad.

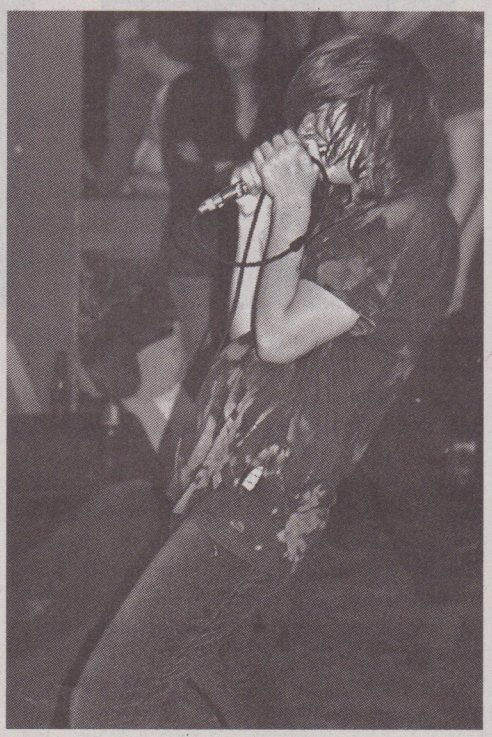
MRR: What was the first band you saw that made you ruin your life doing this?

Andy: Fuck, there's been a chain of bands that have got me to this point, all of which were influential in their own small way. As a teenager I was a big grindcore/early Napalm Death fan, then Nirvana was a big wake-up call, but only until I was about eighteen or nineteen years old, when the didactic attitudes of bands like

Fugazi, Bikini Kill and Crass galvanized me, both ethically and creatively. I've never been one to carry a band's word as gospel, everything I've taken has been refracted through my own lens and as I've gotten older that's become more nuanced. These days, bands like Deerhoof, No Babies, Koguzuma, Chain and the Gang, Stig Noise, AIDS Wolf, Neon Blud and Child Abuse have all inspired and encouraged me with their music, attitude towards how they go about their business, or both.

MRR: You're planning on coming to America. How did this come about?
Vickie: We've always talked about one day touring America and we now know enough folk across there to hit up for help so it seems like it is actually possible!
VSO: Because if I don't get to Portland to retire before I'm 40 I'm going to kill myself! *Just need to get my GF to marry me for that prized green card so I can stay after the tour!*
Andy: Just now it's still very much a pipe-dream, but certainly much more feasible as a plan than it's ever been before. Since we started the band we've made some really good friends and strong connections with like-minded bands over in America. Also ultimately, it would be a dream come true to visit. I've never been to America and to visit places that I've seen in loads of films would be amazing. And I *really, really* want to go to White Castle!

MRR: You seem to tour constantly, how would you rate or describe the last few years of touring. Has anything changed in the UK and Europe? My own experience is that in the UK you pretty much have to have friends in different cities who would be willing to lose a bunch of money and weeks of their lives to put shows on, whereas in Europe it seems a lot easier. Is this true for you lot?
Vickie: Aye there's such a big difference in touring the UK and touring Europe. Our European tour with Stig Noise last year was our



first time outside the UK and the difference was pretty huge! A lot of the venues we were playing were squats or community-run DIY spaces where folk just have a different attitude to putting on gigs, like it's a group effort because people want to see bands play in their city. Something that really stuck with me was that lot of the shows were based on donation-only entry and you would still get your guarantee from that, totally different from the UK—if a gig is donation only, people read that as free! I don't know why that is. Is it because if a gig is in a licensed venue, people think it's just them making a profit, would it be different if there were more DIY spaces over here? Or is it simply people would rather keep that fiver for two extra pints? Gig spaces seem to be self-contained in Europe too: you often sleep in the venue, get fed once or even twice during your stay, and pretty much never run out of beer!
VSO: Same as what Vickie said, apart from having a chest infection and nearly wanting to kill everyone and hating that you can smoke in all of Europe, it really is the crème de la crème of touring for bands...I can't even tell you; basically bands need to ditch the UK and only tour Europe!
Andy: We tour only as much as our real-life responsibilities will allow, but we do it because ultimately we love playing our music and getting away from the daily grind to do it is fantastic. To tour the UK at the level that we do can be tough. Obviously, the more we tour the more good contacts we make and we covet them and give them our undying gratitude! But we're not rich and we're unable to write off any financial shortfall from touring with our fictional high-paying jobs, because if we had them we'd never be able to tour anyway.

The horse-trading over fees, etc., that goes into planning UK tours never gets easier, in fact it's pretty agonizing. I've promoted enough shows myself to know the gamble that's taken every single time a gig is booked (a gamble I've lost more than I care to remember), so I have a great empathy for anyone who does take a punt on us because they'll have a lot of expenses to cover before they can even start considering us. We're not prima donnas, we ask for the bare minimum that we can, but yeah fundamentally, we just gotta get paid and it's a real shame that the UK doesn't make that easy. How Europe can do it is a mystery to me, but no doubt that's why so many awesome bands from overseas prioritize touring in Europe over the UK, which is a real shame as in the end we're the ones losing out.

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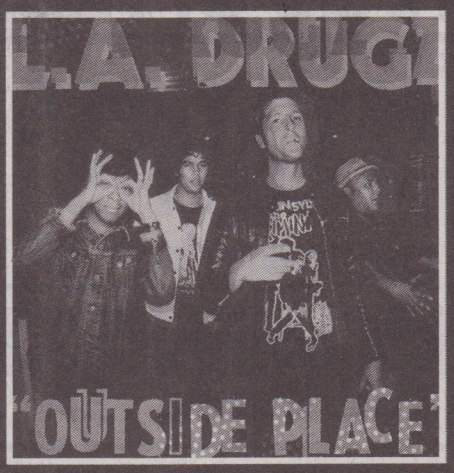

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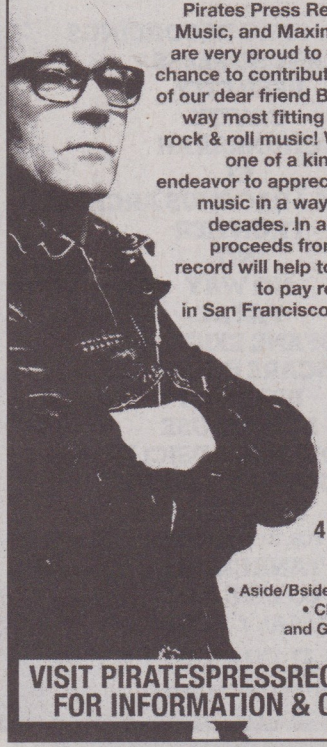

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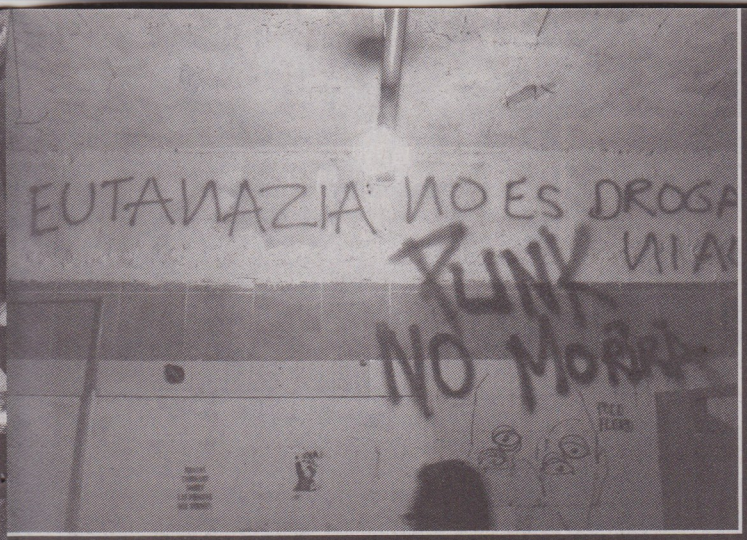


Notes from the PERUVIAN UNDERGROUND

Part III

By Shane G.

...And Then Came a Lot of Other Stuff

I have way, way, way too much stuff with which to keep pestering you, combined with what could turn into a bad habit of perpetual storytelling—and no ability to know when to shut up. I keep wanting to start this last set of stories about Peru's punk underground by marking some sort of critical difference between the 1980s, 1990s, and 2000s; establishing some sort of harsh chronological division between one historical moment and the next; and drawing a clear line in the temporal sand. The '80s were punk, hardcore, and political! With the '90s came grunge, and that led to the depoliticization of punk! The 2000s and the present is marked by "indy" bands and a global music fusion with niche markets for every imaginable consumer!

But you know what? It's not that simple. Not in Peru. Probably not anywhere. Temporality is a messy business, and decades, years and dates are arbitrary markers of historical difference anyway.

Lima's noise, grind and crust core scenes are often associated primarily with the '90s. A crowd of younger guys—Leo Bacteria, Richard Nossar, Oscar Reátegui and José Morón—helped form those mini-scenes. But they did so only after entering the *rock subterraneo* thing in the late '80s after it had already devolved into porous factions of hardcore, punks, crossover metal and the requisite *cholos*, *misios*, and *pitucos*.

Various noisy projects were the result: Atrofia Cerebral, MDA, Insumisión, and Dios Hastío. The latter is still active, still deafening people in grimy clubs in downtown Lima. There were also other newer bands emerging with a combination of hardcore, punk and garage rock influences. Aeropajitas, Pateando tu Kara, Heroe Inocente and Manganzoides established themselves as some of Lima's favorites at different points in the '90s. All of them still perform occasionally.

Does that mean that all the bands from the '80s are defunct? Pretty much. A few held on for a while, or made unexpected comebacks. G3 added a second guitarist and took a clear turn for grunge in the '90s, eventually breaking up in 2000. Then, Gabriel and Gonzalo started Inyectores. Leusemia reappeared in 1995 with a new album and has continued playing with different band members. The only real constants are Raúl Montañez and Daniel F., the latter having emerged as one of the few older generation *subtes* able to make a decent living by playing rock'n'roll with no day job—perhaps making a few enemies along the way. Voz Propia has to be one of the longest continually active bands that emerged out of the underground rock scene in the mid-'80s—they released their tenth full-length recording, *The Game is Over*, in 2011.

If we lean more toward the present, we must simply confront the impossible task of summarizing the unsummarizable. Camilo "Plays in Seven Bands" Riveros, bassist of Plug Plug told me not too long ago that he estimates that in Lima alone, there are about 50 different independent labels with 10 or so bands each. You do the math. Who knows how many other bands are just a group of friends making music with no particular ambitions to record, play shows, or look for a label? A lot of the younger musicians and show-goers are people from a much more diverse cross-section of Lima with a wholly different generational outlook, as well as musical influences that are as likely to be foreign as they are domestic.

The number of genres is extraordinary, everything from ska-cumbia to stoner rock to psychedelic punk. The appearance of large rock festivals in Lima's more marginal areas is testament to the steady growth of popular interest in what is still a minority genre. Rock operates within a country and region still sonically defined by pan pipers nagging gringo tourists; world music phenoms like Susana Baca; and popular Latin genres like cumbia, salsa and that one genre every Latin rocker loves to hate: reggaeton. Then there's that juggernaut called hip hop, which in certain ways has globally overpowered—and only rarely fused with—rock, partially displacing its ability to act as the preferred expressive medium of youthful rebellion. Peru is no exception.

So instead of trying to summarize my way up to the present, I'll just respond to the question everybody seems to ask: What are the contemporary Peruvian bands you like? Morbo! Los Mortero! Barrio Calavera! Veronik y los Gatos Eléctricos! La Ira de Dios! Reino Ermitaño! Don Juan Matus! Cocaína!

The degree to which contemporary rock-influenced bands recognize themselves as heirs to *rock subterraneo* varies considerably. But it is safe to say that it is increasingly viewed, in retrospect, as the most interesting rock phenomenon that emerged during the 1980s—despite a fairly active metal scene that was happening at the same time and a few mainstream rock bands of gringo-wannabes that were, well, boring. That might be because of the uniquely ambivalent way in which *subterraneo* is positioned in relation to *subversivo*, as well as the various ways punk-inspired music and art became fragmented through Peru's various class, racial, geopolitical and masculine-centric contradictions.

Lima's underground rock scene did more than simply generate a creative and aesthetic space for music, art and ideas. As far as I'm concerned, it was the most critical space in which a group of young urban Peruvians—internal factions and all—started to reflect, creatively, on the nature of the war going on around them and on the two main agents of political violence involved in it: the state and the Shining Path.

In that moment of social crisis—even if they never really had full answers—they began to ask absolutely critical questions about what it means to be Peruvian in the context of the wider world. What are Peru's causes, contradictions and consequences? What are Peru's utopian promises and its grotesque everyday realities? Does living and dying in Peru have to be this way? Might it be different?

Does that mean that independently produced rock in Peru has gone through a process of depoliticization in order to emerge into the contemporary post-conflict moment? It depends on how you choose to understand the political. The more radicalized punks from that era think of the '90s as a moment in which what began as underground rock eventually lost any remaining possibility of developing a real political edge.

Kaos, a hardcore band of relatively well-to-do punkers with close ties to the politicized group of artists in Taller NN, disbanded in '89. Some of the members ended up overseas for fear of political persecution, a secret to no one. It is also true that Eutanasia—the band with the clearest reputation for revolutionary anarcho-punk discourse in the late '80s—played its last show in 1990 at a meeting place of the Revolutionary Worker's Party in downtown Lima. Not long after, the four members left Peru for either Europe or Japan. Certain of their former punk buddies and street poet collaborators (such as Richi Lakra, who financed the recording of their demo *Sentiments of Agitation*) still haven't forgiven them for disappearing into the ostensible comfort of

the First World. Yet, how comfortable they are really amid a decaying European economy is a matter of dispute.

Post-Eutanasia, a small group of anarcho-punk intellectuals tried to keep things going at El Hueco (The Hole) for another couple years—with whatever was left of the unwieldy gang-like crowd of punk ne'er-do-wells that had emerged in the late '80s called Bandera Negra (Black Flag). That group had explicitly anti-intellectual intentions. They saw themselves, to paraphrase Chovi, one of its non-leaders, as men of action instead of bullshit academic and political posturing. That was evidenced, presumably, in a reputation to show up at shows, get wasted, steal stuff and beat the fuck out of punks of greater privilege (or sometimes each other if privileged punks weren't available).

Who knows how many punks were affected by the atmosphere of political persecution in the '90s and decided to burn or bury their fanzines, cassettes, art works and show flyers for fear of going to jail? Who knows how many were never really in any serious danger to begin with?

There was never anything we could clearly call an organized anarcho-punk collective in Lima's underground punk scene. But if you add the discourse of Eutanasia with the lived experiences of The Hole—where they most often played and some of them slept—that's as close as it comes. The Hole was, in fact, a space of radical political debate at times—complete with the occasional visit by Shining Path recruiters.

Even after The Hole closed in the mid-'90s, there were other actors ready to carry the torch of anarcho-punk activism. Bands such as Generación Perdida and Autonomía began linking their music and fanzines not only to the history of anarchist thought, but to other forms of political praxis rooted in historical currents completely disconnected from the rise and fall of the Shining Path's militant Maoism. They became more interested in veganism, animal right, and environmentalism. In 1998, a place called El Averno (you know, "Hell") was founded in downtown Lima. This countercultural center—recently closed down, but in theory to be reopened elsewhere—is one of the longest continually running spaces in which to express liberatory art, music and ideas. It welcomes anyone who stops by—OK, in reality, it sort of depends on who opens the door when you knock. I recommend going when El Chato Victor is there.

But let's not lie to ourselves about how authentically punk and politically radical the 1980s were in Peru either. There were always bands, artists and individual actors not invested in an overtly politicized punk discourse; plenty that wanted nothing to do with militant Marxism or radical anarchism; several of the ludic, hedonistic and libertarian varieties; some convinced that being punk means doing whatever you want and that's it; and still others that think it's all just a question of artistic self-expression. Yet, all of them from that era grew up during Peru's most politically violent historical period since independence from Spain. Saying "I'm not political," "I do whatever I want," or "I just want to express myself," is a political choice with political implications.

Face it. Ask yourself what it means. Ask yourself what it's connected to and where it leads you.

Let me make the point about politics in a slightly different way, by changing the lens we're looking through to take this picture of Peruvian reality. With the rise of Del Fuehrer Fujimori and the 1992 capture of Shining Path's leader, Abimael Guzmán, Peruvian politics morphed into witch hunts, mass incarceration, death squads and the demise of the Shining Path's puritanical dreams to erect a Maoist state. Until presidential hopeful Alejandro Toledo successfully took to the streets in 2000 to protest Fujimori's fraudulent reelection to a third term, virtually any form of publically expressed discontent became synonymous with terrorism in the eyes of the state. In fact, the Shining Path had already engaged in violently purging leftist moderates via its discourse of "son-of-a-bitch" revisionists and its principle that only polarizing violence could revolutionize Peruvian society. Toledo's government also ushered in the era of Truth and Reconciliation, implying necessarily that the war was finally over.

What's left, then, is deciding who's responsible. The overwhelming consensus at the official level, often shared with just a dash more of critical scrutiny by the progressive intellectual types, is that state forces might have committed a lot of wrongs, particularly under Fujimori, but that, basically, all the symbolic blood is on the hands of fanatical terrorists associated with the Shining Path. In truth, the vast majority of the real blood came from the bodies of poor, provincial people who speak Quechua and those living amid Lima's racialized, urbanized squalor.

I'm exaggerating a bit, but not by much. After all, wasn't the whole point of locking up the big, bad boogieman and his evil Maoist elves to then allow the state to magically reconstitute itself? To construct a new political theater where the same old drama continues—that familiar story about the state's unquestionable authority and about the historical inevitability of the twin pillars of neoliberalism: free markets and electoral democracy. That story about the beautiful fantasy of a place called Peru. Well, shit, some might say. At least there's no more dead dogs hanging from lampposts in Lima—Shining Path's signature warning to communist revisionists—or dead Indians turning up in mass graves in Ayacucho. Now there's Starbucks and cheap Fender guitar knockoffs from China! There's also an unrelenting income gap, everyday crime, incestuous corruption, unyielding racism and some of the worst *machista* homophobic bullshit Latin America has to offer.

So, isn't the point different? It's not that politics have gone away. They've just been reconfigured. That militant discontent and manifestation of long-standing historical resentment—that beast that emerged for a while into the daylight and consumed the bodies of tens of thousands—was finally pushed back underground. It was pushed so far back down that we can think of it in slightly more Freudian terms: the monster that dwells under the ground amid Peru's primal unconscious.

Meanwhile, real Peruvians can go about pretending to heal their very real political traumas, never accounting for why some things are always forgotten and others so often remembered. Peru can go forth into the future pretending to be an electoral democracy of equal citizens again, a peaceful republic, a safe place for foreign investment and one of South America's booming economies. It can rest, uncomfortably, on its perpetual false promise of eventual prosperity for everyone. *Pitucos*. Mestizos. *Cholos*. Stupid, dirty Indians. *Subtes* and all.

...And Then There Were Some Reunion Shows and a Bit of Midlife Nostalgia (and the Pesky Intellectual Types)

There've been way, way, way too many reunion shows, old punk cassettes now released as cult vinyl and weird intergenerational dynamics between aging punk dinosaurs and barely adolescent up-and-comers. Way too much to recount. Narcosis relives its "We were a cool band that only lasted eight months" legend periodically. They play those same amazing raw tracks from the 1985 *Primera Dosis* demo, typically with a substitute guitarist but still allowing Fernando "Puppy" Vial to prance around on stage with a silenced guitar or a muted microphone. His career as a professional alcoholic—and whatever dysfunctional demons drove him into it—has transformed him into something like the village idiot. But everybody loves and looks after the village idiot precisely because they recognize in him both a denial and the real possibility of their own idiocy.

G3 has come back a couple of times since 2008 with total sonic fury, amazing stage pres-

ence, die-hard fans and absolute hardcore precision. By far the coolest reunion show I caught was Guerrilla Urbana and Ataque Frontal in August 2010. It was cool because it only lasted about 25 minutes—with less than 20 songs at about a minute a piece the show didn't last very long! Also, everyone was psyched to see Silvio "Spatula" Ferroggiario return to a Lima stage after many years of living in Miami. In retrospect, it became an emotional memory for those present because it was also the last show of guitarist José Eduardo Matute (also an *MRR* contributor, see #27 from 1985!). He died unexpectedly shortly after.

Even the Beasts, that half-hippy, half-punky art collective that once operated in tandem with the early underground bands, recently did an artistic retrospective with concert included. Oh, and Leo Escoria of the original Leusemia trio is back from Italy, apparently to stick around—and to make Daniel F's life as miserable as possible. Anyway, the list goes on and on.

Then there's a veritable cottage industry of Peruvian punk texts that have appeared in recent years. Despite what you might think, I'm not really talking about myself as the oddly positioned punk gringo insider-outsider. They don't all take the same shape. Daniel F. has a couple of first person testimonial accounts. Kudos to Julio Durán and Martín Roldán for turning Peruvian punk into literary material. They both set entire novels—complete with provocative titles like *Incendiar la Ciudad* (Burning down the City) and *Generación Cochebomba* (Carbomb Generation)—in the context of Peru's 1980s punk and political context.

If you prefer a more visual record, and one more focused on the '90s up to the present, there's Raúl "Airplane" García's *Un Lugar*, a dark photographic glimpse at rock shows amid Lima's dreary nights. Finally, there's the recently released book of Carlos "Bucco" Torres Rotondo, *Se Acabó el Show* (The Show is Over), focused on the bands that emerged in 1984 and 1985, written in oral history style, and explicitly modeled on *Please Kill Me* by Legs McNeil and Gillian McCain. Rotondo tells the history of underground rock by allowing the old punkers to tell their own stories.

People keep telling me I need to hurry the fuck up with the whole book idea.

...And All That is Solid Begins Slowly and Then Morphs into Something Different but Still Related

Derivative drizzle! Losers, lackeys and late-comers reworking leftover scraps! Imitators, sell-outs, old punks reproducing punk offspring and posers ad vomitum! No more cool pussy riots in the foreseeable future. Moving along, nothing to see here. Oh, wait, here comes another revolution, a rupture, a new moment, a new band, a new idea, a new skateboard. Surely, this time it's the real thing. Seriously, why do punks declare things dead only so that other punks can declare them undead? The corollary logic here is posers and sell-outs, always serving as the necessary screen onto which the real punks project their own frustrations about never being able to arrive at that forever-receding horizon of orgasmic authenticity.

I dislike that line of thinking. To make the point a bit more Led Zeppelin-y, I think the idea is not that the song remains the same, or that it's totally different. It's that in the grand scheme of things, despite what seem to be milestone moments, the song changes rather subtly as you're actually listening to it. It does so while regenerating dialogical subjectivities. It does so in conversation with all the songs before, during, and after—including the songs that never get heard. Those three temporalities—the before, the during, the after—are not separate entities. They are simply shifting reference points.

In other words, fuck Walter Benjamin and his backward-looking Angel of History. We walk in the present, looking forward. Maybe we do so worrying about what monster from the past might be creeping up from behind, eager to eat us. But we keep walking, sometimes tripping, sometimes lurching, moving forward. And we keep looking for something.

Some of my best friends are historians. But I'm not well suited for their linear timeframes or desire for precise details. I'm even less convinced by all their talk of ages and stages, ruptures and milestones, marked by rebellions and revolutions. Mostly, I'm just not a fan of their book titles, which usually read something like *A History of This Thing: Year XXXX to Year YYYY*. How exactly do they know when something started and when it finished? Or what exactly constitutes the dividing line between this phenomenon and the next? Something only really becomes history by virtue of someone with historical authority declaring it such. That seems to imply, necessarily, that it is over and done with. Dead. Historians are a little like punks in that respect. They declare things dead. But at least the punks keep their ears open and their miserable hopes alive for some sort of resuscitation, a rebirth, a pagan revival. Maybe even something as cool as a total zombie apocalypse!

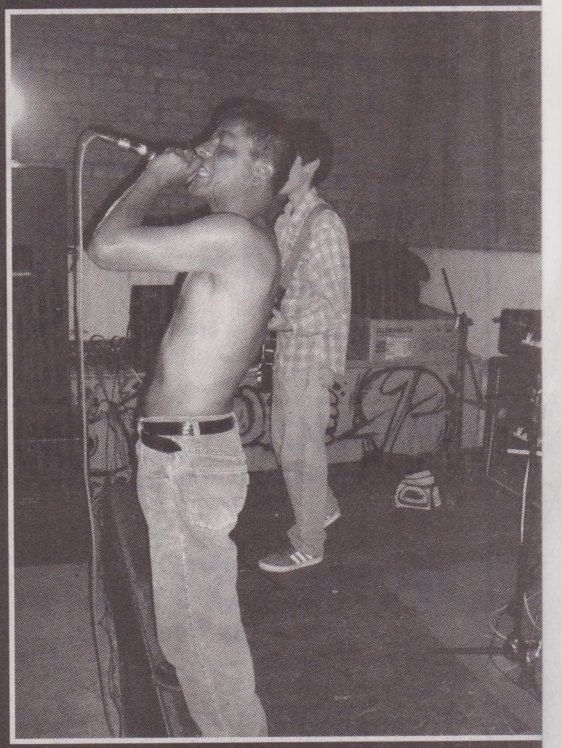
If I write this as the concluding thought to these short stories about the punk underground in Peru, I do it for a couple of reasons. From the perspective of Peruvian reality, I write in reaction to the uncountable times I've heard Peruvian punks—and now Peruvian punkologists—debate, endlessly it seems, whether underground rock is dead. And if so, when it died. And whether it already has—or might one day soon—somehow come alive again.

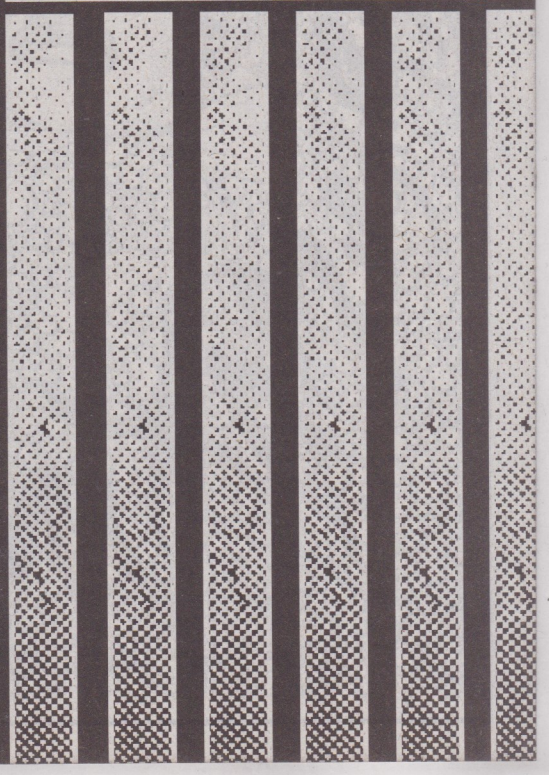
I'm also tired of trying to figure out where I'm supposed to start and stop, which things I'm supposed to mark as momentous and which things are barely worth my time; who is to be included and excluded. I'm tired of trying to fucking please everybody. Like most misfits I know, I'm not particularly good at it. Instead, I just keep trying to fit myself into standardized clothes sizes that aren't that well suited for me.

Anyway, let's see what happens next.

Oh, and one last thing. This whole writing in *MRR* to be all punk and rad and shit wasn't really my idea. It was more Sandro's. I'm just a gringo with an overpaid day job, happening along at approximately the right time, with a whole desire to do at least half justice for some Peruvian punkers I know.

¡Salud pues choches! ¡K sigan tocando, y dibujando, y fotografiando, y jodiendo un poco…de la puta madre!





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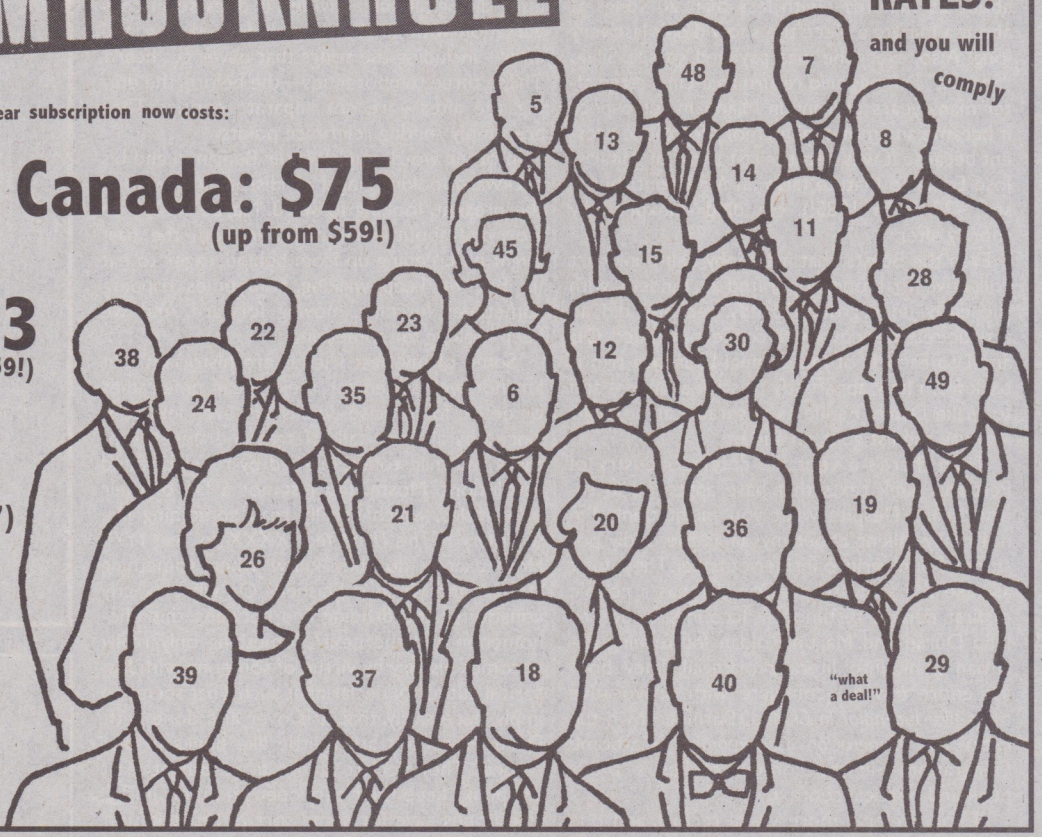

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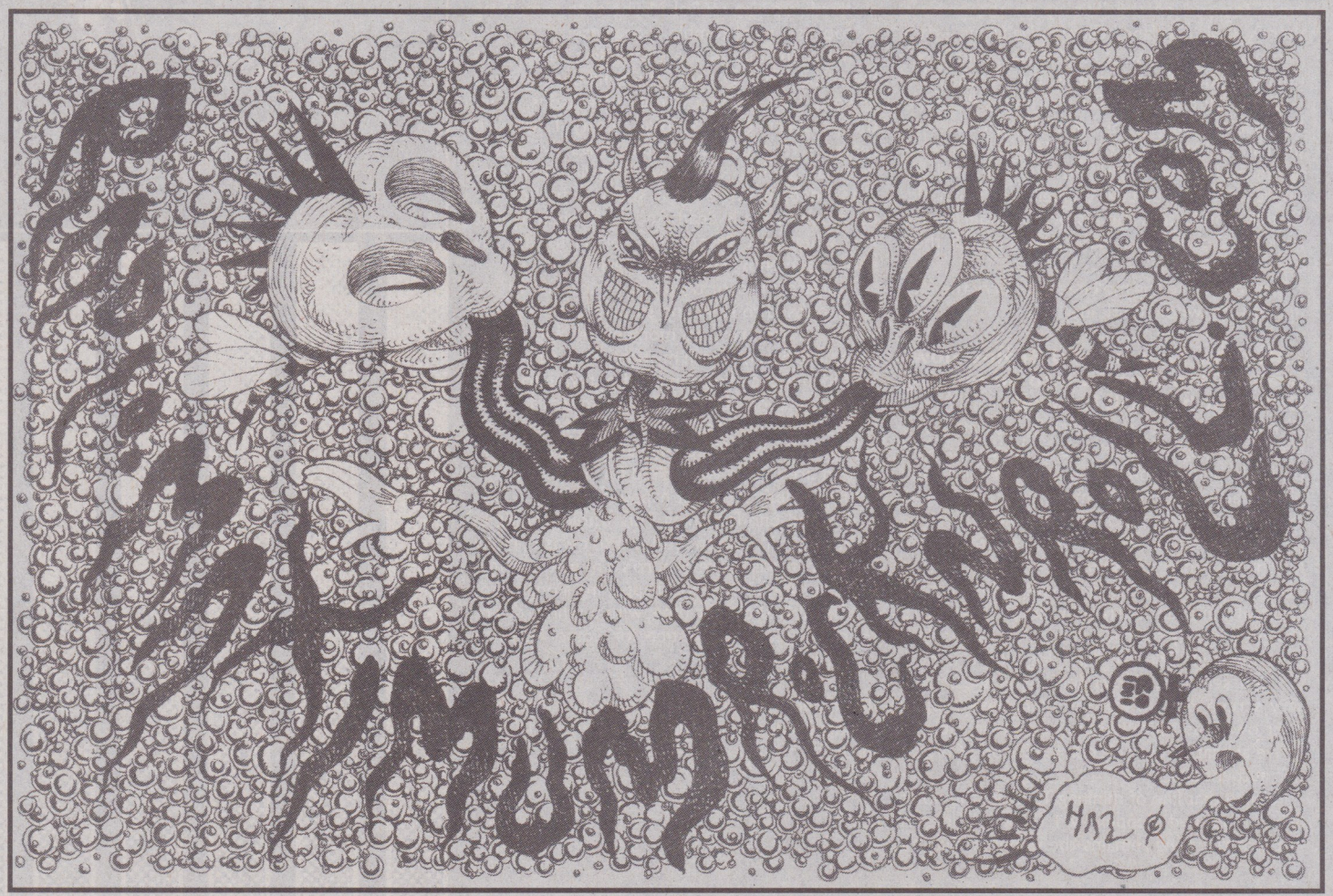

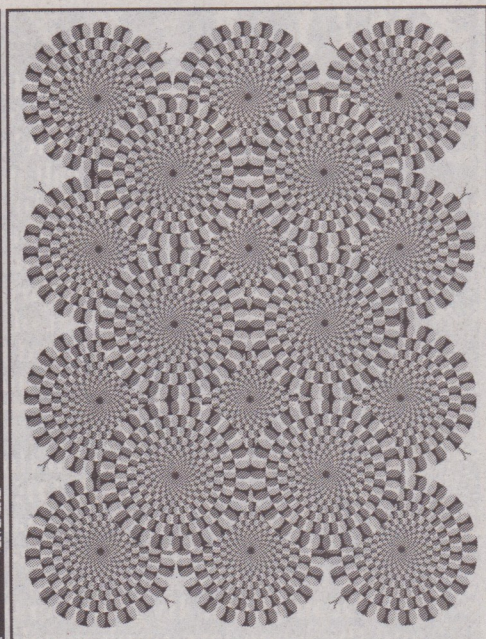

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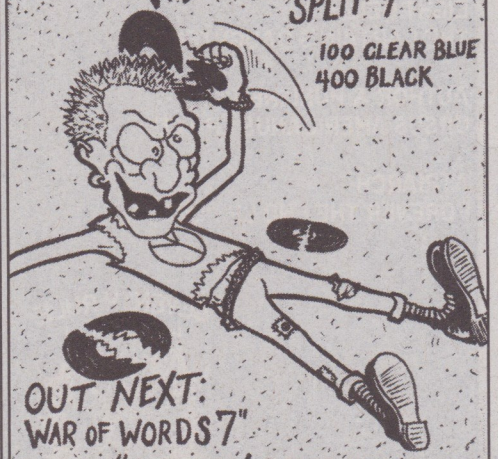

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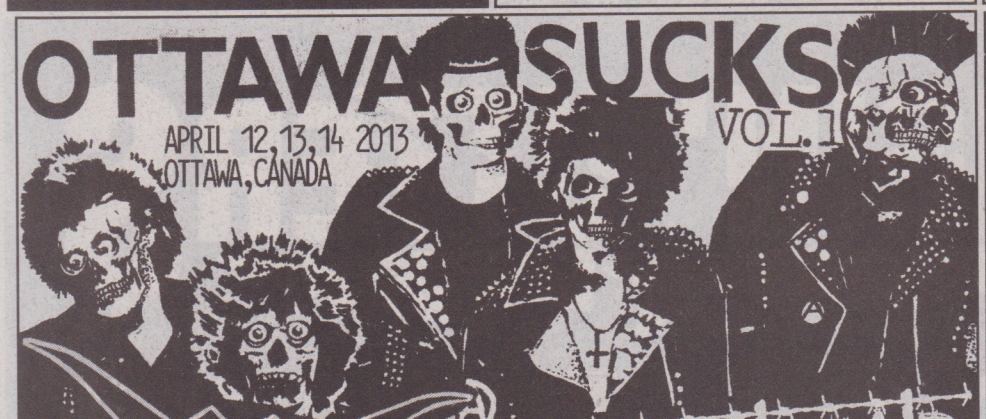

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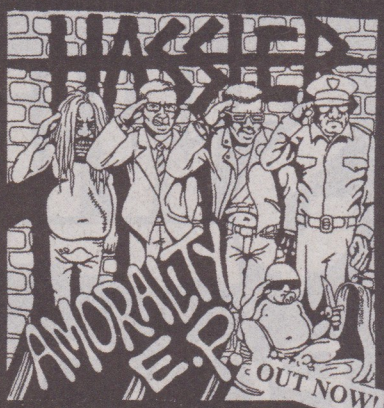

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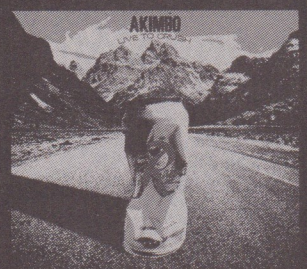

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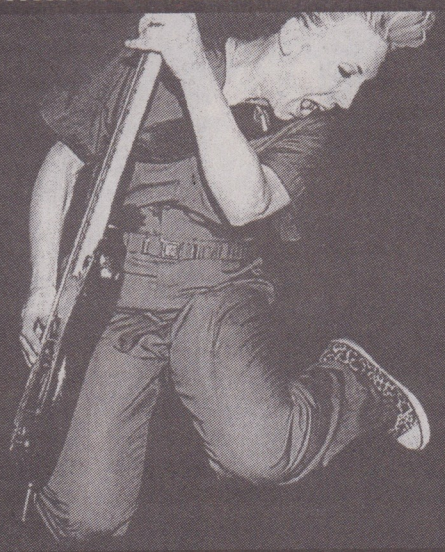
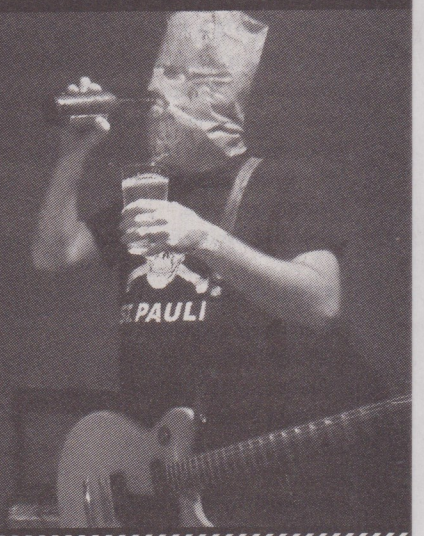


THE MEAT SLUTS & PAPER BAGS



What do you get when four bag-wearing borracho boys—à la the PAPER BAGS—hook up with four covetous, carnivorous chicas—à la the MEAT SLUTS—for some down and dirty Maximum Rocknroll interviewing? Bags + Boobs = Double Trouble! For the inside scoop on what makes these Bay Area bands rock, here're the campy conversations from their raucous rendezvous. Interviews by the bands. Photos by Neil Motteram, Sam French, Clint Golden and the bands.

MRR: Okay guys, let's start with the straightforward stuff—when did the Paper Bags start and where are you from?

Skum Bag: We arose from the ashes of the Bad Tickers who were only around for a year tops. I guess that was two years ago. I'm from Oakland and the rest of the Bags live in San Francisco.

Colostomy Bag: That sounds about right. As the Bad Tickers, we were easily one of the most under rated bands out there. We put on quite the live show. When Mike "the band killer" Novak and Rotten Ron Ready left us, we found a new bag!

Trash Bag: The Paper Bags got together as a result of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors' plastic bag ban that went into effect a few years ago. We're a highly political group...

Bean Bag: Skum Bag recruited me. I was bagging at the local Safeway. He convinced me that getting drunk and playing crap-n-roll is the only way to live. So I joined.

MRR: What are some other bands you have been in?

Skum Bag: The Lizards, Jewdriver, the Double D's, Sewer Trout and Ding Dang. Now he's in the Whoosie What's Its.

Colostomy Bag: The Spites, Radio Reelers, Oil!, Trust Fund Babies, Shrinks.

Trash Bag: Complaints*, Radio Reelers, the Fells, the Sermon and more.

Bean Bag: The Corruptors and Go Time!

MRR: Why do you wear paper bags on your heads?

Skum Bag: It gives us an identity.

Colostomy Bag: We wear bags because we're so goddamn good looking that no one in the punk rock world would take us seriously if we didn't. You know in music today, looks are a big part of the image. Take the Ramones for example. What if they all looked like supermodels like us, they would have been written off as pretty boys. So to prevent that, we had to wear the bags!

Trash Bag: The Paper Bags are part of the grand tradition of San Francisco costume rock, following in the footsteps of Crime, the Rip Offs, the Mummies, Phantom Surfers, and Huey Lewis and the News. Plus we kept passing out when we wore plastic bags on our heads!

Bean Bag: Because they look silly on our feet.

MRR: How's that working out for you—is it hard to wear a paper bag on your head and play at the same time?

Skum Bag: It took a little getting used to, but our strategy is to sweat through the bags so that they tear and break making it easier to breathe and see.

Colostomy Bag: You got to cut the eyeholes low so you can see your guitar. I don't recommend it to amateurs or ugly people.

Trash Bag: It's not hard for us because we're all professional musicians of the highest caliber! When we're not playing as the Paper Bags, you can usually find us shredding in the aisles at Guitar Center.

Bean Bag: I have a rare form of Mexican Elephantitis…I live with a bag on my head 24/7. It's a damn shame. I deal with it by staying drunk all the time.

MRR: We like how your bags are each a little...uh...different. You can tell who the more anal members of the band are compared to the more messy ones! Any comments?

Skum Bag: Everyone goes for the skinny bags except me—I like the crumpled, loose fit!

Colostomy Bag: Levis actually sells us the bags at an inflated price. I think the catalog number is 415.
Bean Bag: I get my bags tailored especially for me.

MRR: What are your influences?

Skum Bag: Colostomy has been steering the direction of the band, and he's been into an older Australian sound. He's really into the Marching Orders Days Gone By LP. We also play a different cover tune each show...the Eat, Ice 9, the Zeros, and the Shrinks have obviously influenced us.
Colostomy Bag: One of the main influences nowadays is my hatred for the rich fuckers that are ruining the world. And beer! Real life and beer!
Trash Bag: My number one influence is free drink tickets!
Bean Bag: I'm usually under the influence of beer and Jameson's.

MRR: Your first slew of recorded songs seems to have an angry theme...with songs like "Go Die," "Don't Condescend Me," "Kick the City in the Balls," "I'll Stop Being a Prick When You Stop Being a Bitch"...uh...what's up with that?

Skum Bag: It's just calling it as we see it. "Go Die" is a tribute to hipster killers everywhere. "I'll Stop Being a Prick…" goes out to loving couples everywhere. "Kick the City in the Balls" is about taking control of the situation and making the most of it. Maybe a little aggressive and angry, but that's life in the big city.
Colostomy Bag: Well said.
Trash Bag: People.
Bean Bag: Bands too pussy to push the envelope.

MRR: What pisses you off the most?

Skum Bag: Corporate bullshit.
Colostomy Bag: The way money runs everything. The way big money has sold out the country and ruined it. That most people are pathetic followers. And, when all I need is a fork and there's only spoons. WTF, OMG, IDK, FTW, FU!
Trash Bag: People.

MRR: Why do you have the sounds of birds chirping recorded before the song "Go Die"?

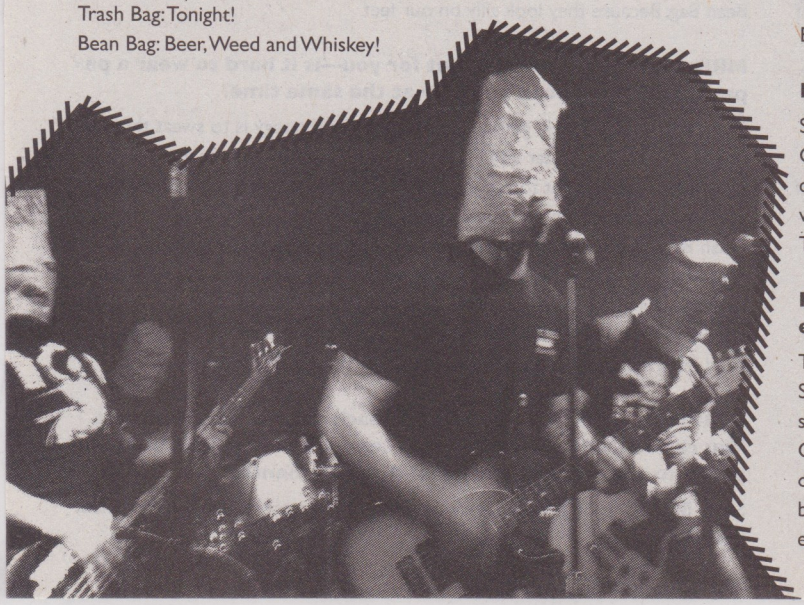
Skum Bag: It's an ironic intro. It is a pretty, tranquil intro to a hateful, hurtful song.

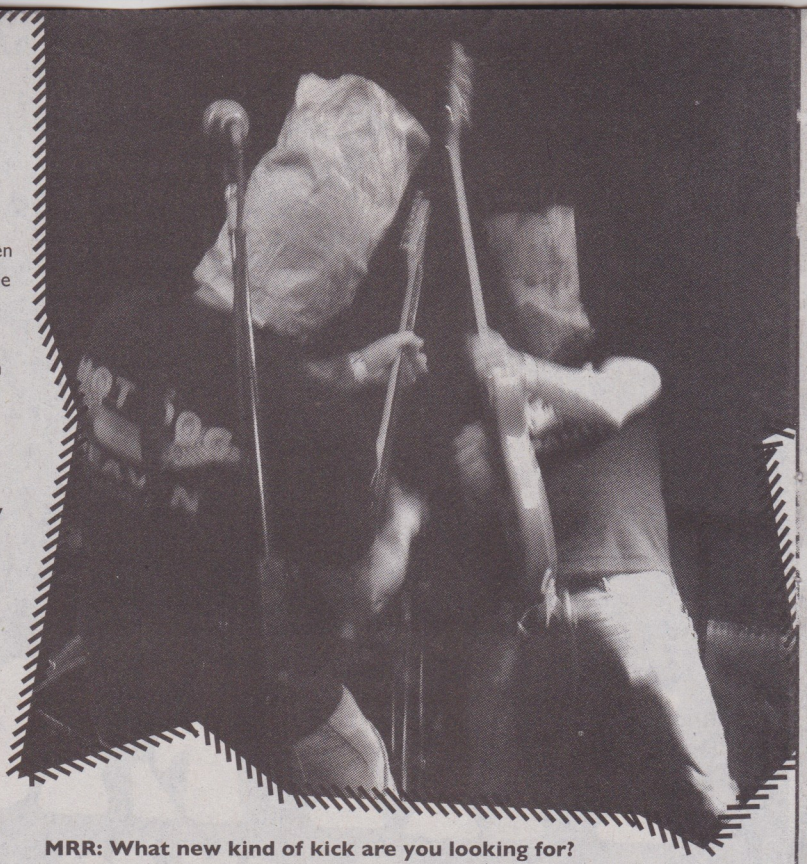
MRR: What is the song "Doomed to be the Pretty One" about?

Skum Bag: It's about the monumental challenges of a beautiful person that doesn't really have to try at all.
Colostomy Bag: It's autobiographical.

MRR: What's your favorite way to medicate?

Skum Bag: The usual...beer and buds.
Colostomy Bag: Whiskey, beer, buds and smashing beer bottles. "I love that sound when I smash the glass..."
Trash Bag: Tonight!
Bean Bag: Beer, Weed and Whiskey!





MRR: What new kind of kick are you looking for?

Colostomy Bag: Something that doesn't hurt my feet and that has arch support. Any suggestions?!

MRR: Do you have any happy songs? And if you did, what would they be about?

Skum Bag: "Go Die" makes us very happy. "SYFATB" or "See You Fucks at the Bar" is about keeping in touch and enjoying the companionship of your buddies. "Medicate Tonight" is about the joy and enjoyment of drugs.
Colostomy Bag: Sure! They're all happy in their own little way!
Trash Bag: "See You Fucks at the Bar" is probably our happiest song. It's a tribute to Bruce Roehrs, one of our best buddies!

MRR: Tell us, each of you, "What's in your bag?"

Skum Bag: Our greasy melons.
Colostomy Bag: Very little brains and not much memory.
Trash Bag: Blood, sweat and beers!

MRR: Will each of you describe the perfect Paper Bag date?

Skum Bag: A hot dog eating contest at a Meat Sluts show.
Colostomy Bag: A willing one!
Trash Bag: February 18, 2012.
Bean Bag: Not the date where she wears the bag!

MRR: What's your favorite meat?

Skum Bag: Steak, sausage, pork, oysters, how can you have a favorite?
Colostomy Bag: I love Dungeness crab, lamb, and steak, all of it! Never tried raccoon. I want to. Yeah! Maybe that's my perfect date: a willing female who doesn't weigh more than me, who wants to eat raccoon! Duh, winning!
Trash Bag: Cheeseburgers. And whatever they're serving at the Meat Sluts show!

MRR: Do you guys ever change instruments and do you guys ever change band members to trick the audience?

Trash Bag: How did you find out?
Skum Bag: That's a trick you'll have to check out live. We haven't yet, but that sounds like a perfect disaster.
Colostomy Bag: We have sent Jon Bon Jovi about a thousand emails to play in our spot at the next show. We're still awaiting his reply. The rest of the band got back to us. It's going to be a pretty stellar next show. If JBJ signs on, I wouldn't expect much from the vocals, but it's going to be a good one!

THE MEAT SLUTS

MRR: Your bass player seems to be revolving; do you find that one particular type of bag is more reliable than others?

Skum Bag: Bass players have been the best musicians and the strength of the band. They just have a hard time dealing with all the bullshit we serve up on a daily basis.
Colostomy Bag: Well put!
Trash Bag: All the Paper Bags bass players are getting together to form the ultimate bass super group. It's going to be epic!
Bean Bag: Bass players are lame!

MRR: Would you guys ever use your Paper Bags for evil (like robbing a bank or playing a Screwdriving cover)?

Skum Bag: We hide our identities and boink each other's chicks if that's what you mean.
MRR: How about to put on Puppet Shows?
Skum Bag: Gwar already perfected that one.

MRR: What's the Paper Bags idea of a good time?

Skum Bag: Long walks on the beach and wine by the fireplace.
Colostomy Bag: Beer, boobs and rock'n'roll.
Trash Bag: C.B. nailed that one!

MRR: What would your wet dream perfect bill be for a Paper Bags show?

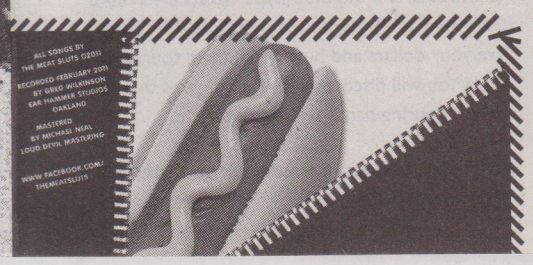
Skum Bag: Opening for the Mummies and the Unknown Comic.
Colostomy Bag: Us playing at the Playboy Mansion with a band that totally sucks and no one likes!
Trash Bag: Fun Things, Victims, Paper Bags, Rip Offs and Criminal Damage at the Knockout!
Bean Bag: Womentors/Bags! Battle of the unknowns!

MRR: So you have a couple 7" records out. How can people find them?

Skum Bag: They're at some cool local SF shops like Thrillhouse, Amoeba and 1-2-3-4 Go! records. Or you can find them online at Underground Medicine.
Colostomy Bag: The first 7" is sold out. We self-released that one. 300 copies, bye bye. The new one, Paper Bags 2, is out there. We split the release with Rapid Pulse and No Front Teeth records. Both Jim and Marco are super cool dudes. We dig 'em! Buy the records! You won't be disappointed! Support your local record store. Check there first. Then check that computer thingy you watch porn on.
Trash Bag: I'll be selling them on eBay to support my cheeseburger habit.

MRR: Any last comments?

Skum Bag: Do you have any good questions?
Trash Bag: Support your local gar(b)age rockers!!



MRR: Hello ladies. Introduce yourselves.

Spam Chop: Spam Choparlet Spam Chop, drums.
BB: BB Rumproast, geetard player and growler.
Carmela Mignon: Carmela Mignon, bassist.
Filet O' Nettie: Filet O' Nettie, boobs.

MRR: How long have you gals been rockin'?

Spam Chop: Around five years.
Carmela Mignon: About a year in this band.

MRR: As attractive women, with a band name like the Meat Sluts, are you worried about people looking at you like pieces of meat?

BB: I hope they see an attractive juicy rumproast when they look at me!
Carmela Mignon: As long as they look, they can think of us as steaks or veggie burgers.

MRR: If we can be honest for a moment, The Meat Sluts is a pretty terrible name. So I'm curious what some of the band names you "rejected" were?

BB: "A pretty terrible name?" Whaaat? I beg to differ! Well, I wanted to be called the Beef Flaps but no one else did! Another idea I had was the Messarounds. At least the Meat Sluts is one of those names that no one else already has. Like the Paper Bags for example, there are more than one Paper Bags you know! And this has to be Jeff Paper Bags asking this...you think the Fells is a better band name? Come on!
Spam Chop: I don't remember. But it was a quick name selection.

MRR: We heard that some of you are actually vegetarians. Is it tough for a vegetarian to be a meat slut? Is this just another case of the hypocrisy that runs rampant in the punk scene today?

BB I am a mostly cheese-a-tarian but a bacon lover. But being a meat slut doesn't mean you have to be a carnivore. We are talkin' man meat here baby!
Spam Chop: I can truly say I am 100% a meat slut. Ms. Spam Chop enjoys a delicious meaty bite, and for a veggie to be a meat slut you have to put it in the context of man meat. So yes you can!
Carmela Mignon: We're tough chicks. We don't need to eat no meat to be a meat slut.
Filet O' Nettie: I'm going to go with the Hypocrisy Theory.

MRR: Is it true that one of the Paper Bags is nicknamed "the Howlin' Hot Dog," yet he's never put on the hot dog costume at a Meat Sluts show? Is this just another case of the hypocrisy that runs rampant in the punk rock scene today?

BB: Shows how much you know, because you never come see us! The Howlin' Hot Dog has made an on-stage appearance dressed as a hot dog at one of our shows. He's no poseur!
Spam Chop: Well I had no idea, we'll have to wrangle that dog and make it official.
Carmela Mignon: I'm going to need some validation of this. We'll have to see the actual hot dog howl.
Filet O' Nettie: I'm positive that Weenie has been wrapped before, in fact all weenies are welcome to don

the Hot Dog Suit, but please, no deli meats, or meat grinders; I will personally vomit on you.

MRR: Where can I get one of those hot dog costumes?

Spam Chop: I'd ask the Google monster, I am sure he'll hook you up.
BB: How come everyone wants to wear the hot dog costume but not the steak? At every show the hot dog costume is always claimed before we even hit the stage!
Carmela Mignon: You have to earn it. Please, don't be another example of the hypocrisy that runs rampant in the punk scene today.

MRR: Do you have any girl-band geeks currently following you?

Spam Chop: A few, ha ha.
BB: Yes. But the funny thing about "girl band geeks" is that they always deny that they are girl band geeks. Spam Chopott Flip Flop, I am talking to you!
Carmela Mignon: I love the GBGs.
Filet O' Nettie: I am a girl band geek, so there's at least one following this one.

MRR: Do you have a name for them? Mustardboys? Or...?

Spam Chop: No. But we should get one...what about "The Condiment Clan?" Ha ha. I like the Mustard Boys, I can see a sea of yellow jackets, bring it.
BB: They are just big weenies and we love them.
Carmela Mignon: I like to call them "fans."
Filet O' Nettie: Incredibly Wise.

MRR: Is that clipboard guy who used to be out about 10 years ago still around?

BB: I haven't seen Tracy in years. He told me that I gave him his first kiss on the lips. He must be too busy selling drapes in San Jose (really that is what he did for a day job!) to go out anymore.
Spam Chop: I have heard of this dude, never met him.
Carmela Mignon: I used to call him Silver Jacket Man. He was cool.
Filet O' Nettie: I heart Tracy, Stay Sweet.

MRR: You've all been in other bands before?

BB: Yes...I was in the Loudmouths, the Womentors (an all-female Mentors tribute and the most fun I have ever had on stage), the Jaded Fucks, McCools, Cockpit and numerous other shitty college bands. I also currently play electric uke in Pineapple Princess but we only play a couple times a year.
Spam Chop: Deranged Pussy and currently in Lost Puppy.
Carmela Mignon: Short Dogs Grow, Creep, Wolfticket, Cameltoe, Hellfire Choir, Cookie Mongoloid, Chainbreaker, This Machine Kills Fascists, Gang of Forty, Psychology of Genocide. I might have left out a few.
Filet O' Nettie: Thee Double D's and too many "Bar Concept" bands to mention. And one where I wore a bear suit. And played Ramones songs. I think.
BB: Nettie is also in the Whoosie What's Its right now too. They rock!

MRR: As rock vets who've been around the block a time or three, what do you think of the current scene in SF and the world?

BB: Best thing about the bay area is that it rocks all the time, so there are always good shows to go to. I don't feel as "connected" to any local bands or "scenes" like I did when I moved to SF twenty years ago—being old and jaded will do that to you. I am also not much of a mono-scenester. I cross genres and go see all kinds of bands. I miss the Mighty Slim Pickin's and the fun dykeabilly scene around them, but a few of them are keeping it going in other bands. If you look at the local weekly papers you'll see this area (and the world these days) is dominated by DJ music—iiiick. I miss the old days when I was in the Loudmouths and we played with bands I loved like the Candysnatchers, Motards, Stinkerbell, Hookers, Mud City Manglers, 440s, Zillionaires, Groovie Ghoulies, Dead Moon, Valentine Killers…I just read Eric from the New Bomb Turks' book, We Never Learn and really enjoyed the throwback down memory lane. He calls it "gunk punk"—whatever, I wouldn't call it that, but I miss those bands and that '90s scene. Nettie is into way more of the newer local garage rock stuff than the rest of us. She can represent!
Spam Chop: I am excited to be a part of the band scene here...it's a twisted family but truly original. I would love to bring the Meat Sluts to the world, breakdown the barriers that divide the Meats; you ain't seen nothing yet. Bands that come from SF are special, Forrest Gump yourself and find out.
Carmela Mignon: The music has always been great. The scene suffered a lot with the dot com boom when lots of rehearsal spaces and clubs closed. But, things slowly recovered and I'm glad to say that there are places to play and rehearse again.
Filet O' Nettie: It is Feast or Famine in the Bay Area, you're either going to five shows in one night (hat's off to Cookie Wolf and Dodgy and people who pull this off!) or you're pulling together your own dance party Flash Mob Style. I'm always up for a dance party.

MRR: What bands do you like?

BB: Bands that still put out vinyl! I like way too much to even list but some bands close to my heart are the Ramones, Moto, the Dirtys, Groovie Ghoulies, Tom Petty, Dead Moon, Plasmatics, Flipper, Kid Rock, Devo, Lazy Cowgirls. I love old new wave.
Spam Chop: My computer is spitting out Lunachicks, Detroit Cobras, Ramones, Mr. Bungle, Selena, and Sheila E. I listen to a lot of stuff. I usually like bands that remind me of my shenanigans.
Carmela Mignon: They have to grab my attention pretty quickly I'm afraid (short attention span) and not take themselves too seriously. Recently we played with Live Evil and I thought they were awesome. I like a lot of different stuff, High on Fire, Die Antwoord, Captured by Robots, the Barfeeders, Public Image Ltd. etc.
Filet O' Nettie: I love live music, I love going to shows and I love seeing my friends get up on stage and just have a blast. I have totally blissed out in front of Shannon and the Clams, Cyclops, Midnight Snaxxx, Hunx and His Punx, No Bunny, the Paper Bags. I was lucky enough to witness the emergence, death and resurrection of the Briefs—who are my all-time favorite band. As for the ladies who bring it loud, fast and out of control, I will forever be queer for the Bobbyteens. I love that my band mates spend at least fifteen minutes of each practice talking about the shows we've been to and the music we've discovered that week. Oh yeah, and I'm addicted to the "new releases" bin at MRR, it is my crack. Turn on KALX and MRR Radio and tune in to some of the kids and old farts picking it up for us who are too busy to dig through the new bins at Amoeba. Also, go to and buy anything marked 1-2-3-4 Go! records. Natch.

MRR: What is your favorite venue to play at in San Francisco?

BB: Annie's Social Club, R.I.P. That was our home turf. It was like Cheers. I really miss that place. I'd pick Thee Parkside as my favorite hotspot now, or Bender's.
Spam Chop: Thee Parkside is close to my heart.
Carmela Mignon: Thee Parkside, so much that I'm having my wedding reception there.
Filet O' Nettie: Hhm...The Bendsiders. I can't choose between the two. I love that you asked this as if we'll never play anywhere else, like Oakland or Sacramento. I'm into the New Parish and warehouses in the East Bay and would love to play there. Please.

MRR: What was your favorite record last year?

BB: Heavy Cream's first CD. I was recently obsessed with the first Kitty, Daisy and Lewis album. Old rockabilly style shit. But it came out before last year! The newest Moto is hilarious...I especially love "She Looks Like Someone Who'd Fuck Somebody You Hate". Oh wait, the Paper Bags single of course!
Spam Chop: "Ding Dong"...the only record I listened to.
BB: Spam Chop, that's a song, not a record!
Carmela Mignon: I really like the Cold War Kids' Loyalty to Loyalty. I'd like to cover their cover of their own song "Something is Not Right With Me" which they rewrote as "Something is Not Right With Meat"
Filet O' Nettie: Pretty much everything that came out on 1-2-3-4 Go! records and Dirtnap (thanks Steve, thanks Ken!) and Modern Action. Also, all of our friends who put out their own vinyl on their own (or a friend's dime): Complaints, Sharp Objects, Custom Kicks, Midnite Snaxxx, Thee Headliners, Paper Bags, Gravy's Drop. Cecilia and the Sauerkrauts, and the Bloodtypes (Cats are punxs! Really they are!). Here's another "just the tip" tip. Save your dollars and buy merch from touring bands. You will discover some great gems that way and the touring bands will appreciate it.

MRR: So you guys made some videos for some of your songs?

THE MEAT SLUTS

Spam Chop: Yes, on YouTube "My Baby is a Ding Dong" & "Johnny Con Carne".
BB: I was very excited to pull off the "everyone jumps into a swimming pool" at the end of the video for "Ding Dong"! Woo Hoo!
Filet O' Nettie: Yeah. I think BB was the only one that pulled that off. Everyone else kind of timidly stepped in, or kind of fell-jumped. Thanks to all of our friends who jumped into that nasty pool! I'm so glad I didn't land on Ed Hunter's head, it was so close.

MRR: I was in both (Howlin' Hot Dog of the Paper Bags). So my question to you is, which one of you hit me in the nuts with the tomato? You get MVP award for that!

BB: I don't know if it was me, but I was aiming for your crotch! Bull's eye!
Carmela Mignon: I do have pretty good aim.
Filet O' Nettie: I was suspiciously absent during that part of the filming, but I assure you that no animals (or Paper Bags) were harmed in the making of that video.

MRR: Something that has always interested me about people in punk bands, what do you gals do for a living?

Spam Chop: I work at a local music venue and am a media arts student.
BB: I'm a graphic designer because you can't just play music and party all the time.
Carmela Mignon: It would take too long to explain, but it's a type of counseling.
Filet O' Nettie: Naes from Jewdriver once gave me a shirt that said, "My Job is So Secret I Don't Even Know What I Do". That pretty much sums it up.

MRR: I know at least one of you was an exotic dancer? Let the guessing begin...

BB: Is Polka dancing exotic? The only connection we have to exotic dancing is Nettie's boyfriend being a hot tranny dancer for the Womentors! Spam Chop was a raver. A fist pump dancer, not an exotic dancer, ha ha.
Filet O' Nettie: I love that Carmela Mignon is suspiciously silent. I've been known to make it rain (ho-ho's and ding dongs that is). Fat Mike tipped me $20 once. James Hetfield gave me $1. In quarters. What a dick.

MRR: With all the madness that's going on in the world, what's pissing you off today?

Spam Chop: Great question! When I see people being shady and not paying for their bus fare when I paid mine.
BB: I hate it when people use the term "carbon footprint," it makes me want to scream. Everyone's on this fucking "I'm an environmentalist" and "Be Green" bandwagon all of a sudden. Where were they ten years ago? I hate it when people litter. I just started working in Oakland this year and am amazed by what people drop on the ground and throw out car windows—full bags of Mickey D's and shit. Insane! I have almost gotten into some altercations confronting litterbugs. But enough about this kind of stuff. What really pissed me off about a month ago was finding a skip on the first Black Lips 7" I have so I can't sell it on eBay!
Carmela Mignon: I hate it when people try to modify the word "unique." You are either unique, or not unique. You cannot be somewhat unique, very unique, pretty damn unique, more unique than RuPaul, etc.
Filet O' Nettie: I just met a gent at Rudy's Can't Fail who made a New Year's resolution to not get angry. At anything. I'm pretty pissed about that.

MRR: Are you outraged that Jon Bon Jovi hasn't been inducted into the Rock'n'Roll Hall of Fame?

Spam Chop: Really I had no idea. Well maybe they were waiting for 2013.
BB: The R'n'R Hall of Fame is a bunch of shit. My favorite induction ever was when the Ramones accepted theirs and Dee Dee Ramone thanked himself!
Carmela Mignon: Jovi's in the hall of fame?

MRR: Who drinks the most in the band?

Spam Chop: That is among the guitars.
BB: Uh, yeah, Nettie and me hands down!
Filet O' Nettie: Sorry I was taking a drink. What was the question?

MRR: Who rocks the most?

Spam Chop: We all do, ain't no party like a Meat Sluts party!
BB: Yeah...we are like four front women on stage at once! Look out! I like to rock my van too...heh heh.
Carmela Mignon: Since I drink the least I'll say I rock the most. I have to be superlative somehow.
Filet O' Nettie: I don't really rock as much as I just kind of fall down.

MRR: When can we see you gals play?

BB: Around the Bay Area once a month. Remember being regular is good for you.
Filet O' Nettie: We're like a PTA meeting, we play once a month. But if you live in Chico, ask BB, you'll never see us.

MRR: Where do we find info about your band?

Spam Chop: We have a Facespace...under the Meat Sluts.
BB: www.facebook.com/themeatsluts
Filet O' Nettie: Yep.

MRR: Anything you want to say to the people?

BB: Check out the Meat Sluts! We are F-U-N!
Spam Chop: Take advantage of 2013, this is the year to bring it.
Carmela Mignon: How come you never bring us chocolate mini donuts?
Filet O' Nettie: Support your local independent music store, magazine, radio and all-ages venue. For crying out loud! Go out and see touring bands but don't forget your local bands need your support too.
BB: Yes to that!

MRR: Finish this sentence, "If you were a rock'n'roll record..."

Spam Chop: You got to have two of me to spin on the ones and twos remix baby! Fist Pump.
BB: "You would be a hit I knoooooooow" we used to cover that song. Need to bring it back. I love Freddy Cannon! Man, poor kids today. "If you were an iTunes..." sigh.
Carmela Mignon: I'd be unique.
Filet O' Nettie: You'd come with a download card please. You know. For the kids.

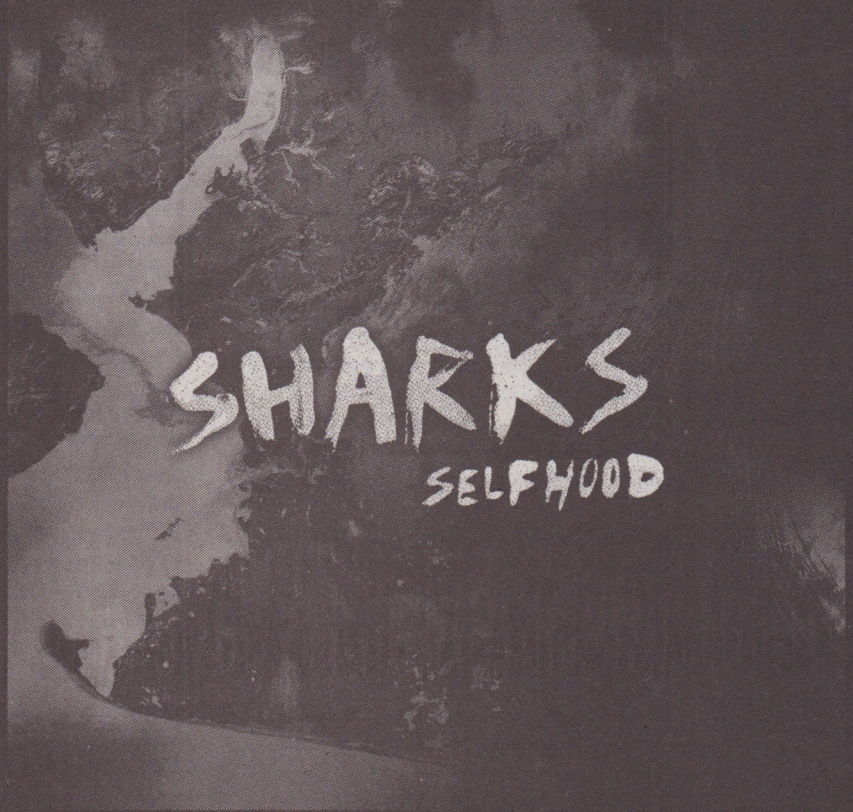
MRR: Final question: Paper or Plastic?

Spam Chop: Paper!
BB: BYOB—Bring your own bag!
Carmela Mignon: Double paper with plastic.
Filet O' Nettie: Boobs.

Sharks III

SELFHOOD

As Seen On Tour With **Social Distortion**, **The Gaslight Anthem**, and **Title Fight**



RISE RECORDS

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"FORTUNATELY, WE LIVE IN THIS FUCKING COUNTRY BECAUSE THAT IT WOULD BE NOT WHAT TO SING ABOUT, AND THAT'S IT, SHORT AND TO THE POINT. SEE YOU AT THE PICKETS AND CONCERTS!"

THE LINE

The Line was created in January 2010 in Warsaw and the team includes people from such projects like Only Way Out, Nihil Novi, PointoOf View, Posing Dirt and Gangsterski Chwyt. The Line recordings should appeal to the supporters of the old school hardcore punk. Youth of Today, Minor Threat or Gorilla Biscuits spring to mind. It should be pointed here that the Polish lyrics talk about the unity of the scene, workers' rights, racism and Polish reality. The band has recorded a number on seven inch released by 83 records, NO BREAD! records and Rotten Gorol Production. For now, the team is suspended. Interview by Lydia Athanasopoulos. Translation by Karina od Styka. All photos provided by the band.

MRR: Hello there! Please give us some history, how you met and formed the band.

Pete_TNT (vocalist): We know each other from the hardcore/punk concerts, which were held in Warsaw. I know Tom (Way Out) the longest, then I met Luke and Ziemek. I have always been fascinated by bands playing fast, short and to the point, so I made iy clear that I wanted to play the same way. Tomek had a guitar, Lukasz was on drums and Ziemek on the bass, that was the beginning. The first attempt took place in February 2010, for the first time we played "We have a Problem." The Line formed Ziemek, Greg, Lukasz and me.

Greg (guitar): I got to the Line by the announcement of the "looking for a guitarist." I liked what they played and I thought it was worth a try.

Lukasz Uta (drums): I knew the boys before from the DIY punk concerts in Warsaw and probably by Darek Liberation (our good friend). I played with Ziemek (bass) previously in a band called Gangsterski Chwyt. We had long thought about a new band since 2007 with Tomo (guitar) from Only Way Out. Finally, the idea came from Pete_TNT/Byku. He wrote to me and asked if I would play with him and Tom old school hardcore with polish lyrics. Of course I agreed…actually I treat the Line as the best band which I played in. The Line formed in February 2010 and had a practice in Fonia in Warsaw. First practice we played without a bassist. Then came Ziemek. From the very beginning it was fast with good lyrics in Polish, so that everyone knows what we want to say. The first song I played was "Mamy Problem" ("We have a Problem"). Later in June, Tomek passed away and was replaced by Greg (formerly Posing Dirt, currently Massmilicja, Happy Bones). In October, the material was recorded in the studio and in November I went to the UK and now the group is in abeyance.

Tomo (guitar): We know each other for a long time from various concert events and scene activism. I was once the vocalist for Only Way Out. Currently no longer playing in the Line.

MRR: What does the Line actually mean; in what context do you use this word?

Pete: "The Line" is one of the Nations On Fire's tracks, and i really liked it and liked this band, it was one of the first political front HC in Europe. At the beginning I had the idea to name the band Start Today, or Way Out. Tomek said that the band Way Out already existed.

Greg: It's hard to say how I joined the band, the name was already given. For me, the Line is to follow your own path, without regard for the obstacles.

Lukasz: Byku and Tomek are fascinated by the band Nations On Fire. They play a song named "The Line". The Line as the number of people who stand shoulder to shoulder to help each other. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Know that you'll never be walking alone.

Tomo: Our band's name we took from the track Nations On Fire band from the album *Strike the Match*. As for me, this is one of my favorites bands and albums. There were even some suggestions of names but stood for the Line as the name is concise and easy to remember.

MRR: You have also played in some other bands. What style of punk did you play?

Pete: Nihil Novi—that was my beginning on hardcore/punk stage, we were extremely radical, we threw out our drummer because he defended his grandfather, who was a hunter. The band existed shortly but we managed to play three concerts. The next project was the Point Of View, we were crust punx and we admired the bands of that time.

Greg: I playing in the bands Happy Bones and Massmilicja.
Lukasz: Our bassist, Ziemek was playing in Rwala Kwiatki Dynamitem, Poradnik Uzdrawiacza, Gangsterski Chwyt. I was the drummer in Abstynencja, Project GM, Chwila Strachu, Kryzys Tozsamosci, Gangster Grip and vocalist in the band Granica Moralnosci. They were strictly punk bands or playing dirty hardcore punk. Gangsterski Chwyt officially released two CDs plus published two numbers on the compilation CD for *Antifa Benefit* (No Pasaran records, 2008, the track "Seven Generations Ago"), plus for the people detained following November 11 (called "Independence Day"), "Solidarity is our Weapon" (2009, Solidistro) and "In the name of Freedom and Democracy". Gangster Grip have one called *Silesian-Mazovian Union Against the Injustices of this World* and it is a split CD with the band Nihilizzm of Raciborz. The rest of my bands have recorded to CDR or tape.
Tomo: Been performing as a vocalist in the band Only Way Out in the years 1999 to 2003. We played old-school hardcore punk-influenced. We released an EP and tape in on Refure records. Our tracks found themselves in various CD compilations including *Take No Heroes* published in France by Boisleve records between a number of European labels. By the way, greetings to Yanna from Boisleve!

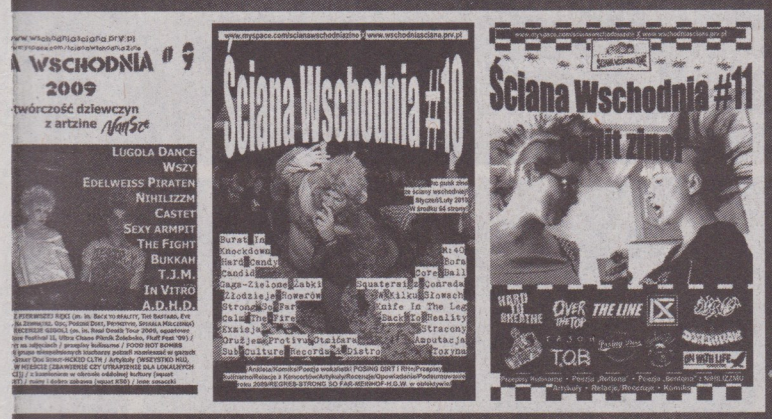
MRR: And you recently just released an EP, one song is a cover of the Ramones. How did that happen? What other releases do you have?
Pete: This track is so simple that even I can play it without knowing completely any tricks, I play it on two strings. At one of the attempts I just played it and showed Tom as one of us would move to a faster tempo, the idea was caught, and it is even fun to listen to. In a word, it came out of a music collage that shows that there is no difference between punk and HC.
Lukasz: The EP is our only one material. It came out of the 200 units in four colors. A few copies of the plate were benefits for the treatment of our colleague, Nieforemny from Bydgoszcz, beaten by some guys and for the Polish Antifa. The album I released together with Cezary (83 records), Pavel from NO BREAD! records, Moscow and Artur from Rotten Gorol Production, Mother Teresa (band) from Amsterdam. I still have some copies to write! And as for the "Hey ho"…in the end we did it with the bang, right? Ehhe…

MRR: Is it hard for bands to release records in Poland? How do bands go about booking shows, or touring?
Pete: I think the first part of the questions will be by Łukasz. He releases records, also he has his own distro, he is best oriented in this topic. Poland is not a desert. Concerts take place, there are organized routes. The local scene went through their boom in the '90s, there were a lot of people, then stagnation due to the fact that the kids grew up and started families. Now you can see the exchange of generations, there is a lot of kids (15-16 year olds) that remember bands from the '90s (maybe not quite as actively participating in the life of a scene as it once was, but they are still around).
Greg: Releasing records in Poland is not difficult, it is more difficult to reach the listener. I have the impression that on stage HC/punk is considerable chaos. A lot of bands arise, most of which fall apart after a few days, weeks. There are no publishers. Concert tickets, CDs, etc., are expensive. Tour is hard to do, because the cost is usually much higher than you can cover.
Lukasz: Poland is a really small country and easy to organize concerts even if it is in the club, in a squat or to do a picnic on vacation. We have friends, mates who do gigs, so it is no problem to play in another region or the other end of Poland. I think currently we could play the gig without problem outside Polish borders through contacts I have gained from my distro. This is so if the label or the band has the money they do it themselves. If not, then they are looking for labels to cooperate. I think currently the best is to take 100 units or several dozen vinyl records then release and distribute yourself 500 units.
Tomo: Besides financial issues, we do not have any problems with the release of the material. Paying for the studio costs some money, to tour and do gigs you have to pay additionally more than once. I do not want to say that we want to make money, because it's not the point of punk, but sometimes money is a hard issue.

MRR: Is there a message you want to send with your music and your lyrics? You say on your site that they are political, antifa, anti-racism, pro workers' rights etc. Are those things you have to deal with in your city/country?
Pete: The Line's lyrics are just my point of view about the reality that surrounds me; opinions contained in them are more or less in line with the views of other bandmates. Are these political lyrics? I do not think so. It's more frustration resulting from living in this fucked up country and rage for sick mentality of the people who live in Poland. The lyrics to "We have a Problem," touch on a still dangerous nationalist movement in Poland, which in recent years has intensified and is becoming more active. This track is addressed to people who are trying to downplay this disturbing phenomenon. "Lewiatan" is in opposition to changes in the Labour Code, striking directly at people. This text was written right after the second strike on the Polish Post, I took part in it as a member of Ozz "Inicjatywa Pracownicza."
Greg: I did not write lyrics, I do not know what the author had in mind. There are certainly antifa notions, anti-racist lyrics, supporting workers' rights. Unfortunately, these are problems we face in Poland.
Lukasz: You don't have to analyze the text of the Line deeply to understand them. The texts are not just sucked from a finger, they just describe the Polish reality. "Here we are not United States, here's kurwa Poland." The lyrics are about the unity of the punk and hardcore scenes, the problem of homophobia in Poland, breaking up of workers' rights (by underpaid junk contracts time lengthening, etc.), hypocritical Catholicism, which is a lot here, or Polish poverty.
Tomo: What can I say. Communism collapsed in Poland 23 years ago, however, when compared with Western Europe, we are still a poor country. The systemic transformation has led to massive unemployment, job losses, mobbing and many negative effects associated with it. Totalitarian communism has been replaced by a totalitarian capitalism. Milicja's (kind of communist police) and military terror was replaced by economic terror (sometimes even the police). All of this contributes to the formation of nationalist movements. You can even say that the current situation in the country is conducive to the emergence of such movements, which is fairly disturbing. I do not believe that the nationalists took control in our country, but they are dangerous in daily contact. They indoctrinate young people under the guise of patriotism and instill various sick things.

MRR: Poland has a long history of good punk. How are things right now? Is there a new scene evolving? I really like Hatestory, Apatia, TZN Xenna are active again...
Pete: Let me confine myself to the scene hardcore/punk in Warsaw, because the whole of Poland is full of good bands and people still

creating new bands. I recommend Warsaw Dolls, the Lowest (be sure to check them out), Death Row, Hard to Breathe, Massmilcja. See page www.warsawhardcore.pl, there is a lot of information about the concerts, there is also a section for downloads, where there is a lot of good music. Outside of Warsaw I recommend Preshrunk from Konin.
Greg: My answer for question is the same as number five. The bands that I really like are Hatestory, that you mentioned. We played with them last concert (in the sense we are Happy Bones) and they are a really nice team.
Lukasz: When it comes to Apatia, the band broke up in May 2011. Inkwizycja from Krakow began to play again (good anticlerical lyrics). In July 2011 TZN Xenna reactivated and they played their last concert in 1987! Also Antidotum from Warsaw. Regres from Czestochowa now recorded another 12" *You Don't Have to Look Back*. And also Burst In, this band I love, very fast with lyrcis in Polish! In the extremes of punk I would recommend Infekcja or Nihilizzm or Mordynga (ex-HGW).
Tomo: Fact. Poland is one of the few countries of the former communist bloc which has a rich tradition of punk/hardcore/new wave music and alternative activities, broadly understood. We have something to be proud of. It seems to me that the current Polish scene is more consumer-based than two decades ago.



MRR: Can you suggest any good zines, squats, collectives etc.? Are there punk scenes in many Polish cities besides Warszawa?
Pete: Unfortunately, when it comes to recommending bands and zines I will follow my mates, I have no talent for remembering names. Slightly above I gave some cool bands from Warsaw. I can recommend two good squats where a lot happens, these are in Poznan (Rozbrat) and Warsaw (Przychodnia).
Greg: It's hard to say, there are a lot of interesting bands, the best browse the net. There is a website, www.hard-core.pl with a topic "Polish bands on Bandcamp"—have a look there and listen. I recommend the *Sciana Wschodnia* zine.
Lukasz: I do zine 83 *Sciana Wschodnia* [means East Wall], and the zine has been published since 2003. It has eighteen issue so far. Thematically, we do not focus only on crust and hardcore. The zine is also not a typical music zine. Predominant topics are about liberation. In the middle there are always articles, columns, competitions, polls, comics, drawings, collages, reviews, interviews, vegetarian recipes and graphics. We are open to cooperation and try to release the zine three times a year. A good DIY zine, which I can recommend is *Chaos w mojej glowie* (Chaos in my head) unfortunately set on crust punk, various punk zines *Zachod slonca* and *Remains* (punk travel, interviews, thoughts and other things). Today in Warsaw there is no longer Elba, but the new squat Przychodnia. We played Zakazny in Biała Podlaska (this is not a squat but a place for gigs and actions) and Rozbrat in Poznan. I can recommend these places. The Polish punk festivals I recommend of course are Ultra Chaos Picnic in Żelebsko!
MRR: And do you have old punks who are still active? Equally, are there many young people entering the punk scene?
Pete: Yes, me and Tom are active all the time.
Greg: I don't worry about it too much.
Lukasz: It depends on what you mean by young punx. Those 15-25 years old? I think that most punks aged 25-42 who gravitate organizing concerts, publishing punk, etc. At each concert you can see punk kids, and you can see the old crew with their children and wives, the "adults," you know...home, work, family...I associate myself with Polish organizers of several who have been active for 35 years. As in December 2011, TZN Xenna played in Warsaw; there were plenty of old punks whom you do not see at concerts. A buddy of mine described it as the "rats came out of the canals" eh he he.
Tomo: Many people formerly involved in a scene emigrated from the country. You could say that the scene is a constant exchange of generations. But there are also people who work or appear at concerts continuously for many years. Of course there are also young people. In general, however, I have observed that the average age of participants in the scene is more than a dozen years of age.

MRR: And how are things politically? What is it like to be a punk in Poland today?
Greg: I am fed up by politics. I have the impression that it serves just to cause a fight, complicating the simple topics and multiplying problems.

MRR: What do you do besides play with the Line? How are your everyday lives?
Pete: I work, I have a wife and a wonderful daughter, in March my son will come to the world, now I finish building a house.
Greg: Attempts, work, gigs. Approximately looks like my life.
Lukasz: I'm in the UK for over two years. I decided to improve my finances. Once upon a time I went back often, but I do not rush to Poland now.

MRR: You recently had the Euro Cup there. I read the horrible story about the mass killing of stray dogs in Ukraine before it happened. How did you feel about this event and having the Euro take place in your country?
Pete: UEFA European Football Championship Poland organized it together with Ukraine, but the history of the dogs occurred just in the Ukraine. Even thought I personally feel happy with this sporting event, because I am a football fan and I love this sport, now there is a problem with stadiums because they will be very expensive to maintain, the championship in Portugal ended up that it was necessary to demolish the stadiums.
Greg: I have not heard about the killing of stray dogs in Poland, but Ukraine reportedly has fucked up things happen. As it turned out, that the Euro will be in Poland, I remember that it was a total joy.
Lukasz: Stray dogs were murdered in Ukraine. The Euro Cup, I watched it on television and saw how Polish fans behave like animals, when they demolished the city or fought with newcomers. Shame.

Tomo: Yes, killing the dogs took place in Ukraine, but not in Poland. It goes without saying that it was fucking cruel. The problem of stray dogs had to be solved by sterilization, preventing their proliferation rather than mass murder. I saw on the internet a video of a garbage dump where dogs are thrown out slowly dying, it was scary. For me it is all the more sad, because Ukraine is one of my favorite countries and I've got friends. As for the European Championships, for me it was an unnecessary game, which spent a lot of money.

MRR: On that note, are there any punks who are into football, or any Ultras?

Pete: There is one club in Poland, which is associated with the Antifa, the club is Polonia Warszawa.

Marcin (our friend): When it comes to anti-fascist football fans in Poland, from what as I know it's quite a large group active in the Polonia Warszawa. They have their anti nazi fans scarves. They were also on the team Wkra uromin and Orkan Sochaczew, which is probably a group on the other stadiums. I know there are some in the Jagiellonia Bialystok and Lech Poznan teams. This is just my point of view, but as it is in Polish stadiums, rather everyone knows. Quite a large group of people meet every year at the tournament in Torun. "We play football, even in the rain" and every year the tournament involves a greater number of people, even in the last year there were two teams of kids involved and probably this year there will be more. This means that more and more people are tired of this shit associated with the nationalists in stadiums and the primitive slogans proclaimed by them. I hope that the situation will change and the stadiums will become more normal in my opinion, no politics and no idiots.

Tadeusz (our friend): Supporters go to matches of anti-racists Polonia Warszawa. It used to be the team in the Mazurze Elk and Wkra uromin. Well, the roots are very cool, because before the war we had Jewish clubs (the most famous are Hasmonea Lwow, Jutrzenka Krakow) both played in the Polish league. It is also the most famous Ukrainian Ukraine Lwow and German. A few years ago, it reactivated Silesian autonomists club 1FC Katowice. With this club originated most famous interwar footballer Wilimowski Ernest, who went from this club to Traffic Hajduki Wielkie (today's Ruch Chorzow). Jagiellonia Bialystok is a murder which was in the background of fights against nazis. Fans who do not want nazis call themselves Pretorians, but they lost. One of them was stabbed a few times with a knife below his house and died. Currently nazis divide and rule in grandstands and if there are Pretorians they are hidden somewhere. Ernest Wilimowski before the war was our best player at the World Cup in 1938, he scored (!) Brazil four goals (Poles lost the match 5-6 and were eliminated from the championship). This achievement has improved only in 1994 when Olek Salenko scored five goals. During the war, Ernest played for the representation of the Third Reich. In eight games he scored thirteen goals. After the war he was considered a traitor and he had no return to the Polish market. He was not a Pole, he was more Silesian. 1FC Katowice won second place in Poland in 1927, in this club, like I said playing in the German minority. I played once at a tournament in Toru . Cool atmosphere. "We play football, even in the rain" is an anti-racist event. In Poland, there is a fan club, St. Pauli and nothing else. Sometimes Nigdy Wiecej will do actions in Polish stadiums, "Let's kick racism out of the stadiums." Oh, and the Euro did not chang anything in our country, really! Racism, neo-nazism was swept under the carpet, just hidden. All the time there is a racist anti-Semitic excess in stadiums, most evident in the lower leagues where no one cares whether the celtic cross or a swastika is hanging on the stadium and they throw bananas to black players. You could play better than all the players in the team, as Traoe in Lechia Gda sk, but for the most part footbal fans think you'll be only be a monkey or a nigger. Oh, and once Podhale Nowy Targ, the best Polish club in ice hockey fans, they cheered anti-rasism and luminaires were there, but when Dick from ONR became president it was over. I love football and it's a pity that this shit is in our stadiums. Do not forget the roots of the multinational when we established our football. On Polonia Warszawa stadium nazis and anti-nazis sitting in different sectors. The situation in stadiums reflects the situation on the streets. The extreme right wing has taken over the football sector. Oh, and football fans of Cracovia do not displace their roots and their club was formed by Jews.

MRR: What are some future plans for you as a band? Do you think the fall of the European Union will finally happen? He he he!

Pete: The band as far as I understand is suspended because the drummer is abroad. Personally, I do not think that the EU will collapse.

Greg: I do not know about the rest of the members of the Line, I have no plans to break down the EU.

Lukasz: I would like to start playing again.

Tomo: It's hard to say how it will be, with the EU. On the one hand, Poland has gained many benefits from joining the EU nd on the other, it is known that it is a bureaucratic institution, profit for the rich and closing the borders to immigrants.

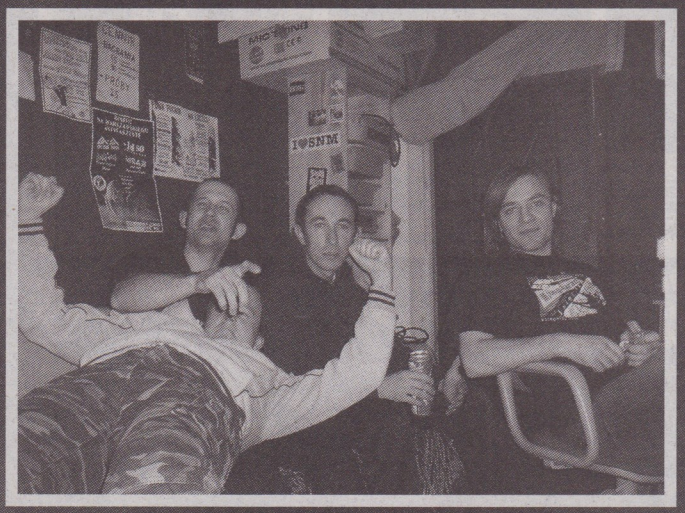
MRR: OK, last comments are all yours, to send a message to the readers, to say what you want. Thank you!

Pete: Thanks for your interest, sorry for the ascetic expressions but I prefer to talk than to write.

Greg: Thanks for the interview. I greet you all warmly.

Lukasz: Thank you! Support small labels such as 83 records.

Tomo: You are welcome to Poland and Eastern Europe!



THE LINE

Members:

Pete_TNT, Byku: vocals
Greg: guitar (11/6/2010)
Łukasz Uta: drums
Tomo: guitar (6/2/2010)
Ziemek: bass

Get in touch:

www.thelinewarsaw.bandcamp.com
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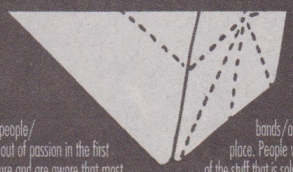

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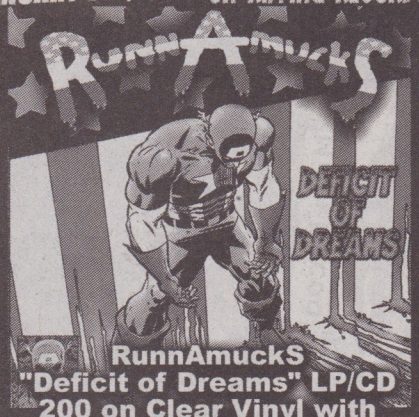

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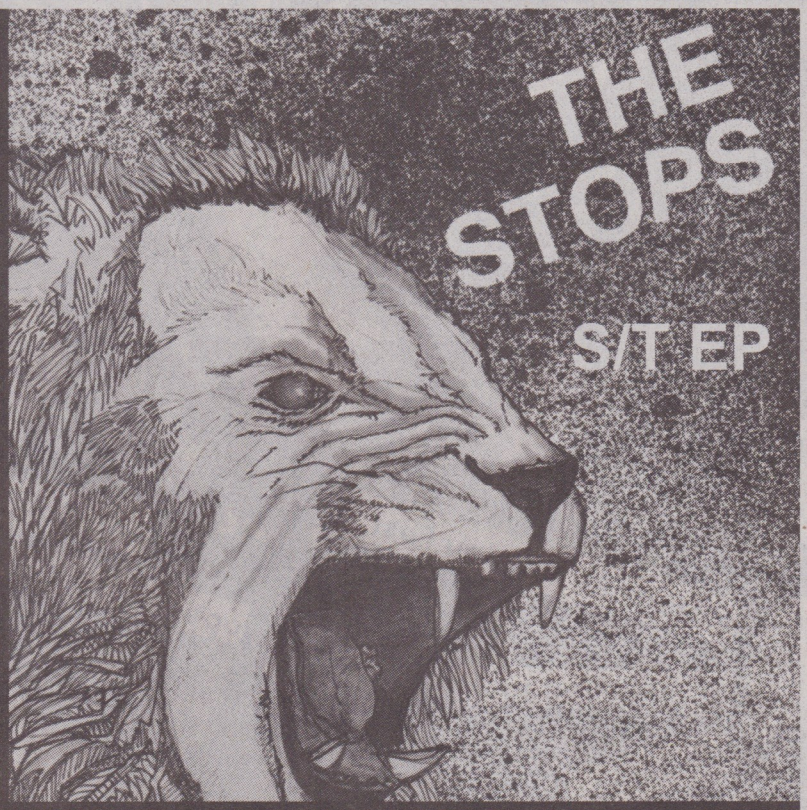

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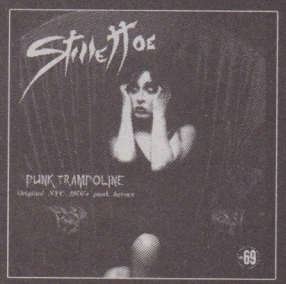

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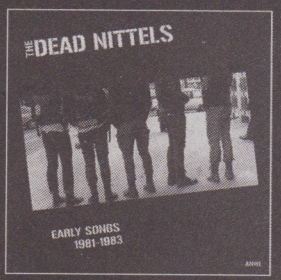

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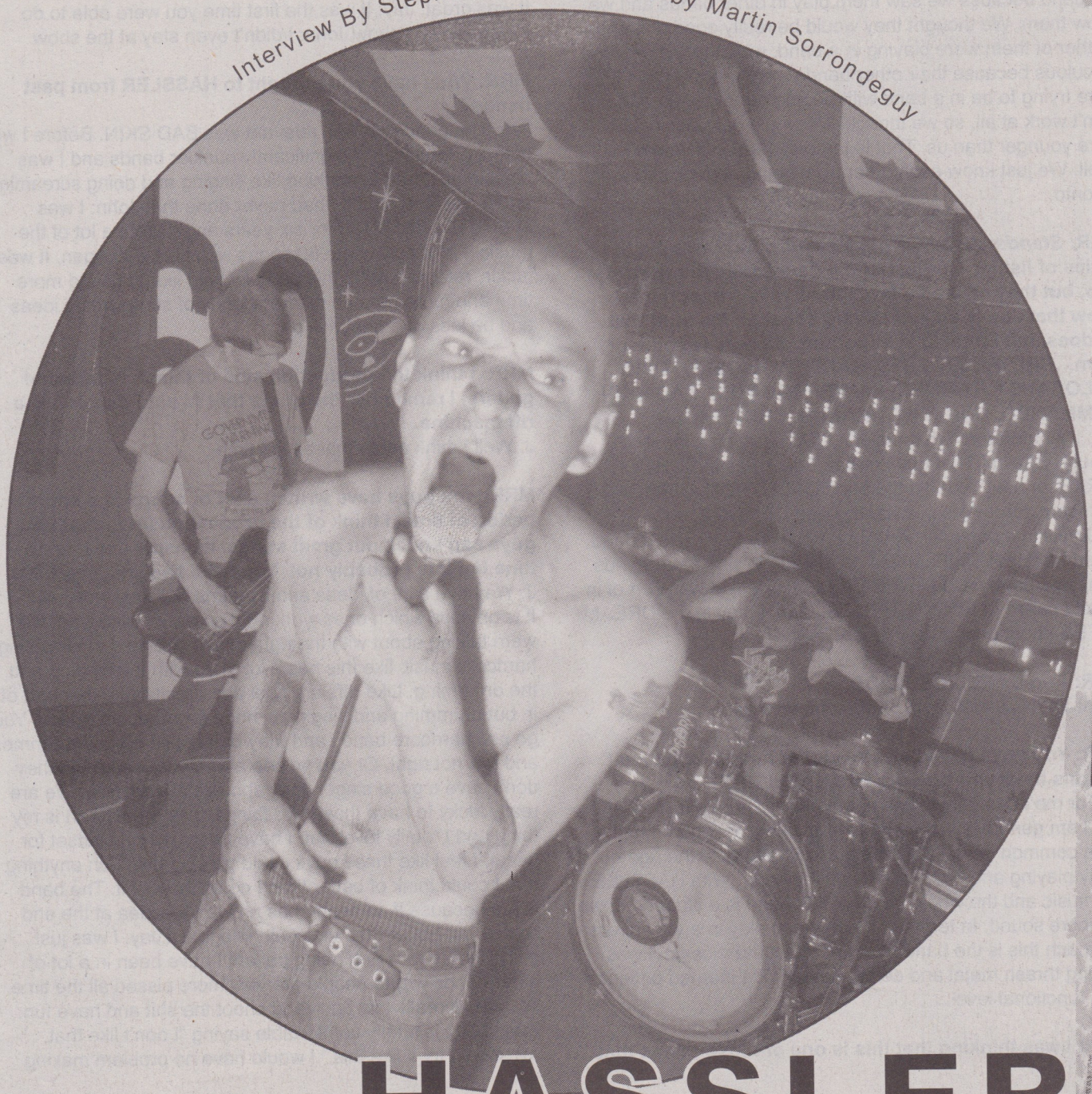
HASSLER are an exciting new group that takes the DOUBLE NEGATIVE model of song writing and applies their own loves for hardcore, which are too numerous to begin listing here. They do refuse to fall into the trappings of loving any one style of hardcore, which is part of why I love them, but I am not the only one. One of the editors for this very magazine said of their EP that it "....is un-fucking-real. The record is stupid good. If you ever claimed or claim to like hardcore in its most violent, purest forms, then you should love this." This EP came out on Schizophenic records out of Hamilton and a new EP is about to be released on Beach ImpedimentrRecords. The band features some of the hardest working members of the punk scene in Toronto, but we will get into that in the interview below so read on.

Interview By Stephe Perry • Photos by Martin Sorrondeguy



HASSLER

MRR: Introduce yourselves and tell us what you do in the band.
Al (A): I'm Al. I play drums.
Jon (J): Jon, I play guitar.
Jay (Ja): Jay, I sing.
Erik (E): I'm Erik. I play bass.

MRR: When I found out who was in this band I was trying to figure out how you guys met. I think you are an unlikely cast of characters.
J: I know all these guys. I have known Al for years and years. I was in RAMMER with Al and we wanted to make a band. We tried for a bit and it didn't really work until we got this line up together. We asked Erik and Jay to be in the band because we saw them play in other bands and we know them. We thought they would be really good at it and neither of them were playing in a band, which to me seemed ridiculous because their other bands were great. Al and I were trying to be in a band with people our own age and it didn't work at all, so we thought we would get people who were younger than us. That is the only reason it worked out at all. We just know each other from being at punk shows in Toronto.

MRR: *Standard Issue*, a punk zine from Ottawa did the duties of listing off most of the bands that you were into, but they missed a few. I think this is important. I know that Jon is sick of talking about all the stuff that he does, but I think it is important. So here is some of them…BRUTAL KNIGHTS, CAREER SUICIDE, TOXIC HOLOCAUST, RAMMER, the REPROBATES, BAD SKIN, KOMMANDO, UNION OF URANUS, CHOKEHOLD.
Jay: It's unfortunate that the JOLLIES were on a label through Ottawa. That guy is weak.Erik: I was in SCHOOL JERKS for a bit. Al: I did the band CAULDRON. DIEMONDS represent.John: Al is in a band called DENTATA, now.
Al: Jon is in a band called VALLEY BOYS. Erik does a band called FATHER TIME.John: I have been in way more bands. I was in a band called FREE VIOLENCE.Jay: I was sort of in a band called BURNING TABLES.John: I play in the DREAM DATES about once every seven years.

MRR: And CAREER SUICIDE.
John: That is usually two or three times a year.

MRR: You guys have been in a lot of bands. What past lessons have you brought into HASSLER?
Al: For me I can only speak about playing drums in the bands and I am generally just trying to strip things down and make them common sense from the drum kit and take the ego out of my playing and just make it suit the song. With HASSLER the music and the whole intent of this band is a stripped down hardcore sound. In terms of me trying to play in a very direct approach this is the band I get to do that the most in. I was playing thrash metal and death metal.Erik: I learned patience on a functional level.

MRR: I was thinking that this is one of those things that come with experience. You just have to wait stuff out.
Erik: You have to figure out a way to work together.John: You can't make people do what they don't want to do. So you can't try. I have done that in the past. It doesn't work. It always turns out awful. You have got to look at stuff from other people's perspective. It is a group effort. There are different people and they are going to have a different level of involvement in the band and that is okay. It is actually probably better that way. People are going to get different stuff out of the band than I am and that is great. Jay: Don't be the only person that drives and try not to do Ketamine.John: Saturday was the first time in my life I played a show with the VALLEY BOYS and I didn't drive to the show. It was the first time ever. I took the subway to the show and I got so drunk. It was great. Jay: It was the first time you were able to do Ketamine at a show.John: I didn't even stay at the show.

MRR: What have you brought to HASSLER from past bands?
Jay: The band that was relevant was BAD SKIN. Before I was in that band I was in significantly punkier bands and I was playing guitar so something like singing and doing screaming and more agro stuff if I had never done that.John: I was in BRUTAL KNIGHTS for six years and I wrote a lot of the music. I probably wrote 60 songs with Nick Flanagan. It was fuckin' retarded. With this band I would like to spend more time and more care on different kinds of song writing ideas and be less of a one trick pony.

MRR: I think the production side of things in terms of guitars, I remember the quote that Al said that Jon is a riff machine.
J: Well I think about that all the time.

MRR: You guys have written a lot of songs in a short period of time. I think of the production line…that you guys can knock out great songs. It seems like it is no time but it is probably not. You have two amazing EPs.
J: We have a lot of ideas and it seems like they work well. It is obvious which ones work right away. It is like what we were talking about with the right mix of people. I think writing hardcore music like this has a lot to do with the singing and the drumming. Like riffs are cool and I really love that part of it, but drumming and singing is huge for hardcore bands. You go see hardcore bands and they don't have a good drummer and it is not right. Or you go see a hardcore band and they don't have a good singer, they shouldn't even exist. We are really lucky to have those two things. Like the riff part is my thing and I totally love that. I have been in that mindset for years. I feel like these guys could play pretty much anything that I could think of better than I could think of it. The band is fun because if someone has an idea the idea at the end comes out better than we could imagine it.Jay: I was just going to say with Erik being patient I have been in a lot of other bands where people are way more pissed all the time. We are all really laid back and shoot the shit and have fun. Everybody is totally comfortable saying "I don't like that, we should try it like this." I would have no problem making

any suggestions on anything that I thought of and nobody is going to go "Fuck you that is my song." That is really key. People need to be accepting. I was pretty hooked on that. There is always a willingness to work between the bunch of us. John: It is fun too when you are doing this because there is not a thing in the band where we are trying to sound exactly like 1982 Boston hardcore or whatever, you know what I mean. That is fucked, that is bullshit. I don't wanna do a tribute band, I want to play whatever the hell sounds good for this group of people. If that sounds good we are going to play it even if it is not stylistically 100%. It has got to be in the neighbourhood for sure but it's suppose to be a mash up. It doesn't have to be 100% like we're doing "this". It's fun because we just play the stuff that sounds good to us.

MRR: How long has HASSLER been together, because I have only started seeing flyers this summer?
John: We played our first show in April. We were jamming in the winter.

MRR: Where does the name HASSLER come from?Al: My friend Dana made it up and suggested it.

MRR: Okay but what does the name mean? Is it someone who hassles somebody? Is that a hassler? Is it a phrase you use amongst you and your friend?
Jay: It kind of makes me think of Eddie Haskell and sort of being a prick creeper.John: Didn't Dana say that a hassler is a guy who goes around hassling girls all the time?

MRR: That is kind of like a creeper right?
Al: In a good way.John: I like the name because it is not a regular punk hardcore name. It is not another band's song title or two words from two other bands put together or whatever. It's doesn't mean anything really.

MRR: So how would you describe your sound? I was reading a couple of things on-line before we got together, but how would you describe it,?
John: We had an idea to make a fast thrashy hardcore band. There is a lot of bands around now playing this kind of music that are doing New York or Boston style or like really noisey DISORDER type stuff; five or six years ago everyone was trying to be like the CIRCLE JERKS or whatever, and it is the same shit over and over again. I kind of thought doing something that was thrashy, like almost kind of grinding stuff that was like RIPCORD or BGK, but it's suppose to be a mishmash of punk and hardcore stuff.
Al: Fuckin' harder than anything else going on, ha ha.John: Just trying to do something that was fast and thrashy and kind of different. Something that no one else is doing. We are trying to do that.

MRR: I love how the sound pulls from all different directions. I was reading from a blog called Invisible Guy who reviewed the HASSLER EO as raw-fi. What do you think of that? Do you think that is an apt description of you guys?
John: The recording on the 7" is pretty blown-out sounding.

MRR: Like the name HASSLER, I have never heard the term raw-fi before. I think it is unique in that it captures that blown out sound that you are talking about, which gives that whole Japanese raw punk sound and it is not lo-fi. It is the opposite right?

Al: That might be just how that first record sounds.John: We have another record coming out in a couple of months and it doesn't sound like that at all. It is kind of clean sounding.

MRR: Yeah, but I just witnessed a whole set of you guys and there is a lot of great mania and craziness that goes on with songs bleeding into each other and there is this whole raw punk element.
John: Yeah, I think that comes out in the other record too. That first EP came out pretty blown-out sounding. We wanted to do strong sounding hardcore punk. That is how it should sound. It is supposed to sound Japanese. I dunno, we have a lot of influences.

MRR: That leads to who do you consider influences on the band?
Al: It's just like fast shit. Like breakdown style hardcore. In our songs I really like that kind of shit.

MRR: Yeah, it is there, but it comes out at these parts that you don't expect it, which is what I love about the HASSLER songs. They are unexpected.
John: Yeah, it is like jammed together.Al: We are all in to different stuff as far as personal tastes go in this band what a singular band influence would be it is not really that direct. We have all been in bands before and we just started this band with us, so everyone has their own input into how it sounds.

MRR: Watching you reminds me of DOUBLE NEGATIVE when I first saw them. They pull from all these different sounds.
John: They are awesome. I really, really like them a lot.

MRR: It is like all these influences with ADD. There is just no attention span so you just go into the next thing. It is a fuckin' wild ride is all I can say.
John: It is fun for us to write the songs and stuff. It is fun to write them in a way where it doesn't necessarily have to be a perfect certain way. We are not trying to be in a band that worries about how close they can be to DISCHARGE or whatever.

MRR: Why would you do something that has already been done before?
John: Lots of people have done that and it has worked.Jay: We are in a nice spot where we are all pretty easy going and into a ton of different shit. It is like, let's play whatever seems to work for us and it doesn't really fuckin' matter what it is.John: Yeah it is true. We are just going to play what sounds good even if it is not necessarily perfectly in one direction.

MRR: I am just wondering if you would credit the local scene for how your sound comes out. Is there anything there?
John: Yeah sure. I have seen some of those bands for sure.

MRR: Do you think it is reasonable to think that some of these reviews might be accurate in terms of there is this sound coming out of Toronto?
John: I am definitely not an expert on the hardcore scene in Toronto.

MRR: Shut up. You go to shows. There is a certain element of noise that has been inspiring bands from Toronto and some examples would be you guys, KREMLIN, S.H.I.T. and COLUMN OF HEAVEN. I think it is an abrasiveness that is coming out of our music these days so I am wondering out of bands out of this city do

you have any thoughts as to why that is?
Al: I think it is like that everywhere.

MRR: I don't hear this sonic blown-out feeling from every scene.
Al: No. I am saying every scene there is commonalities between the bands. You always play together. That is where it comes from. It is a sympathetic thing for all those involved. Who the hell knows why it sounds like that?

MRR: Do you think this sonic irritation is coming out of Toronto bands? That this is a new sound for Toronto?
John: I don't know. I wouldn't say that about all the bands. That's the good thing about Toronto nowadays. I guess in the last year there has been a bunch of bands.Erik: I don't really hear the crazy sounding parts in our stuff at all. I just hear straight up hardcore.John: You know what though? There is one thing with bands in Toronto if I am not mistaken: Jonah recorded most of them.

MRR: Is that right?
John: I think so yeah. I am not 100%.Al: That's it. We have solved it.John: We actually didn't record with Jonah. I don't know. I think there is a bunch of cool bands in Toronto now, which is awesome because for the last few years there hasn't been.

MRR: But I think there is this movement towards this "off the rails" sounding…
Al: More rippin' crazy?

MRR: Yeah. It is tear it all down and make it loud.
Jay: Because everyone is bored out of their fuckin' skulls.

MRR: Tell me about some of the shows you have played so far.
John: The last show we played was with HARD SKIN at Parts and Labour.

MRR: Oh how was that show?
John: It was pretty good. We played first. It was kind of stiff. Jay: It was a good show. Our set specifically ….ehhhhh.Erik: The skins didn't like us too much.Al: We are too fast for the skins. We got the breakdowns.John: The skins are cool. We don't want to fight you. Everything's cool.

MRR: Let me ask you about the self-titled EP. When did that come out?
John: It came out three weeks ago.Al: At our first gig.Erik: Just before. It was in September.

MRR: Who did the artwork for the first single?
John: This really cool guy in Halifax. Adam Kindred.

MRR: How did you find out about this guy?
John: He did work for a couple of other bands that are also Canadian bands. I saw one of the records and …

MRR: You were saying something about the TRUNCHEONS. Did he do that?
John: Yeah, he did the artwork for the first TRUNCHEONS EP. And he did the artwork for a record that just came out. The band is called ASILE from Ottawa. But he has done stuff before that as well. I went to Halifax with CAREER SUICIDE. Halifax has a really good punk scene, which I didn't really know. There are tons of bands there. The bands were all really good. Anyways, I just wrote this guy Adam and started talking to him and he was totally into it. He was totally cool. And he did way more of a job of it then we expected.

MRR: Can you describe the artwork? There is a crazy amount of detail in it. It reminds me of some classic stuff like FLUX OF PINK INDIANS or the SUBHUMANS records.
John: I would say a cross between RUDIMENTARY PENI and SS DECONTROL. A street scene with a scratchy pencil drawing.Al: It has the same concept as that British new wave of heavy metal band TOUCHED *Back Alley Vices* LP. It is the same kind of situation of an alley.

MRR: What was the idea behind the artwork? Did you give him some ideas?
John: Sort of. It was supposed to be a street scene. Al: There is a pregnant girl smoking on it and a rat in a leather jacket. Those were our two ideas that we contributed.John: Our second 7" that is about to come out also has a rat in a leather jacket. Erik: It is supposed to be a mix of scenery, from Scarborough, Oshawa, Gananoque and Cornwall.

MRR: Where you guys are all from?
John: The four worst towns in Ontario. I got to meet Adam at the Varning fest this year. We had never met up face-to-face. He is a really cool guy. He has two bands. A hardcore band called CONCRETE ASYLUM and a strange punk band called ABJECT PAX. Both of his bands are really good. He is a really cool guy and a great artist. The Halifax stuff is really cool. There is a bunch of stuff going on there.

MRR: Let's talk about some of the songs on there. "Asphyxiate". Is it about the Bat Cave?
Jay: No. I used to live in this bachelor apartment and I had one entry way and barred windows. If the house were set on fire I would burn to death. Then you find yourself in the position where you open up the door and the house is on fire, do you just concede to that and lie down and accept it or do you punch through? That's that.

MRR: You were describing it like a house as a fire-trap and bars on the window and I was thinking it was the Bat Cave.
Jay: We used to climb in and out of those windows all the time. There were no bars there. I lived in a teensy tiny little bachelor not a lot bigger than this room. The windows were all barred and there was only one exit into the basement so

if this place ever catches on fire the second floor is going to collapse on my head. It was totally illegal.

MRR: "Pigpen".
John: It's about Toronto. It's about another bullshit government we have in Toronto with our stupid buffoon mayor. He is a joke. "1960's yuppie town run by fucki'n useless clowns."

MRR: You mentioned the second single. What is the label putting out the second single?
John: It's called Beach Impediment records. It is a new label. I think he started it last year. It's Mark Shubert. He was the singer of WASTED TIME. The HASSLER EP is going to be his fourth release. It's called *Amorality*. He is a great dude.

MRR: Tell me about the artwork on the "Amorality" EP.
John: It is a homeless guy, a cop, a businessman, a punk and a baby holding a knife all doing an army salute together. And the back is a rat in a leather jacket pissing.

MRR: Maybe that is going to become a running theme. The rat and the leather jacket?
Jay: I think we are going to have to keep up with that. When the album comes out it is going to be a rat with a leather jacket fucking a pregnant chick that is smoking.

MRR: It is weird that two different artists come up with the same idea?
Al: I always wanted a rat with a leather jacket to be my band's mascot. I can't believe it is actually happening. When I was in RAMMER I wanted to have the thrash rat. Nobody would go for it.John: If we ever get really popular and we go on tours and stuff, do you remember how AVAIL had that cheerleader guy, Bobo? We will have a guy dressed up as a rat in a leather jacket as an antagonist.

MRR: Let me ask you about *Amorality*. Sounds like it is based on the song "Amoral". Jay, what is "Amoral" about? If the title of the next record is based on it I figured the song might have some significance.
Jay: It is essentially about being amoral. It would probably be in reference to myself. It is an indifference to anybody else. Fuck these guys. Fuck my girl. Fuck everything that exists in the fuckin' world. I am just going to impulsively do what I want to do and even at times when I see the flaws in that thing, I am for some reason just affected to act in that way.

MRR: So is it a call for total freedom of whatever? In the same spirit of the original punk scene?
Jay: Not necessarily. There is an obvious notion that you're being an asshole essentially, but I am not going to separate myself from this. I am just going to act in this fuckin' manner. Fuck everyone else. So it is kind of anarchistic in a really poor definition of the term. Essentially I acknowledge that I am a bastard and I am going to be a bastard and that's that.

MRR: What's up with the band in the next little bit?
John: We've got another EP coming out soon. It is probably going to be out within a couple of months I would say. And then over the wintertime we are going to write an LP.Al: We are going to try and get on one of those cruise ship gigs over the holidays.

MRR: That would be amazing.
John: We are going to drink a bunch of beer over at the jam space a little later. I might take a drag off of somebody's smoke over at the jam space.

MRR: Get wild.
John: It is going to be pretty wild. I am going to go to bed by 9:30pm hopefully.

MRR: How do people get in touch with you? What is the best way to reach you?
Al: Come to a gig. John: We have one of those goofy bandcamp things and it goes to my email address, so I could answer it if it is a question, or I can direct you to someone who can. www.hasslertoronto.bandcamp.com.

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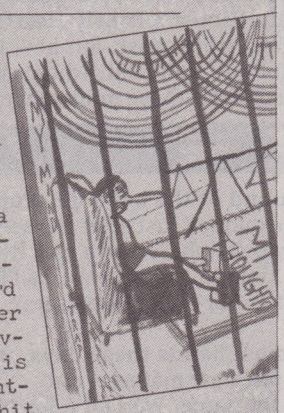

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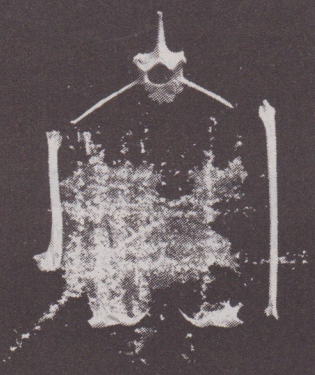

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LA FLINGUE

Vos Bouches Sont des Cadavres! La Flingue is a new band, with ex-members from les Hatepinks, Gasolheads, Aggravation, Irritones and les Jolis. They combine the cold English sound of 1978 with aggression. Like Joy Division mixed with Reagan Youth? No. It's just minimalistic maximum garage punk with the French touch, snot and contempt. Interview by Olivier Crapoulet from Capybara Social Club fanzine. Photos by Ksenia Khashkovskaya.

MRR: Can you all introduce yourselves and your previous bands?
Gigi Joli: My name is Gigi Joli. I'm young. I play in a stand-by band call Les Jolis. We were local superstars in high school. I also play in a garage band called Sun Sick. Olivier hates it.
Oliver Gasoil: Oh, yes. I am Olivier Gasoil. I sing. I played in Gasolheads, Hatepinks and Irritones.
Rudy: Rudy, bass and I do the recording. I played in the Aggravation and Irritones.
Miguel Zorlha: Miguel Zorlha, I play the drums. [I played in] Aggravation and Irritones too.

MRR: How did you start playing music?
Oliver: At fourteen some older guy at school gave me a tape with Bérurier Noir and Never Mind the Bollocks. I listened to it, the hair on my arms skin raised. I really threw all my Kim Wilde, Bryan Adams and A-Ha tapes in the collective junk vacuum. From the moment I heard "fuck this, fuck that, fuck you all you fucking brats" and French "alternative" punk bands like les Rats, les Cadavres et les Sheriff, that was the turning point. I stopped playing football (note from interviewer: Oliver was playing with Zidane in some stadiums in Marseille.) I decided I wanted to be Johnny Rotten and be cool with creepers and tight cravats. So, I formed my first band, Bleifrei. We were terrible, but I'm proud of it. Everybody around was into sports or going to discos, smoking hashish and that shit. We wrote some weak but cool songs like "Occidental Moron" and "Hamburger Brain." We spent all our weekends trying to play "Anarchy [in the UK]," "Blitzkrieg Bop," "Sonic Reducer," or "This is Not a Love Song." I took us tewo years to go out of my father's garage to finally play a disastrous concert at some death metal show a friend from the college was organizing. I threw up before playing, stage fright. The drummer lost his sticks four to five times during the show and nobody actually cared. We played "God Save the Queen," singing "yes future" instead of "no future" at the end, thinking it made sense. We were fifteen to sixteen years old. Nasser, the bass player, formed the Hatepinks with me ten years later.
Rudy: Miguel and I are from the mountains, in the Alps. We had some band trying to play French rock like les Dogs, Little Bob Story, Bijou, Strychnine and all this kind of stuff. We were thirteen to fourteen years old. It was called les Casse-Bonbons or the Candy Breakers. Embarrassing.
Gigi: I saw the Hatepinks in 2004 and decided to form a band. Les Jolis was a nervous pub-rock new wave punk band. We made two LPs on Scanner records.

MRR: Why is German language still so scary to French people?
Oliver: That's not true. We have a few songs in German. I love to write in German, the diction is more martial. It suits the music we do well. I was living in Germany as a very young kid and I'm really in love with all those first wave German punk bands like Kriminalitätsförderungsclub, PVC, the Pack, Big Balls, Artless, Abwärts, Bärchen und die Milchbubis, or even this NDW (New German Wave,) Andreas Dorau und die Marinas, Ideal, Grauzone and Mittagpause.

MRR: You guys just recorded an LP?
Oliver: It's a maxi LP with only six tracks. We have decided to release only maxi LPs. As far as I know, it's the perfect format I never really had so much interest in singles and full lengths are, except for some punk masterpieces, too long and boring. So, here we go. The plan is to release six maxi LPs, each with six songs, every six months. The covers will always be the same: duct tape and gaffer on one of those ugly Beatles covers. This one, Rubber-Glue Zéro Un, is black matte gaffer on the White Album. The next one, Klebb Stoff Zéro Deux, will be neon pink duct tape on Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. This shit is maybe not making big sense. But hey, John Lennon, hate and gaffer tape—why not, huh? But, who cares about what we do anyway? I'm a sucker for these mini-concepts.

MRR: How did the sound of the band develop from Irritones?
Oliver: The Irritones exploded just after the second LP. [There was] a problem between two members and a girl. [It was] so stupid, but not a big deal. It was time to end anyway. La Flingue is exactly the same with a different guitar style. Who cares?

MRR: Compared to most bands these days, it doesn't takes you guys a long time to put new material out.
Oliver: I don't think the same. We had a lot of problems starting this band due to some health problems Miguel went through. I think it should go faster than it actually does.

MRR: Can you explain the lyrics of "Homo Pogo?"
Oliver: It's a first-degree ode to the kids dancing at shows—living acne and hormonal rage. "Dance the pogo like a rat / Just a young human / dancing to the face of a world that's so rough." It has absolutely nothing to do with homosexual punks dancing the pogo. For the love of a dog shit on the face of god! Who would be sick enough to write a song about a gay dance? Some stupid crust punks in some leftish squats in Germany asked me to explain the lyrics, fearing it could be homophobic. Cunts.

MRR: "We Are Selling Drugs" is about the mediation of Marseille about criminality. Do you feel fear in your city?
Gigi: All you watch on TV is true. We are a perfect mix between Kabul and Pyongyang. Never come and see us.
Oliver: Corporate media is trying to drill everyone's head with panic and ignorance. Fear is control. The big pig at the city hall is the problem, more Kalashnikov, please. This city must die. I feel no real difference than when I was a kid lurking on the poor side of the town. Some places can be sketchy, for sure, but the media and politicians play their role in demonizing some part of the population. Mass fear is useful for those pigs. They created this legend about Marseille being the city of crime, drugs and gangs. It's always the same. They keep people ignorant and divided and now we are to the point where the two sides of this town look at each other with distrust.

MRR: Oliver, you were living in those shit cans you mentioned in this song. Has the situation change since then?
Oliver: I don't live in those big concrete buildings (Habitations à Loyers Modérés: HLM) in the north side of town, the very poor side, anymore, as opposed to the south of Marseille. Marseille is very strange about that. There is a strong economic barrier. The north is for the poor, immigrants, Arabs, blacks, gypsies; while the south side is for the bourgeoisie and upper middle-class. The south side has the beaches and the public parks, ghettoizing the other side. The north side (Les Quartiers Nord) is made just for humans living in huge old buildings from the '70s, surrounded by shopping malls and industrial zones.

MRR: You don't have Facebook or social network pages. Can you explain why not?
Oliver: The music we try to do—punk records and concerts—are the best things we will ever do [and] the most personal thing. It's not a job, it's not family, it's something you decide to create by yourself. Why should we damage and corrupt the eventual beauty of it with a giant turd like Facebook? Maybe we lose some connection with people [by avoiding] these tools, but we don't fucking care. I hate it. It's vain. You always have the choice. But, we have a website and Bandcamp. As long as there is no advertising and it's not owned by a big corporate fuck, why not?

MRR: How is the contemporary punk scene in Marseille?
Gigi: I guess it's not so bad. [There are] cool clubs like la Machine à Coudre, la Salle Gueule and le Molotov, cool bands like Calvitie, Departure Kids, Tommy and the Cougars and Keith Richards Overdose.
Oliver: Yes, it's not that bad, especially for venues. Actual bands miss some anger, I would say. And the sense of do-it-yourself is not really something they care about. A lot of my good friends are always like, "hey, I'm a rocker. I can rock. I got my leather jacket. I snort cocaine." That's it? No! That's not it! You need discipline. Book your own shows, book shows for other bands, help bands with design or record them. We have a song about that called, "Ton Cuir Noir de Merde". That's why I appreciate the job you do with Crapoulet, like putting out records from locals, from South American bands [and] helping book tours.

MRR: Olivier, you're part of the early scene with people from Bleifrei, Gasolheads and Lollipop records. Do you feel you have created a scene together?
Oliver: No. It was just three or four years with some cool bands and some solidarity. More people started to come at the shows, [there were] young people dancing. But, it didn't last that long. I think the scene here is almost dead. Young bands do that shitty In the Red/hipster/power pop thing, ugly record covers, bad recordings, beards, pedals, pedals, pedals, delay, echoes, reverb, fuzz, lyrics without aggression—shit, I want my punk straight, direct, with a sense of style and a refrain please! I know, shoot me.
MRR: Have you ever peed on a pregnancy test?
Oliver: No, never. Have you ever peed on your adorable hamsters?

You still love them like your own kids? Mary holy merde of Jésus, I thought you tried to be funny. Never do that again. I play punk rock because I'm angry and I have a negative message. Hate, bile and some gobs. So, don't dilute the strength of my contempt with your second degree. Please, stop it.

MRR: Miguel is recovering from a serious illness, how is he?
Oliver: He's okay now. We had to wait six months. He had to recover from really serious gonorrhea. His articulation almost blocked, his penis was really strange and the pain was awful.
M: I don't want this to be mentioned. It's personal. My genitals almost melted.

MRR: What do you think of this new scene of youth with caps, mustaches, ski sweaters and shitty effects pedals plugged into their shitty guitars?
Oliver: Ha, I can see you remember this discussion we had last night.
Gigi: I wish I could play in one of those bands. The fact that I'm beardless makes me want to kill myself everyday.

MRR: Any last words for readers?
Oliver: I just want to thank the cool labels that let us go with this concept of only doing maxi LPs. Thank you Olivier Crapoulet and thanks to Peter at P-Trash records and we got a three-week European tour coming. Take drugs and kill yourself. Get in touch at www.laflingue.free.fr.
And hey punks in the US! You can receive the first La Flingue LP Rubber-Glue Zéro-Un on Crapoulet records via Chris at Bad Touch records: PO Box 7668, Ventura, CA 93006-7668, USA, or at badtouchrecords@gmail.com Just send him $15 postpaid. You should also buy Catholic Spit I'm Your God Now 7" from him for $4! (Rad death-punk from California).

WHITE MURDER

On a Saturday evening I made my way down to Long Beach to interview the (debatably) LA-based punk band White Murder. Somewhat of a super-group, the band consists of Paul Gomez (drums), Mike D'Amico (bass), Reuben Kaiban (guitar) and dueling female vocalists Hannah Blumenfeld and Mary Animal. White Murder's music sounds like a more musically eccentric Bikini Kill laced with Joy Division, and a live show that's currently giving most of the Southern California scene a run for its money. When I arrive at their apartment, the band is huddled around a record player enjoying a homemade dinner of chili and cornbread, while preparing to head out to a show two of their members will be playing later that night (with their other bands). After a short and unexpected discussion about Bill Cosby (when I enter the room drummer Paul declares "One day I'm gonna start a band called the Cosby Effect"…no one contests him), our interview gets underway. Interview by: Ben Nine-K. Photos by Caryn Rafelson.

MRR: How long has White Murder been a band and how did you guys come together?
Reuben: Paul, it's your fault.
Paul: It was around two years. I had this idea. I heard a Red Kross song and I had met Hannah and I liked the way she sang. And I had Mike in mind to play bass. He used to be in a band called Neon King Kong. And he was a rad bass player.
Mike: I ran into you guys at the El Rey one night at your show and it kinda went from there…
Hannah: There's a bar down the street called The Pike and we had our first band meeting there. Paul had tapped Reuben for guitar and they're kind of a package deal [indicates toward Mary]. So she just showed up with him and it's been the five of us ever since.
Paul: It's kinda like "tag you're it." Then we said "that's enough members." Someone with an accordion wanted to join and we were like "sorry man." [laughs]
Hannah: Mike and I actually shared band mates when we both lived in Cleveland.
Mary: We were in bands together too. [indicates to Reuben]

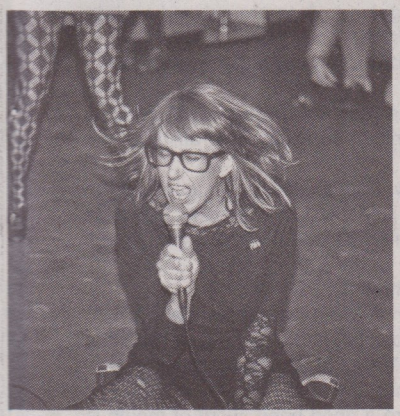
MRR: I feel like this is where the Venn diagram of bands cross and White Murder is the exact center.
Paul: We're like band whores I guess and now we're like Voltron and we just became this big giant robot together.

MRR: I was going to ask later, but this sort of leads to it, how does a band end up with two singers?
Paul: It started over some Bloody Maries at The Pike…or maybe it was at my apartment in San Pedro…
Hannah: I just remember Mary was at the first meeting…and that was the end of it.
Reuben: Mary and I woke up and Paul was like, "come across the street we're going to talk about the band" and I was like, "Mary you wanna come with me?"
Paul: I was hoping we'd be a black metal band.
Hannah: And we were hoping for more of a Katy Perry vibe. [laughs]
Mary: Oh well, next time.
Paul: I want to start a genre of music called "Cosby".

MRR: Why is your band called White Murder?
Mary: I love it because I feel like I can learn more about people by their reaction to the name. I love that it's loaded in so many different ways. When people cringe, or laugh, or get it, it's like quality control.
Paul: A couple of our friends just got married in Memphis and the bride was sporting a White Murder button and this old lady looked at it and was just disgusted and they texted me saying this old lady just couldn't get it.
Mary: If it doesn't invoke a reaction, why do it?
Hannah: I didn't mean for it to be incendiary though…although it was what this country was founded off of.

MRR: You get compared to bands like Bikini Kill often, but are there any influences people would be surprised to know about?
Reuben: I think just the different bands we play in. We're kind of influenced by them too. Everyone in here is in different bands.
Hannah: …and they're all very different.
Reuben: Hannah had "Tell-All" a while ago…
Paul: That's our first single. I remember, it was her idea.
Hannah: It was just me singing and playing bass and violin and that was it.
Reuben: It was way different to how it turned out. And I heard what Mike did and was like "Oh shit I could play this."
Hannah: And it was the B-side!
Mary: It set the tone for sure.
Paul: And it's giving "O-Fuckin-Hio" some props.
Mary: Now I'm like seeing the drunken moments coming back into focus, Hannah was like "It's gonna be great, it's gonna be great, I have the idea for the first song. It's gonna go "*oh-fucking-hio*!" And I was said OK!
Mike: I was agreeing with everything as long as Bloody Maries kept appearing.
Paul: When we initially started the idea of the band and I saw Hannah, I thought man this girl is punk as fuck she just tells people "fuck you" and "fuck off".

Hannah: …not all the time.
Paul: She's really nice, but don't fuck with her.
Mike: Honest to a fault…
Paul: Much props to Hannah
Hannah: To everybody!
Reuben: I don't think we had anything specific, like "we want to sound like this."
Mike: The only rule we had starting out was no hi-hat.



Mary: No cymbals!
Reuben: We were gonna hide Paul's cymbals.
Hannah: It was crazy too 'cause when the band started everyone's lives were in total flux for all different reasons. It was really intense for a while and Mary and I would call the band our life-raft 'cause it was so crazy. Everyone wanted to quit for their own reasons. It got really nuts.
Mary: Hannah just kept saying over and over "this band can be whatever you want it to be."
Reuben: I remember you called me and I was taking a shit and I was like, "I got fired, I'm gonna be homeless in a few weeks, I don't have a car."
Paul: We almost didn't happen.
Hannah: The band sort of started out of that really intense life change stuff, but we held onto it...and that sounds really cheesy. [laughs]

MRR: Changing gears for a minute, as a punk rock/DIY band, do you feel being close to the Los Angeles music scene has an effect on you?
Mike: I think it totally does. Being from Ohio I'm used to all shows being all ages no matter where they're at, but in LA it's sort of an older drinking club crowd. I'd rather play all ages shows to kids who are into it and are there to see a show, and not to be at some kind of meat market, "oh, we're just going out for the night." It's way more fun and more of an event. Being from Southern California it's harder to get dialed into something like that. Places that do put on those shows pop up really quick and then get shut down. Even when you do the show you don't know if you'll get to play because the cops will show up and just close it down. So its kind of *not* cool being from Southern California in that respect, but that's the way I look at it 'cause I'm not from here.
Paul: There was a show in Compton yesterday. Sonny Vincent, '77 punk rock legend. He shows up to Compton and the cops said, "you can't play man."
Reuben: Sometimes you take it for granted, like growing up here and living here. There's just so many shows and they come in waves, like right now there's a lot of bands and shows and it's great.
Paul: …but there used to be way more backyard shows.
Hannah: I think we'd rather play Long Beach than Los Angeles.
Mike: I don't go to Los Angeles unless I absolutely have to actually.
Hannah: LA's crazy. There's like "party-photographers". It's just such a different world and not what any of us are really into.
Mike: It's just fucking weird…and not in a good way.
Hannah: Long Beach is more of an appropriate home for us than LA… I just like saying were from LA because I'm from LA.
Mike: And Hannah is the leader of the pack.
Paul: [makes motorcycle noises]

MRR: You said something interesting earlier about how all ages shows in this area come in waves; are we saying that strictly because of the police, or why do you feel these waves happen?
Reuben: Well I just meant in general. I remember when there were hardly any bands around playing and now it seems like there are three shows every night. We can't get to every show and see every band. I don't know why it comes in waves.
Mike: There'll be a spot that's hot for a minute. Like we'd play the San Pedro Ballet, which was a ballet school. You could bring your own booze because people would rent it out. You'd have to keep the booze in one room, but then when you played where the stage was, there was no booze. But after a while people tend to fuck it up for themselves. I guess they had problems so the place just thought it wasn't worth the risk to rent it out for bands anymore. That's what always happens. Or if someone has a warehouse it'll last for a short time and then something happens or there're cops or the people running it just give up and do something else.
Paul: I love warehouse shows.
Mike: Me too! If I never had to play a bar again I'd be totally happy.
Paul: I like a lot of Northern California venues. Like Oakland, they do a lot of shows like that. I've played a lot of rad shows there and I think that shit's fuckin' awesome. I admire that. We have unity in Southern California, but people are like, "Well, we're in this clique. Fuck that clique." I'm the type of person that wants to go here and then there. I'll go see a black metal band one night, then a garage band, then I'll go see a punk band. Life's too short to hate on all this shit; like, fuckin' give it to me! Whatever's real.
Mary: Paul wants a buffet of music!
Paul: Give me real! Give me the real thing.

MRR: You guys have video content to coincide with almost all of your releases,

is that a conscious decision you've made? Or how does that happen?
Mary: Two ways. One, we're just lucky that our friend Jimmy helped us out with two videos. He's amazing and just fucking did it. And the other one Reuben sliced it together. I found a camera in my grandma's house from the '80s and just shot the video and then put it on the TV and then videotaped the TV. Then the other one…
Reuben: It was *not* on purpose…
Mary: We were in San Francisco and filming a penny arcade museum.
Reuben: We just thought it would be fun to make.
Mary: It's definitely an extension though.
Hannah: Jimmy Fusil made two of our videos and he's a great filmmaker and was just down to do it.
Mike: ….for pizza, pretty much.
Mary: Which is always a good currency.
Reuben: I love both of them. I love the ones we made and his too.
Paul: And he got tied up by Hannah and Mary.
Mike: I think those were ulterior motives.
Hannah: It's like our natural inclination. Mike's roommate silk-screens all of our T-shirts and album covers. One of Paul's oldest friends from high school does our album cover artwork. We make our buttons. It's a very natural DIY thing. It's our norm.

MRR: You guys have a west coast tour coming in two weeks. Are you excited?
Paul: We have a tour van with a rainbow!
Reuben: I wish the tour was longer.
Hannah: It's a good start. Last year we made it up to San Francisco and did four nights in the Bay and now we're extending that. And I would love to get out to the East Coast this year too.
Mary: Yes!
Hannah: We've recorded a whole full fucking album and were just trying to figure out what to do with it. Maybe an East Coast tour would be related to that.
Paul: Hit us up East Coast!

MRR: There's a full length White Murder album?
Hannah: There is. It's so good.
Reuben: It's in my car.
Paul: I slept on top of it yesterday
Mary: Sleep with it under your pillow!
Hannah: We're trying to figure out what the best thing to do with it is.
Mary: …speaking of DIY. That's been really fucking confusing.

MRR: How so?
Hannah: We've put out all of the seven inches ourselves and we're going to record a third next month just to keep something in the mix.
Mary: It's a lot of work but we've never had to compromise.
Hannah: And all the records are sitting in my house instead of some record label's house. So it's good, but we don't have a big distributor, it's just us working and we've sort of thought that that's not the best thing to do with the full-length and maybe we should wait for a label. But we don't really know.
Mary: Everything's changed.
Hannah: More people are putting stuff out themselves. Mike wrote me an email about a week ago and it was this long poetic thing… you were probably stoned [laughs]…. but it was this really good email about how it doesn't matter what label you're on anymore. Ten years ago we would be like "such-and-such label just put out a new record, go check it out," but now you can put it out yourself and get just as much response.
Mike: As long as you have distribution and you can get it out. I've been on bigger labels and gone on tour and had record stores say "we've been ordering your record and the label won't send it to us" and had kids at shows say the same thing, which is ridiculous to me, so I'd rather have the ball in our court so it's all up to us. If we're going to fuck around and be lazy then it's all on us.
Hannah: I go to the post office every day for this band!
Paul: Just like Todd from Toys that Kill. [laughs]
Paul: I run into Todd at the post office all the time.
Mike: I know it seems like a dinosaur way to think, but I just feel like the more you play shows and are out there, if you're a good band, it'll catch on.
Reuben: Without the PR?
Mike: I mean if you have people that are into that, that's cool, but at the same time that's the reason there's a lot of bullshit out there.
Hannah: That's true.
Mike: If you're a good band, word of mouth is the best way.

MRR: Anything you guys would like to finish up with?
Reuben: What is our philosophy, Paul?
Paul: ….just play.
Mary: Just play.
Hannah: Just play.

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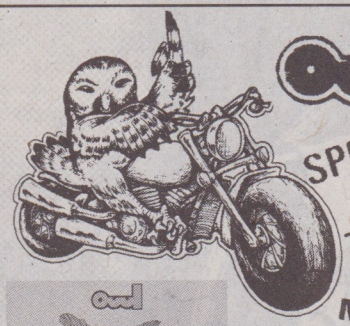

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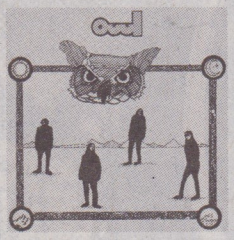

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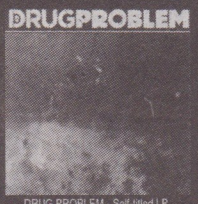
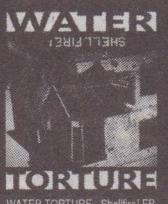
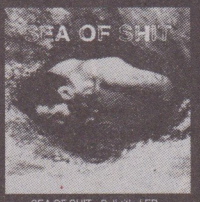


DRUG PROBLEM - Self-titled LP



WATER TORTURE - Shellfire! EP

SEA OF SHIT / WATER TORTURE split 7"



SEA OF SHIT - Self-titled EP

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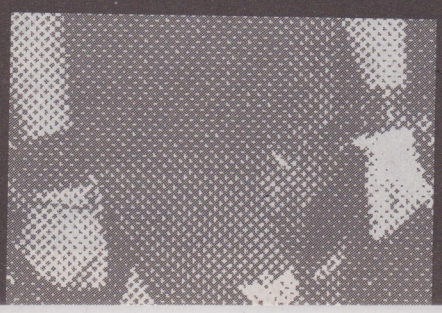
And now, an interview with Italian metal crusties Cancer Spreading with answers from the singer Gabri. I had the chance to share the stage with them on the Besthöven European tour in 2001 in Dresden, Germany at the awesome Paranoy Festival and what I have to say is that they are really fucking killer live! Cancer Spreading show to us with their music some of the best influences between the roots of metal and '80s crust in a really energetic and strong show! Here they are talking about their work, history, upcoming plans and the possibility of a Brazilian tour also, which I really hope can happen soon! Interview by Fofão Discrust (Vermynoze Putrida zine / Besthöven). Photos by Marziona and Angelica.

MRR: So, please...can you talk a little about the history of Cancer Spreading? When was the band formed, etc.?

Hi Fofão! Well, Cancer Spreading was formed at the end of 2006 by me and Merlo (guitar/vocals) to break the boredom of our fucking city (Modena), and as a tribute to all the '80s English bands that were our main listening at the time. Soon, Otta (drums) and Miky (bass) joined us too, and with this line-up we started doing a lot of gigs in Italy and recorded our first shitty demo tape *Stenchcore Scum* and the split 7" with Children of Technology. We were very untalented at the time and the recording was really shitty, but there are some people who still like it. Ha ha. In 2009, Japa joined the band as a second guitarist and we recorded more stuff, for sure better than before. We went on with this line-up until Miky was kicked out of the band before our second European tour in summer 2010. After that, Headcrashing JJ from Repulsione / Terror Firmer and Katta from the local HC punk band Infamia helped us with gigs and festivals for a while. They both couldn't fit as stable members because they were too busy with their other bands, so we decided to do our next recording (June 2011) just as a four piece, with Japa playing both guitar and bass. Finally our friend Matteino (ex-Berserk / 9/11 Jumpers) joined the band in August 2011 and he's totally what we were looking for. We will record with this line-up next in 2012 for a split with Belgian friends Last Legion Alive and we're finally back to full live activity. In all these years we played a lot of gigs (for example, shows with Deviated Instinct, Hellbastard, Extreme Noise Terror, After the Bombs, Vulcano, Warhammer, Social Chaos, Filth of Mankind, Instinct of Survival, Lycanthropy) and fests like Play Fast or Don't in the Czech Republic, Monteparadiso in Croatia, Rovina Hardcore, September to Dismember in Italy and many more. I remember all these gigs being great. For sure there are many others that I don't remember now. Ha ha.

MRR: Why "Cancer Spreading"?

We chose this name for two different reasons: first as a tribute to the Deviated Instinct song, probably one of our main influences (we used cover their song "Despair" some years ago). The other reason is that we see the "evolution" of mankind as being out of control, and nowadays man is nothing more than a plague to our environment, a cancer that is growing more and more until it will consume everything on this earth.



MRR: What is the line-up now? And tell us if your members have others works, like playing in other bands or projects, etc.

Yes, four of us have other active bands because we want to break the boredom of our shitty daily life (as I told you before) and we are all music-addicted. Since 2008 I have played in Terror Firmer (old school thrashing grindcore inspired by '80s bands like old Napalm Death, Electro Hippies, Siege, Heresy, etc.) together with members of very active bands like Repulsione, Jesus Ain't in Poland and Bestial Vomit. We've released three split seven inches and participated in some compilations. We're just back after a bit of a hiatus with a bit more of a mincecore oriented sound, but still devoted to the '80s. Ha ha. We will put out a split with Social Chaos next year. I play also in Black Temple Below together with Japa. We formed this band last year and we've just released our first demo limited to 66 copies. With this band we play dark and filthy doom metal/sludge with lyrics about H.P. Lovecraft and strange topics like nightmares and visions. We are working on new stuff, too. Japa also plays in Campus Stermini (crustcore with a metal touch, I think you know the band since they share three members with Kontatto and used to be very active in the scene), and with Merlo they formed Axis of Desolation, a new project with Marzia from Kontatto / Campus Stermini, raw and old school stenchcore totally devoted to the '80s. Very nice shit. I hope they will record soon. Our bassist Matteino plays in 9/11 Jumpers, an old style punk/HC band which,

even if they are new, already have released a good old tape and are very active, having already played a good number of gigs. Check out all these bands, I think they deserve it. As you can see, even Shitaly can produce some good stuff too sometimes, despite what some people think.

MRR: Your sound is fucking powerful and great! Yes, I see some influences of bands like Deviated Instinct, Axegrinder, Bolt Thrower...am I right? So, which are your favorite bands? And influences also?

Yeah, you're totally right about these bands. I can say that at the beginning we were trying to mix the punkish/metal sounds of the bands you've mentioned (Amebix and Genital Deformities are big influences for us, too). With the raw approach of bands like Doom, old Napalm Death (demo period), Hiatus, Extreme Noise Terror, Ripcord, Raw Noise and some '80s metal bands too, like Sodom or Hellhammer. With the arrival of Japa our style changed a bit like I was saying before, becoming heavier and darker and with a strong death metal feeling. Bands like Prophecy of Doom, Pungent Stench, Asphyx, Winter, Hellbastard, old Kreator for sure have also influenced our sound. I could say that now we have a sound of our own, without trying to copy anyone. About our musical tastes, we are open minded people and every one of us listens to a lot of different musical styles, even distant from the metal/crust/punk area. So that would be too long of a list, and probably every one of us would tell you different bands.

MRR: How do you compose the songs? Is it between the whole band? Or isolated work made by one member, etc.?

What are you trying to show in your lyrics?

Basically the process of writing new songs starts with ideas from Japa, and then Merlo adds other riffs. But with the development of the song we all add ideas and variations, so I can say that the whole band takes part in the process. About the lyrics, I write all of them; with this band I always wanted to have dark and negative lyrics that reflect most of my personality, but it's an attitude shared by the entire band. Cancer lyrics don't deal with politics like direct action, boycotting multinationals, protest, etc., because I choose to focus on another aspect of life, the everyday madness, all the shit that we have to swallow is thrown up with misanthropy and hopelessness, praying for the extinction of the fucked up human race. Death is the only way to escape this hell.

MRR: I know that you want to do a tour in Brazil, right? Are you working on this now? Do you have some guys here helping with this tour? Do you have a date or some idea about when you will be doing the tour here? And, of course, if you want to say something to Brazilian friends about this, feel free to use this space.

Yes, it all started in Summer of 2010 when we shared some dates in Europe with Social Chaos, and as a result of our friendship we started to talk about them coming to Italy and us travelling to Brazil. The problem at the time was that we were just left without a bass player, so no chances for a tour. Now we are thinking about it again, because we really want to play in Brazil and meet all our friends down there. We just have to gather the money for the travel, which is fucking expensive. But I'm sure we will make it. I hope that we can do it for next summer. To all the Brazilian maniacs that follow our band: hold on, we are coming to desecrate your lands and dry your rivers of alcohol!

MRR: And what do you know and enjoy from the Brazilian scene? From the past and today?

Of course I love the Brazilian scene! Apart from Besthöven and our friends in Diskontroll and Social Chaos (and the side-project bands of their members), I like a lot of bands: from the old punk bands like Ratos de Porao (Crucificados Pelo Sistema is probably one of my favorite records of all time), Olho Seco, Armagedom, Colera, Brigada do Odio, to metal like Vulcano, Sarcofogo, old Sepultura and Sextrash to grindcore like the legendary Rot. For newer bands I like Offal, Scum Noise, Execradores, Dispepsiaa, Sick Terror, Unfit Scum, Death From Above, Nuclear Frost, Whipstriker Violator, Bandanos and for sure many more that I don't remember right now.

MRR: I know that you are releasing a full length CD, *The Age of Desolation*. Can you talk a little about this new CD? How many songs, which label is releasing it, etc.?

Well this CD should be off the pressing plant as I'm writing this, and it will be released by the Spanish label Memento Mori records, which is a label focused on old school death/doom metal and stenchcore. And since our music contains all these elements, I can't think of a better label to release it. This is probably the best work we have done so far, for sure the one that represents more what is the band today.

Even if it was recorded in a short time (and we were constantly high or drinking during the session), we are totally satisfied with it. There are ten songs total, one being an intro and another one a Bolt Thrower cover. We also recorded another long song in this session that will be released on a split 7" with Greek band Black Trinity, a killer raw DIY black metal project by Go Filth Go members. In three of these songs we also used keyboards (in the Amebix / Axegrinder way), which is a totally new element in our music, but we think it fits perfectly. If you like what we have done so far, The Age of Desolation will blow you away!

MRR: And also tell us your discography.

OK, I'll also add our upcoming releases:
Stench Core Scum demo tape (2008)
Split 7" with Children of Technology (2008)
Split 7" with Cruel Storm (2009)
Split 12" with Diskontroll (2009)
Split 7" with Drunkards (2010)
Suffering 7" EP (2011)
The Age of Desolation full length CD (2012)
Split 7" with Black Trinity (2013)

MRR: And now the end is near. It's time to say...

Yes, my friend. The end is very near for us all. We will submit to extinction! Thanks for the interview Fofão and MRR. I invite everyone interested in our crap to contact us and support the scene! Good luck with the zine and with your band Besthöven. We hope to play with you again soon. And remember: Drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may die!

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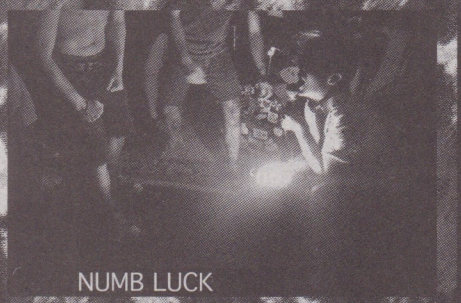
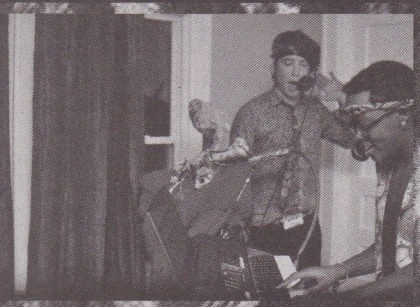
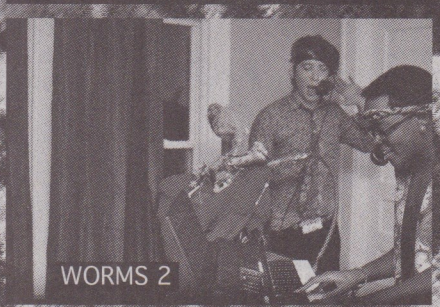
SCENE REPORT GREENVILLE SOUTH CAROLINA


NUMB LUCK




WORMS 2

By Noah Taylor. Photos by Kathryn Anne Roberts, Rosie Richeson and Amber French.

Greenville, South Carolina is probably the third biggest city in the state and has the most artfulness to go around in all the state. It's got a few really nice parks and is pretty bike friendly. It's home to lots of nice restaurants and pretty downtown scenery with all the stuff that anybody could really dig. It also has one of the strongest and most active punk scenes in all of South Carolina.

The Greenville scene started officially/unofficially in 2009 when Ryan Talty and Kerri Beth Santangelo moved to Greenville so Ryan could get a job teaching at a local elementary school. Shortly after moving here, the first venue, The Hangar, was created: a gigantic warehouse that showed significant resemblance to an airplane hangar. Having moved somewhere that they didn't know many people in the area personally, they took to MySpace to find all of the local high school bands who might want to play shows, most of them Class of 2012 students at Wade Hampton High—about five or six bands total at the time. The Hangar lasted for a few good months and then was forced to shut down for the usual reasons. It was the start of something big, a dream with the goal of making Greenville a big tour destination for DIY bands everywhere.

We've been through a good number of spaces, but house shows have always given us somewhere to play. There's about one or two shows a month in the winter and about a show or two a week in the summer. A lot of the high school bands have had to leave to go to college, but they always come back and play shows, and lots of bands have started since then, which more than make up for the losses. Many of the local bands have releases on local Get Better records, which is run both out of New Hampshire and here by Alex Litcheauner, AJ Simpson and Ryan Talty. Within the next few weeks we should be getting an official, permanent DIY space that we've raised good funding for and spent much energy and speculation on!

Active Bands

TARRED & FEATHERED are the rowdiest surf-power-violence masters of all time and recent high school graduates. The room always gets weird in that beautiful way when the lights go out and the Hawaiian shirts come on. It's like the DEAD KENNEDYS in a screeching panic that's faster, shorter and extremely filling. The CHERRY ICEES are RAMONES-esque pop-punk to the max debauchery with light vocals sung by Shelby, who may or may not be the drummer from NOW IN 3D in a full-on disguise. They've got a CD out now and a bunch of stuff on Bandcamp. They're featured in a few 45" pressing ads in *Maximum Rocknroll* if you've ever looked at those. HAY FEVER is really intense in a mental sense, with a dark feel with medium-tempo guitars and heavy bass. First located in New Hampshire, front-woman Amber French moved into Hang Ten Haus over the summer and found two new members and made their first recordings, and recently put out a split with NOAH EAGLE. The POSTMODERN PENGUINS are a very recent addition to the scene from Clemson/Seneca playing garage-surf-proto-punk. 4AM FRIENDS is JAWBREAKER-influenced emo from the bowels of Clemson University, heavily involved with the college radio scene. The SOAP is a smooth and surf-y band with garage bits thrown into the mix. RUBRICS is radical crustiness hardcore-parcore with lots of influence from Jeff Ott's bands. It could be said they're currently the biggest band in the scene, having been the first to tour more than once and have multiple physical releases. Also they were the first band in Greenville started by Ryan and Kerri Beth when they settled in Greenville. They will be playing their first show since July with their new drummer in a few weeks: this will be the release show for their first full length LP and tape, *Apathy Makes This an Institution.*

MEH is super death "metal on metal" metal that gets thrashin'—a vocalist, guitarist, and electro-keyboard-drummer trio. Since before the days of Club Sammich it's been nonstop D-beated double key-pedals from them; just recently they released a tape and 7" EP. NOAH EAGLE is a prolific one-man stand against the world with nothing to hold on to but his voice, an electric guitar and super-powers unbeknownst to most humans, including his singing/songwriting mastery, with lyrics deeper than the world will ever come to know. NOW IN 3D is superfast space-garage-punk, like DEVO but cooler. Currently they've got a 7" out that's been re-released multiple times with different art by private artists and European people, just because they thought

COUNT US OUT

FRONT PORCH CIRCLE A RANCH

NOW IN 3D

it was that awesome! NUMB LUCK is straight hardcore power-violence with no song over half a minute and Sam Forst from TARRED & FEATHERED on vocals. The SCARY CAT MUSIC COLLECTIVE is a bunch of whimsically weird lo-fi theatrical cult leaders, who play the most interesting shows and put out at least two albums on Bandcamp a month. Members include HARRIET VINCENT, ADALINE MAB, WORMS, and HARRIET AND THE ALLIGATOR, all of whom share a similar kind of music but with different instruments and vocalization, and who just sound super cool. Last month WORMS put out a short film for their latest album *Dieth Not*; one man's trippy journey through a living dead wasteland. Every show is full of surprises, funky disco pats, fake blood, devil horns and baby doll heads everywhere!

THE FRANCIS VERTIGO is the essence of what rock'n'roll was meant to be, with a bit of a garage feel to it. SCAMMING SPREE is an extremely hardcore feminist band that sweats rage and awesomeness, and may currently be on hiatus. They've got one phantasmagorical demo tape out now though, with inside notes telling the listener to steal from Whole Foods. SATAN IN BONDAGE is a one-man death-rock band led by Michael Keller. Best listened to alone and in the dark and maybe with a lava lamp or two. DABLES is experimental metal with funny lyrics and lots of special effects. It's not like ANVIL or overdone metal shit like that—it's more like goof-metal with funky licks and kind of a twist. SUNSWEETSUN is an outrageously violent noise-pop duet. A set hasn't gone by that at least two guitar strings aren't broken and there aren't at least a few fresh bloodstains on the pickups. It should be mentioned that Ryan Talty drums in The CHERRY ICEES, HAY FEVER, SCAMMING SPREE, and is the singer/guitarist in RUBRICS. Rest in peace to these groups who have disbanded: COUNT US OUT, 8 HOUR REVOLUTION and JIMMY BUFFETT (pronounced [buff-ay].

Venues

Many great venues have come and gone over the years. As far as houses go, we've got the longstanding Casa de Santangelo, with Hang Ten Haus right next door, and the Awful Waffle. Hang Ten Haus is mainly used for summer shows when there are more people who come to shows and extra space is needed. With Casa de Santangelo right next door, usually a band will play their set in one house and walk next door after that for the next set, for the sake of extra space for equipment and so one group can set up while the other plays. Also all the living room furniture (i.e. tables, chairs, lamps, couches) will be moved out to the backyard so people can chill back there and the cops won't get called, which makes for comfortable shows and avoiding the GPD. The Awful Waffle (named after its owner who is an assistant manager at Waffle House) is another punk house a few minutes away and with a good-sized living room for bigger shows. It's a really good house because it doesn't have any close neighbors and has a pretty good-sized back yard. This is where really crazy shit like trampoline-stage-diving and footprints on the ceiling go down. Rest in peace Hangar, Club Sammich (which was a small concrete building which held the most infamous and rad shows), Suite 8 (strip mall space) and Circle A Ranch and the Pink Flamingo (both houses). Circle A was before my time, but most can agree that the all-around best shows happened there. Rumor has it that one day the floor above the basement caved in.

We should be getting our final DIY community space within weeks! We plan to make it a place for performance artists of all kinds to present their work, with a vegetable garden, a documentary showing space, a place to hold support groups of various kinds, and a zine library (but mostly punk shows). Venues outside of the scene that let our bands play are the Radio Room, a sign-less brick structure just outside of downtown, and the Handlebar, just a block away from Horizon Records.

Places of Interest

And by places of interest, I mean record stores! The two best locally-owned ones are Horizon Records, which has a wide selection of records of all kinds and occasionally does shows. But the punk record store, Cabin Floor Records, has direct Greenville DIY involvement and carries most of the local bands, has a fantastic punk selection, and there's always a great show taking place here once a month or so. Also, one of the few great record stores in the area that still carries tapes! There's also Earshot, which is a small chain but still carries pretty good stuff. Wood and Wire is a good music store for all guitar necessities.

Forty miles away from Greenville is Seneca, which is starting to become directly involved with the Greenville scene by putting on house shows there and beginning to supply the next generation of high school kids/bands playing DIY shows. Also it's next door to Clemson University, which is home to WSBF, the Upstate's "only true alternative [radio] station." It's not primarily punk, but there are a few good shows in rotation that play (some) local bands. More importantly, they promote local shows that have held Greenville acts such as NOW IN 3D and FOUR AM FRIENDS, but 99% of those shows are in bars and past 9 pm. If it starts after 8 and serves alcohol, then it's not all ages, and if it's not all ages, then you're alienating a large number of interested people. Yesterdaze Records in downtown Seneca is one of the few places in South Carolina that supply records from Athens, Georgia garage label Gypsy Farm.

Get Better records

Get Better records is a local label that's been around since 2010 and is run out of Casa de Santangelo. It's best known for the annual Get Better Fest, where bands from all over come to play a multi-day festival. Before Get Better relocated to Greenville, co-founder Alex ran In Your House Fest, which was very similar but took place in various basements and living rooms close to each other and was in New Hampshire. Get Better has released records by the SOAP, RUBRICS, COUNT US OUT, AMONG GIANTS, BURNING BRIDGES, and others! Not to mention a couple of comps put out as benefits for people and venues.

Zines

There are about four zines being put out locally right now. The first is *Lady Talk*, a zine on feminism with lots of information useful to both myn and wymyn about how to not be a sexist asshole, how to be a girl and stand strong within your scene, and how to be tolerant of others—not to mention some background info about wymyn in the scene. Then there's *My Life, My Body, My Perspective*, which is a first and stunning release of a personal zine that reflects on the life of the writer and his involvement in punk rock. Other subjects in there are mountain top removal, feminism and descriptions of

CABIN F RECORDS

CLUB SAMMICH

JIMMY BUFFET

the harmful effects of all the medicines he had to take when he was younger. The zine that has a mainly musical focus but tends to be a bit on the goofy side, is *Delicious Defiance*, a collaboration of various submissions, reviews, art and interviews of local and touring bands. Recently they put out a tape comp. The newest zine to add to the archives is *Ootnay-Pootnay*, it's a comics zine that reaches a wide variety of themes and subjects, the latest being Nickola Tesla: the Electric Jesus.

This is the place I feel most at home and feel the most productive and where all the nicest people I know take residence and do awesome things together. Kids come and go, whether they're graduating or moving away, but when some leave there are always more to take their place. Another great thing about Greenville is that we don't try to discriminate between what's punk/hardcore and what's not; we just happen to end up pretty punk, but plan to stay genre-less, having everything to offer from death metal to experimental cult-ish lo-fi. With all the enthusiasm that there is to go around, I'm sure it'll be here forever as long as there are people who'll put on shows and continue to play music. And we do more than shows: we've got women's support groups, kickball games, vegan potlucks, printing workshops, and all that goodness y'all partake in. If you want to visit or play a show contact www.facebook.com/ryangvsc or www.facebook.com/deliciousdefiance.

A mostly complete list of all the bands to tour and play DIY Greenville:
GHOST MICE, MAX LEVINE ENSEMBLE, CRIMINAL CULTURE, RECREANT, SIDEKICKS, MENZINGERS, MATH THE BAND, TIMESHARES, PUBERTY WOUNDS, MC HOMELESS, FAIRY BOY AND THE ORIGINAL SUCKERS, FAT SHADOW, DELAY, THE BLUE LETTER, DARK CASTLE, IMPERIAL CAN, THE TAXPAYERS, SPOONBOY, BRIDGE AND TUNNEL, SUNDIALS, COKE BUST, SPRAYNARD, MOLDAR, MATSURI, FACTORS OF 4, PEELANDER-Z, DEAD UNCLES, IRON CHIC, THE WILD, PULLMAN STRIKE, CODE ORANGE KIDS, XERXES, NAILBITER, DEAD NORTH, WAXAHATCHEE, ELSINORES, TASHTEGO, ZOMBIES DID IT, WEAK TEETH, AFICIONADO, SONS OF YOUNG, LITTLE LEAGUE, SMALL TALK, 1994!, NEW CREASES, VACATION, TRAGWAG, DADS, SUIS LA LUNE, FELLOW PROJECT, CALCULATOR, PALA, STILL GLOW, GRETSKI!, LAUREL, MARATHON GIRL, MADELINE ADAMS, ERIC AYOTTE, TOBY FOSTER, BIG ATTACK, BRICK MOWER, EDDIE BROCK, THIS BLACK BOX, SISTER KISSER, PIANOS BECOME THE TEETH, FORMER THIEVES, TRANSIT, INTO IT. OVER IT., TORCHRUNNER, HOSTAGE CALM, ROS RASKIN AND THE RICECAKES, LANDBRIDGE, AUTRARCH, PERMANENT MAKEUP, BLAST AND THE DETERGENTS, BOILERMAN, THE AWFUL TRUTH, GENRIFUS.

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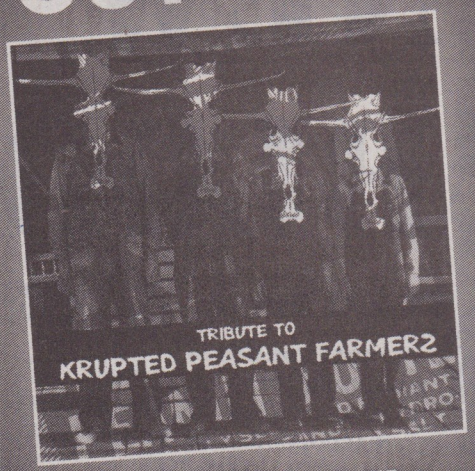

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FEB'13 Mac Blackout (Dee D Jackson)
MAR'13 Now In 3-D (DEVO)
APR'13 Rad Company (Madonna)
MAY'13 Banditas (Prince)
JUN'13 The Hot Toddies (The GoGo's)

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NEW BLOOD

5 QUESTIONS ASKED TO 4 NEWER BANDS

1) DATE & LOCATION FORMED

2) REASON FOR FORMING

3) LYRICAL CONTENT

4) DESCRIPTION OF SOUND

5) FUTURE OF THIS BAND

BY KAT SMITH

PROXY

1) PROXY FORMED IN DECEMBER 2011 IN MONTREAL.
2) WANTED TO START A NEW BAND WITH LIKE-MINDED FRIENDS.
3) STEALING COP CARS, WAR IMAGERY, POOR LIFE DECISIONS, BED BUGS, SOME MASKED INTROSPECT.
4) GRITTY CATCHY PUNK ROCK.
5) CONTINUE TO WRITE, RECORD AND PLAY UNTIL WE EITHER HATE EACH OTHER OR LOSE INSPIRATION.

PHOTO BY MARIE-EVE PAINCHAUD

PHOTO BY MIKE CHILDRESS

NUCLEAR SPRING

1) NUCLEAR SPRING FORMED SUMMER 2011 NYC.
2) I WANTED TO WRITE SONGS THAT HAD A BIT MORE MELODY.
3) LARGELY THEY ARE POLITICAL, THOUGH THEY DON'T PRESCRIBE SOLUTIONS. I DON'T HAVE ANY ANSWERS TO POLITICAL PROBLEMS. THEY ARE MOSTLY OBSERVATIONS OF THE WORLD WE LIVE IN. WHEN WE WRITE I THINK IT'S IN RESPONSE TO THE VARIOUS PANGS ASSOCIATED WITH MODERN LIFE. MENTAL HEALTH AND SOCIAL ISSUES ARE THINGS I AM INTERESTED IN AND CONCERNED ABOUT AND OFTEN THIS TYPE OF THING IS REFLECTED IN THE LYRICS.
4) IT VARIES BUT YOU MIGHT HEAR SOME EARLY FINNISH INFLUENCES, UK AND FRENCH PUNK/OI!.
5) IN MARCH 2013 WE SHOULD HAVE A 12" OUT ON LAUREN'S (GUITAR) LABEL, HYSTERIA RECORDS. THIS MAY AND JUNE WE'LL BE TOURING EUROPE WITH CREEM. WE HOPE TO HAVE ANOTHER 12" BY THAT TIME. WE ALSO HAVE PINS. SO MANY PINS. WHICH CAN BE OBTAINED ALONG WITH DEMO TAPES BY EMAILING HYSTERIARECORDS@GMAIL.COM.

NUDES

1. NUDES FORMED IN SEATTLE WA, OCTOBER 2011.
2. TO MAKE LOTS AND LOTS OF MONEY.
3. SELF ABUSE, SELF HATRED, INNER AND EXTERNAL STRUGGLES.
4. PSYCHO FREAK SHIT.
5. IN EARLY 2013 WE WILL HAVE A 7" OUT AND WILL BE RECORDING FOR FUTURE RELEASES. TOURING AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE DEPENDING ON OUR NEW DRUMMER'S WORK SCHEDULE. SHOULD HAVE TWO MORE 7"S COMING OUT WITHIN THE NEXT YEAR.

PHOTO BY BUBBA HAMILTON VANCOUVER

PHOTO BY JONATHAN WITTBRODT

BAD MOUTH

1) BAD MOUTH FORMED SEPTEMBER 2012 IN THE SUBURBS OF KANSAS CITY.
2) WE ALL WANTED TO START A BAND AND WANTED TO BE LOUD. WE COULD ALL PRETTY MUCH AGREE ON PUNK.
3) EVERYTHING THAT PISSES ME OFF. PEOPLE, RELIGION, MYSELF. YOU NAME IT.
4) FOUR HIGH-SCHOOLERS PLAYING PUNK FOR THE FIRST TIME. IT AIN'T PRETTY BUT IT'S DEFINITELY LOUD AND FAST.
5) HOPEFULLY RELEASING MULTIPLE EPS AND PLAYING LOTS OF LOCAL SHOWS. WE JUST WANNA KICK SOME ASSES DUDE.

1) DATE OF FORMATION?

2) REASONS OF FORMATION

3) LYRICAL CONTENT?

4) DESCRIPTION OF SOUND

5) FUTURE OF THIS BAND?

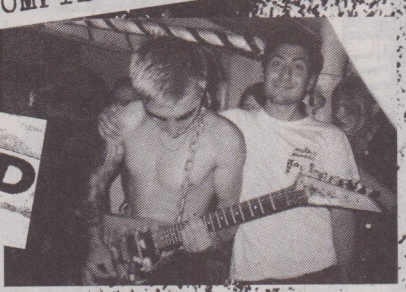
NEW BLOOD

CANADIAN EDITION!

LAYOUT & EDITING BY KAT SMITH

COMPILED BY DAVE QUIRK

FLACCID

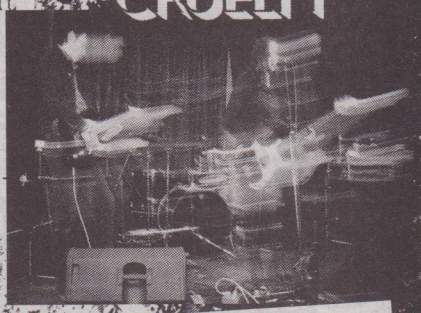


1. Summer of 2011. Calgary, Alberta.
2. Saving our cities reputation.
3. Perversion, Sleaze, Filth, Narcotics, Philosophy.
4. Fighting Music.
5. Dropped a self-titled cassette in fall which has been circulating slowly. Working on a new release at the moment. Playing The Last Hardcore shows in Calgary, AB with some other great bands, being organized by The Spirit Of Truth/ Garbage Of The World. April 18-20th. Contact us at Rockandrollorgasm@gmail.com

KOSZMAR

1. Formed January/February of 2012 in Vancouver, BC. Thomas-Vocals/Guitar, Isaiah-Bass & Clint-Drums
2. Why not, to make awesome music and tour. "We're comin' to your town/ We'll help you party it down".
3. Mostly about war and historical conflicts, stuff like that. I try to write songs that describe these issues rather than simply repeating "war sucks, war is bad".
4. Fast and raw hardcore punk in the vein of Framtid and Mob 47 I suppose. All the vocals are sung in Polish which sets us apart from other bands in the genre.
5. We have an EP being released through Konton Crasher as well as an LP through Attack Records coming out Spring 2013. More tours, recording and festivals in the future. www.koszmar.bandcamp.com

RHYTHM OF CRUELTY



1. Formed in Edmonton, AB during the spring of 2011. Start playing shows at the end of that year.
2. Trying something new while we were both still playing in Geister.
3. Personal experiences, relationships, outlooks & perspectives of the world.
4. Minimal post-punk, with influences of goth, early punk and industrial.
5. New tape out in February, 7" e.p. to follow, and more recording and possibly touring later in the year. Contact rhythmofcruelty.bandcamp.com

WOLFSBLOOD

1. We started probably 2 years ago in Winnipeg, MB about this time actually. December / January. Who knows now.
2. We were all in bands together already and the other band I sang in, Maladjusted was pretty much done so we just decided to start this.
3. Lyrical content is kind of all over the place. I never write lyrics on anything, but some people know the lyrics. I doubt they know half of what they're about though cause its mostly stuff I won't talk about.
4. Started it going out for a straight hard youth crew sound reminiscent of bands like Brotherhood, SSD, stuff like that. Bands sound change and now you decide.
5. We move pretty slow but we are playing a fest in Calgary in April put on by some friends. We hopefully are recording and doing a 7" hopefully put out by Nick from Cowabunga. wolfsblood.bandcamp.com

WELCOME TO ANOTHER EDITION OF *MRR*'S

SHITWORKER OF THE MONTH!!

BRACE BELDEN

THIS MONTH WE SALUTE THE TIRELESS EFFORTS OF BRACE BELDEN! THAT'S RIGHT! THE VERY SAME BRACE BELDEN THAT YOU MAY KNOW FROM BANDS SUCH AS WILD THING AND FROM THE COLUMN IN THIS ZINE CALLED "THE LAST PUNK." WE WOULD LIKE TO THANK BRACE FOR HIS ATTENTION TO DEADLINES. WHAT FOLLOWS IS A LIST OF EXCUSES WE HAVE BEEN GIVEN FOR HIS LATE REVIEWS AND COLUMNS (SOME ARE FACT AND SOME ARE FICTION).
"I AM LATE WITH MY REVIEWS AND/OR COLUMN BECAUSE..."

...I AM HELPING MY GIRLFRIEND MOVE.
...I JUST MOVED IN WITH MY GIRLFRIEND.
...I WAS THREATENED WITH A GUN BY AN EX OF MY EX.
...I HAVE BEEN REALLY SICK WITH A BAD COLD.
...MY GIRLFRIEND WAS SICK WITH A COLD.
...I GOT FOOD POISONING FROM SOME BAD FISH.
...I WAS IN BED ALL DAY BECAUSE I THINK I ATE A BAD BURRITO.
...I GOT MY ASS KICKED IN A BAR FIGHT.
...I KICKED SOMEONE ELSES ASS IN A BAR FIGHT.
...IT WAS VALENTINE'S DAY.
...IT WAS MOTHER'S DAY.
...IT WAS MY GIRLFRIEND'S BIRTHDAY.
...I HAVE SCHOOL ESSAYS TO HAND IN.
...I HAND WROTE MY COLUMN AND NOW HAVE TO TRANSCRIBE IT ON MY COMPUTER.
...MY COMPUTER IS DYING.
...MY COMPUTER CRASHED.
...MY COMPUTER KEYBOARD STOPPED WORKING.
...MY COMPUTER IS AT THE COMPUTER REPAIR PLACE.
...MY COMPUTER DIED.
...DIDN'T YOU GET MY EMAIL?

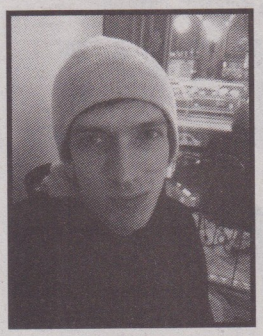
MRR asks you!

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

This month's question was "What is your favorite PUNK band?" Asked at Stonestown Galleria Shopping Mall, in San Francisco, CA. By Rachel and Ethan.

Alex, Madera
AFI.

Iso, SF
The Devotchkas.



Brent, Sacramento
GG Allen...No wait. 7 Seconds.

Kris, Oakland
The Doors or the Beatles. I just can't decide.

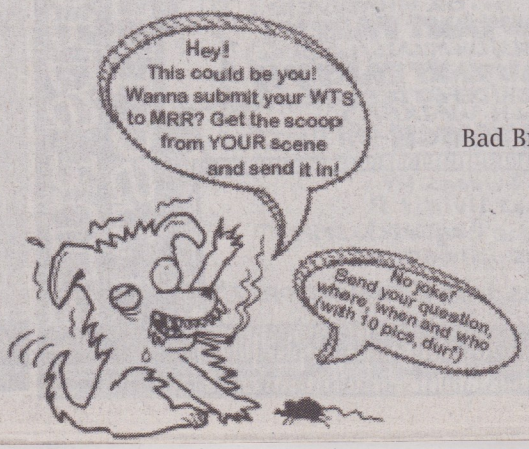
Christiana, SF
Neon Trees.

Ty, Vallejo
AFI because of Davey Havok. I like his delivery and how humble he is.

Eli, SF
Bowling for Soup.

Pete, SF
Black Sabbath.

Hanna, SF
Pink Floyd.



Nathan, SF
Bad Brains. Bar none.

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PAINT IT BLACK
"Invisible" 7"

CLEVELAND BOUND DEATH SENTENCE LP/CD

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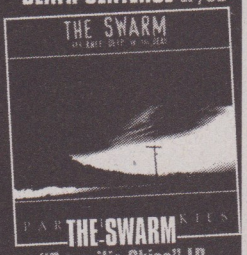
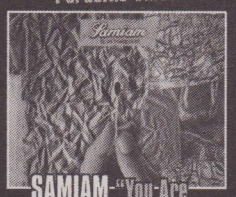
"Sister Chance" 7"



THE SWARM
"Parasitic Skies" LP

HOT WATER MUSIC
"Live in Chicago"
3xLP/2xCD


SAMIAM "You Are Freaking Me Out" LP/CD

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Youthbitch 7"

MOST RELEASES AVAILABLE ONLINE THRU GREEN NOISE REC.

NEWS

Maximum Rocknroll News compiled by Donny

CHINESE AUTHORITIES CONFISCATE AND BURN BROADCASTING EQUIPMENT IN MALHO REGION OF EASTERN TIBET

from Phayul.com

Chinese authorities in the eastern Tibetan region of Malho are leading a massive drive to confiscate satellite dishes used by Tibetans after banning orders on "illegal satellite equipment" were issued last month. The satellite equipments used by Tibetans to receive foreign radio and TV programs are the only source of information inside Tibet besides the state-sponsored propaganda news. On December 12, regional authorities issued an eight-point public notice banning the sale, purchase and use of all "illegal satellite equipment" as part of the government's wider clampdown on communications to stifle information on the self-immolations against Chinese rule.

According to the notice, families failing to surrender the satellite dishes could be fined up to $800, and those obstructing the official work of confiscating the equipment could either be fined or tried according to relevant laws. In December, Reuters reported that Chinese authorities confiscated televisions from 300 monasteries and dismantled satellite equipment that broadcast "anti-China" programs.

"At this critical moment for maintaining social stability in Huangnan prefecture, ... [we must] strengthen measures and fully fight the special battle against self-immolations," the report cited a government-run paper as saying.

On January 9, the U.S.-based radio service Radio Free Asia released pictures of what it described as Chinese authorities destroying and burning hundreds of seized satellite installations as part of its "cleansing" exercise.

RFA said the campaign was centered around the Tongren region, which has been at the heart of the recent spike in self-immolation protests demanding an end to Chinese rule, and calling for freedom and the return of exiled Tibetan spiritual leader His Holiness the Dalai Lama. "Those found with the satellite equipment, which Tibetans have also used to listen to *Radio Free Asia* and *Voice of America* programs, are given stiff fines," RFA Tibetan service quoted an unnamed source from the region as saying. "If anyone reports others holding back satellite and radio equipment to listen to foreign programs, they will be awarded $1,600."

Reporting on the clampdown last month, the *Huffington Post* had said that regional authorities also plan to "register every business that sells satellite signal-receiving devices and replace 3,000 television sets in monastery dormitories."

The RFA report noted that Tibetans were being encouraged to buy smaller satellite dishes and new receivers, which can be used to receive only state controlled programs.

Despite repeated international calls for restraint and reconsideration of its policies, China has hardened its stance on the self-immolation protests and announced stricter measures, including pressing murder charges against anyone caught aiding or inciting self-immolations.

EGYPT GROUPS SAY BLACK BLOCK MUST DIE

from Egypt Independent

The Islamist party of the Jihad Organization and Jama'a al-Islamiya has said the ways of dealing with banditry specified in the Quran must be applied to black bloc members, which means they must be killed.

"God orders us to kill, crucify or cut off the hands and feet of those who spread mischief on Earth," said Jama'a al-Islamiya Mufti Abdel Akhar Hammad, citing a verse from the Quran. "The president must give that order."

Mohamed Samra of the Jihad Organization said that the Black Bloc group is financed from abroad and must be killed, and that the National Salvation Front members must be arrested and charged with incitement to riot.

Toward the end of January, Cairo witnessed the first appearance of groups describing themselves as a black bloc. On January 29, Prosecutor General Talaat Abdallah ordered police and deputized members of the armed forces to arrest all suspected members of the black bloc.

State-run news agency MENA reported that Hassan Yassin, the head of the public prosecution's technical office and the prosecution's spokesperson, is claiming that the prosecution has proof that the black bloc is carrying out terrorist activities.

No further information was available as to the nature of this evidence or the alleged terrorist activities.

NEW JERSEY TRAIN DERAILMENT BECOMES CHEMICAL HAZARD

by Shane McCormick

At 7am on Nov. 30 an eighty-four car train derailed on a bridge over the Mantua Creek in Paulsboro, Ney Jersey (a suburb of Philadelphia). Seven cars derailed with four falling into the water and one tanker ruptured releasing 120,000 lbs of vinyl chloride into the air as a gas sending a visible cloud of the chemical over the surrounding area during rush hour.

Vinyl Chloride is a carcinogenic gas used in making PVC plastic that has adverse short and long term effects. Short term effects include eye and respiratory irritation and long term exposure can cause a rare form of liver cancer. Over 70 people were admitted to a local emergency room with short term effects and were later released.

As of January 3rd, fifty-four residents have filed lawsuits against Conrail asking for health screening and monetary compensation. Attorney Mark Cuker says that number could grow to nearly 400. Last February in 2012 a Paulsboro refinery spilled 6.3 million gallons sending sickening fumes over the region along with numerous minor incidents and scares involving Paulsboro's two refineries.

TINLEY PARK FIVE ACCEPT NON-COOPERATING PLEA BARGAIN

by the Tinley Park Five Support Crew

On May 19, a number of masked anti-racists/anti-fascists disrupted a white-supremacist summit that had been convened at a restaurant in Tinley Park, Illinois. They wasted no time confronting the assembled members of a variety of white-supremacist and Nazi organizations, and the restaurant was semi-trashed in a resulting brawl. A car was pulled over minutes later, and its five occupants were charged with participating in the melee. The five, since known as the Tinley Park Five, have been in jail ever since.

On January 4, all members of the Tinley Park Five accepted a non-cooperating plea bargain in which they each pleaded guilty to three felony counts of armed violence in exchange for "lenient" sentences and the guarantee of "day-for-day" good behavior.

Credit was given for the seven months already served in Cook County Jail. They will receive "day-for-day" good time credit, which effectively cuts the sentences in half. Illinois also offers several programs and classes which can chip away at sentences.

Optimistically, Alex and John could be out before Christmas 2013. Dylan and Cody could be out by autumn 2014. Jason could be out by Christmas 2014. This is all hypothetical and highly speculative, of course.

For more information on the Tinley Park Five, visit tinleyparkfive.wordpress.com.

HUNDREDS OF PROTESTERS CLASH WITH POLICE IN TURKEY AMID MASS TRIAL

from RT news

Police used water cannon and pepper spray to disperse a crowd of demonstrators outside a prison complex on the edge of Istanbul where the mass trial of hundreds of people accused of scheming to topple the elected Turkish government was postponed.

Over a thousand protesters, including many relatives of the accused as well as army supporters, tried to breach the security cordon outside the court compound but were repelled by police, as the trial was again postponed until 11th March. It had already been postponed since December. Some of the demonstrators were injured in the scuffle.

The defendants of the four-year-long trial are accused of trying to start an uprising against the Islamic leaning Justice and Development Party (AKP) government and having ties to an alleged ultranationalist terrorist network known as Ergenekon.

Many of the protesters were supporters of the main opposition Republican People's Party (CHP). A CHP deputy, Lihan Cihaner called for restraint and said that the police were trying to pit the protesters against the military.

The trial involved top military personnel, army officers, academics, journalists and lawyers, and the verdict is expected within weeks. Pro-government groups praised the trial as a step towards democracy that will end a tradition of political interference in Turkey.

COLOMBIA HALTS MINING MULTINATIONALS IN INDIGENOUS TERRITORY

by Jacob Stringer, from *Colombia Reports*

On February 11, a judge suspended all activities by mining companies in more than 100,000 acres of indigenous lands in northwest Colombia, local media reported.

In an unprecedented ruling, all mining and exploration activities in much of the territories belonging to indigenous Embera Katio communities have been halted for up to six months due to a failure to consult and protect the communities, according to El Tiempo.

"[This decision] only seeks to prevent the continued violation of the rights of indigenous peoples on their territory [arising from] disproportionate use by people outside the community and the violence that has been occurring in the area, of which there is much evidence," said the judge.

The injunction covers an area known as the Alta Andagueda, in the Choco and departments. The companies affected include multinational AngloGold Ashanti, working in the area with Continental Gold, and Colombian company Exploraciones Choco Colombia.

The judge ordered a halt to activities in 80 percent of the collective territory of the Embera Katio in order to protect the communities, noting that an increase in mining concessions in the area since 2006 has been mirrored by an increase in violence. The area has already seen several indigenous communities displaced to nearby cities due to violence.

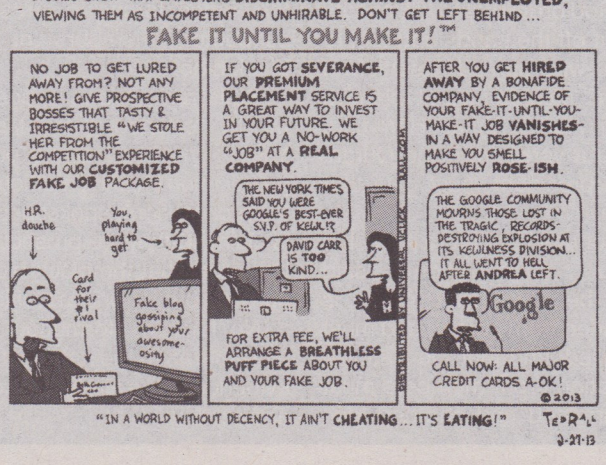
While indigenous communities have a constitutional right to be consulted on the use of their land, the judge did not declare the mining concessions illegal but ordered the suspension to protect the communities while the legality of the titles is determined. Some of the licenses held by the mining companies for the area reportedly do not expire until 2038 and 2041.

GOVERNMENT SCIENTISTS IN US SET TO END MOST RESEARCH DONE ON CHIMPS

by George Dvorsky, published on io9.com

It has been a long time coming, but it looks like the vast majority of medical research performed on chimps in the United States is about to come to an end. A report from an internal working group was approved yesterday by the National Institutes of Health—and pending a final review by NIH director Francis Collins, the committee's recommendations will see nearly all of the 451 chimps currently held in government research facilities retired from active duty and relocated to federal sanctuaries. But as the new rules make clear, government scientists are still not ready to go the distance and put a halt to all research done on chimps.

Aside from ethical considerations, the committee justified its report by citing an Institute of Medicine report showing that smaller mammals, like mice, have become more effective for biomedical work.



HONDURAS: THE WAR ON PEASANTS

by Eric Holt Gimenez and Tanya Kerssen
from The Huffington Post

Two more peasants were assassinated by paramilitary units in the first week in February in Honduras. This brings the murder of subsistence farmers and indigenous leaders to more than 60 since the Honduran coup d'etat in 2009.

Juan Peres and Williams Alvarado were members of the Peasant Movement for the Recovery of the Aguán (MOCRA), an organization that seeks to protect peasant cooperatives from the rash of land grabs being carried out in Honduras.

In a country where a quarter of the arable land—the best land—is already monopolized by less than 1 percent of the farmers, the Honduran "agro-oligarchs" want to acquire the 10 percent of Honduran land still owned by its peasantry (who make up 70 percent of the country's farmers).

It is easy to understand their voracity. The global demand for palm oil has tripled from two million to more than eight million tons over the last decade. Thanks to renewable fuel targets in the U.S. and Europe (that neither can fill with their own stock), lucrative markets are opening for agrofuels. Financial investors view agricultural land as a land rush is heating up, and Honduran elites are not going to be left behind in their own backyard. The Aguán Valley, where the two peasant activists were murdered, is the theater for relentless grabs of peasant land.

Women have also been threatened. On October 23, Karla Yadira Zelaya, spokesperson of the Unified Peasant Movement of Aguàn (MUCA) was kidnapped in a bus stop in the area of El Carrizal. Karla was blindfolded while interrogated her for three hours about the whereabouts of MUCA's leadership before she was thrown out of a car.

CRIMINALIZING RADICALISM: THE BOMBINGS IN GREECE

by Costas Panayotakis

In an article that reports on a number of bombings in Greece in recent weeks, Liz Alderman presents contrasting interpretations of these developments and what precipitated them but, in subtle ways, ends up acting as a megaphone for the dubious claims made by Greece's ruling coalition. The article provides some of the context for the bombings by pointing out that the government has in recent weeks targeted occupations of public buildings that had long been abandoned before they were taken over by young people who turned them into residences and cultural and political centers. The police raids have been carried out in the name of restoring 'order' and combating lawlessness, as the article mentions. What the article does not mention is that, as many of the occupations' neighbors would attest, the occupations in question were not a source of disorder since, on the contrary, they restored buildings that were crumbling and that had been in the past locations of criminal and drug trade activity. The occupations were also centers of anti-fascist activity, fighting back against a form of violence that has already led to the death of a number of immigrants but has not attracted as much attention by the government as the recent bombings, which, as the *New York Times* article points out, have not produced any victims since they "seemed intended more for effect than harm."

In this respect, the Greek government's appeal to 'law and order' is a highly selective one. When it comes to murderous attacks on immigrants by sympathizers of the neo-Nazi Golden Dawn party, the government does *not* show zero tolerance. For example, even though there is a provision in Greek law that makes punishments for crimes much more steep when these are racially or religiously motivated hate crimes, this provision has never been used even in cases of assaults against immigrants that led to their deaths. On the contrary, the largest party of the coalition, the Conservatives, has been flirting with the neo-Nazi agenda, using war-like metaphors to describe immigration-related problems in Greece.

When cabinet ministers claim that Greece is being 'invaded' by immigrants, that this invasion is a greater crisis than the economic crisis that has devastated the living conditions of the vast majority of Greek citizens, and that cities need to be reconquered from immigrants and lawless elements, they are fueling the kind of scapegoating of immigrants that the neo-Nazis are thriving on. Instead of learning from the past and trying to defuse the dangerous social dynamic that can fuel fascism in times of deep economic crisis, the government in effect chooses to send the message to Greek society that Greeks are at war with immigrants, with all that this implies.

Here the real motivation behind the Greek government's propaganda war regarding law and order becomes clear. It would be more accurate to say not that these attacks raise the fear of radicalism but that they are skillfully used by pro-austerity political and economic forces to discredit any radical challenge to their destructive rule.

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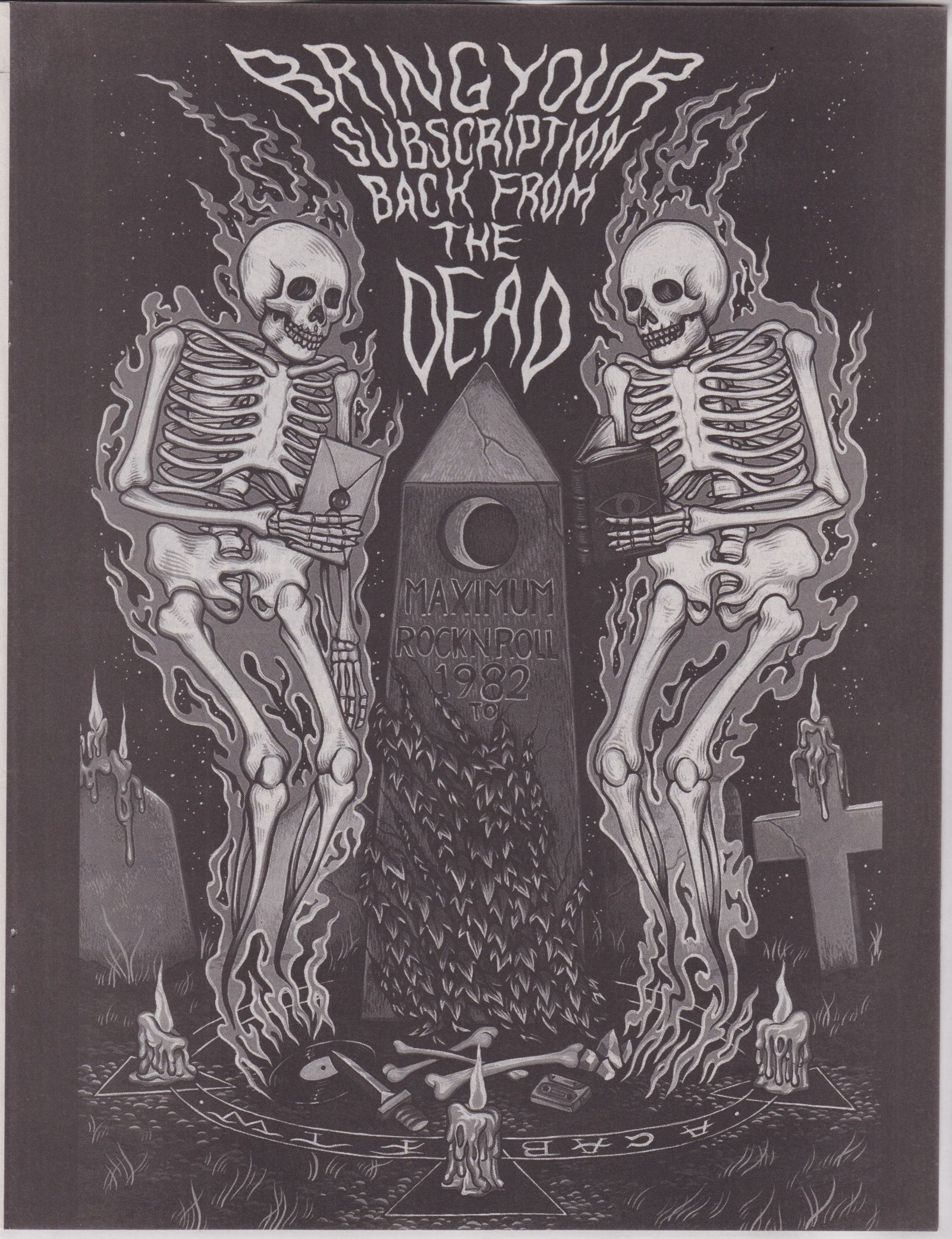
WAKE of the GAWDS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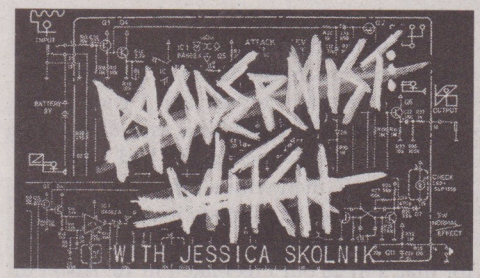


The economy of scale: touring, DIY and the space between hobby and labor.

Since Population returned from tour a little over a week ago (hi, by the way, to everyone I met and all the friends I saw! Y'all are wonderful!), and I am not a person who currently has or has ever had a lot of money, and I work in organized labor, I've got a lot on my brain regarding small-scale DIY bands, remuneration, and so forth.

Population is a pretty average band—we've all got lots of contacts and booking shows is not generally a problem for us, but we're not a hype band by any stretch of the imagination. I doubt any band I'm ever in will be popular enough so that any of the members can quit our day jobs or even scale back our hours to make more room for band work. We had some great help with the tour-only tapes from BLVD records, are a DIY label in every sense of the word (and that are wonderful, and that we are stoked to have put out at least one record for us), but we screened our shirts ourselves and paid for all our merch out of pocket, splitting the costs. We bought our own plane tickets. We made enough on tour (which I am immensely thankful for!) to offset the costs of gas, transportation, and backline rental so that we barely had to pay anything for that (and we really lucked into having a great driver who provided us with fantastic gear and went the long haul with us for an extremely reasonable price).

Bands are hard work. While practice, playing shows and touring are fun, they also take resources: time, energy and money. I joke sometimes about having three jobs—one "real" job and two bands. Let me be clear about one thing before I continue–I'm totally fine with not making money off my music. That's not why I play music, why I've ever played music. This is about survival and not completely wiping yourself out to the point where you can no longer continue.

Here is a fact: the price of shows has not really been adjusted for inflation since the '80s. Most shows that I go to or play are in the $5-8 range ($8 if there's a band that has come a really long way to play), which is absurdly cheap, given the costs of living and operating on this scale.

When I was booking a lot of shows (I don't any longer because I don't really have time), when I was still living in the DC/Baltimore area, I encountered at least one person at the door every time who thought shows should be free and that I was being an asshole for charging money at all, and that charging money isn't "punk."

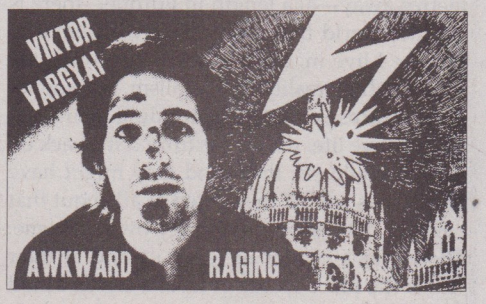
Yep, I agree. Capitalism fucking sucks. But how else is the band that is playing for you going to sustain itself—get to the next city, get something to eat, put something into their band fund for recording or other necessary costs of operation? Those of us who work day jobs that allow us the flexibility to tour (none of us, by the way, are able to take off more than a week or so, ten days if we're lucky) are privileged to even have that, given the number of jobs out there that don't even allow sick days. We're all struggling, and we have to rely on community support in order to operate.

Touring is necessary for bands like us who don't have a promoter or any other hype behind us—we play and play and play firstly, again, because we love to do it, but because nobody would hear us otherwise. I am not all that good at marketing and I have internal problems enough sharing things I've worked on, be they essays or records I've made or zines or whatever, because a part of me is saying internally "Hey, jackass, why should anyone care about this thing you did? What makes it special?"

But, you know, you have to put it out there somehow for people to respond. And art exists between the artist and the people listening to/viewing the art, so... This is why I always try to buy a shirt or a record from a touring band if possible–I know exactly how much that money means. So many of us do. Again, this isn't about making money. In most cases, it's not even about breaking even. It's just about not losing so much that you destroy yourself.

This is about, as my last few columns have all been, not fucking over other people in your community who are just trying to get by and do something creative, something that makes us happy in a world that constantly seeks to squash us and bleed us.

As always, you can reach me at themodernistwitch.tumblr.com // modernistwitch@gmail.com (hey, jackass, why should anyone care ...?)



So I live in Budapest mostly because I'm Hungarian. I tried to avoid telling this fact about myself, but it seems like even some nice Russian guy have figured it out who wrote cool things about me on the internet—I did not google my name this time, it was a friend of mine. That's the deal when you read Eastern Europe in my columns. You might have thought of that I'm polish and imagined my location to be grey and smell like cabbage but actually it's totally dark and stinks of moonshine.

One of the few good things about being Hungarian is I can read whatever Laszlo Krasznahorkai writes. Actually it's Krasznahorkai Laszlo, as my real name is Vargyai Viktor. We have use a switched order. And there is no need for a middle man as a translator between us, so not only his thoughts are reachable for me but it's also the selection of the words in his never-ending sentences. I'm kinda obsessed with him lately and reading now one of his books called *War and War* made me wonder on the whole thing. It's about this guy who goes crazy and travels from a small rural town in Hungary to New York because he thinks that's the center of the world in this modern age. There, he stays in a small room and creates a homepage about the message he feels he has to share eternity with. The funny thing is about it is how we Hungarians are really alike. Even if we are at the center of the world, we just stay in our dirty holes and think about the whole

universe and we feel like whatever we are doing is *so* important, the whole world should know about it, and when it's done things will change. It also made me realize too something I already wrote in one of my columns. After all ,we all just live in rooms so why does a country matter that much?

Sadly it matters so much in some aspects. There are unseen lines what are drawn deep into us. There is distance and that's the worst. The worst is when the distance between two places cannot be counted in length. Actually the worst is when there is distance between you and the whole universe, even if it's just a small fucked up town where you've been tragically stuck in.

The room I used to live in faced a hill and in one of its bushes during the winters there was always fire burning. People lived there and it felt shattering to witness how just a few metres away—aka length in Europe—there is another world that is completely different to the one I live in. Mine is about surviving the soul-crushing reality of capitalism, that sooner or later turns you into a lame adult; theirs is to just survive life, which has turned it's back on them. I could see them and they might have seen me as well, if they cared at all about that block of flats where my family owns a home. There was a border between us and at their end is the place where everyone else is afraid to end up.

It was also strange when I arrived in the States there was a line which, until I stepped over it I was afraid of, and then I entered another world as I walked through. There are lines drawn by markets, politics, cultures languages, fortunes. And for some reason some people always just wanna be at the hot spot of these best circumstances.

I always believed the center of the world is where we feel good. And there are places, for sure, from which you should run away, but there are situations you should run to, or realize them around you and then stick to. A drunk dance in a bar is a drunk dance everywhere. It matters who does that and how and when and what you feel. There are those rooms. We are in them. And we should create and reach for the world to grab it and make it our own. But after all, what matters is this nationless state, this universal thing: doing something, or better, doing something together. Creating and sharing.

I got hugged at a weird birthday party in Berlin of some legendary German fastcore band's drummer, while most people were snorting cocaine I was talking to a really elfish looking Swedish guy who was a traveler. I never felt like I should move or anchor myself to the road, thus I told him I look on places as if you don't like them—instead of escaping them you should try to make them better. With finding people with whom it will be better, or just try and it will follow. Or realize there are things all around us that need no place, time or culture. These things can't go through google translation, just through you. Like the noise of Void. That blasting amazing sounds which come along with lyrics, but you can understand one's frustration even without the slightest knowledge of English as well. As us non-Italian speakers do with Wretched.

Nowadays I love music or people who do things that are happening in rooms. Locked rooms where they are creating something that could not be held back. What launches them out into the world. When the world comes to your room to see what's happening there. When from a hidden position, from a beaten situation, people rise up and do something undeniably good. When they become needed and thus free. Or they just feel good because they have made it, as they do what they want because they haven't listened to anyone telling them what they can or cannot do. Aren't they the real center of the world?

But after all, what is the center of the world? Is it Olympia? With all of its crazy, drugged out love jams and garden hardcore rippings all in a feedback mist? Haven't you wished to live there in a long-haired commune in some unlocked door punk house? Was it Switzerland with the Hot Love era dozen perfection bands? Who recreated or reclaimed post punk, proto weird music? All those cold melodies which are still making our hearts warm? With their own Joe Strummer, aka the genius Rudolph Dietrich? Is it Tampa Florida with all the Cult Ritual connected bands? Their noise, their beauty, their unstoppable and uncountable force of pure teenage angst? Or was it Italy with its totally fucked up mutant hardcore bands? Brazil? Spain? Washington DC? LA? People put these places on maps and you wish you would live there. But it always had to be people—the same part of nature you likely are too.

I live in Budapest and it has two million residents. San Francisco doesn't have a million, but there were more punks at every show, there is *MRR*, and every band I saw could play their instruments. They had amazing places, record shops and the whole city has a history. As just yours and everyone else's, but maybe it's so far unwritten.

But yeah, as always it's not this easy. And some people just wanna get by with life, ride it with a tamed horse. There come all the unseen lines made up by the constant cruelty of this unequal world. Beause yeah, you could even find your joy under the circumstance of poverty, but most of us just wanna not be bothered with striving to get enough money for food, or being afraid of losing our rooms. We would like to buy stuff, but we enjoy being ditch diggers. To wear patches that not only hold our cloths together, but as symbols of stating it's still us versus them. We are survivors of not joining a war. A meal is good if you prepare it with passion and patience, not only at fancy restaurants. I go to the market where a top chef goes too and the veggies are cheap as well. But I know I'm in a better situation than so many people. And I see my friends in struggle with their conscience, when they have to choose between free times or some fucked up corporate job. And how those who choose to never grow up, rather chose to sooner or later go broke. It's never the money we miss. We miss the privilege where we could afford to be poor, but still not have to be in a class struggle.

Guess I'm lucky for this, because even if I still feel the lack of stability with a better job, I have a million things that make me forget the danger that are in the corner of my everyday life. I can entertain myself and I want many of my friend to be part of this as well. I'm just sometimes scared. Because if I had a job that pays me well, then with all the other things I do, I would feel like I made it. And if I made it, it would mean it's the end. I don't feel ready for that. I'm 26 but I feel like I'm 16. Also I'm afraid that with the chance to grow up, I will stop wanting to be young. Unable to do my things, but also not wanting to do them on the first base. I remember I wanted to leave Hungary only to see better shows, and have better chances to entertain myself. Now I wanna stay here forever because I have found so many good people with whom we make amazing things. Now, with a friend of mine we booked almost all of our contemporary favorites to play here. But it's heartbreaking how my friends tell me they are happy, because we are doing things, but they wish we will carry on. But it's me who wants them to carry on. I want to trust them. Because when we book a show, we not only book it for ourselves, we book it because we believe many people will come and it will be a great night of punk joy.

I really hated the movie *Children of Men*, for the same reason everybody loved it so much. The backgrounds. With all those immigrants kept in cages waiting to be deported back. And I have no idea how is it to be an immigrant, how is it even with the risk of being deported back ,and before that to be kept like an animal. And my rage comes at the point where I can't understand this fucking world; why is it making people do this? But at the same time I just feel that many people just go to live elsewhere because they are running away from themselves, and the real tragedy is what I just wrote—that millions of people can't decide and instead of rising up, to make a country or just a town more livable, they run away to live like rats somewhere else. It's just so upsetting. It's upsetting how people lose their cities and their abilities to live—but still I believe in fighting. A fight to block out this fucked up world. To build a better one, even among and within ourselves. Beause sadly or not, not everyone can live in *that one* city and this is why I hated *Children of Men*. It simply sold the idea that there are only, like, four

cities in the whole world worth to live in.

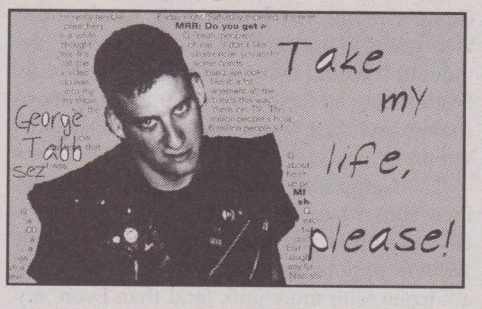
For some reason we all want to be elsewhere. Henry Miller's *Air-Conditioned Nightmare* starts with a conversation between him and a Hungarian friend of his. That friend is happy now because he always wanted to live in New York and now he does, while Miller wonders back to Budapest. Budapest was then governed by some semi-fascist regent, and we were in a flow that led right into the Second World War. Still he wanted to be here.

We envy each other's places. While being in the US, people who toured Western Europe were complaining how there punks criticize Americans because they think punk is so easy for them yanks. While in some western countries, squatters get extra money if they own dogs. People have to face community service if they smash a brick into a cop's face, while in San Francisco you got shot if you didn't have a bus ticket and you run away from cops.

What I envy in people is the extra energy. The power and will to carry on. It's abroad but it's in every town. Those crazy people, who sit down, anchor themselves to something and just do their things. Maybe they are legends, maybe they are nameless. But still they are cornerstones of the scene. Even if you are not one of them, you are a part of their work too, if you just help them with your existence. This magazine could be published because you have bought it. A show is just some crazy dude who wrote an email to a band to perform in a room without the audience. A band is just some people making noise in a room without listeners. We are all part of it and we all need each other. We are in this together. And we are everywhere. For some reason, from behind a line people are different, they speak different, act different, live different—but still there is something that makes us stick together instantly, even if we were raised differently and somewhere else. I love this. I love that I'm a part of this magazine from the other end of the world from a shady room. But I love it more that I can always write about my friends, about what is happening with us and I love that you, whoever you are, can maybe understand this all. Beause even if English is not my first language, my thoughts can go through these lines.

So this whole thing was not against moving. Mobilization is one of the best things ever. Whoever decides to leave their town for a better life and start it all over again, they are the strongest people. But sometimes you have to look at what you are running from and where you are running to. While I could be better elsewhere, I conn myself into believing I'm a do-er. Thus, I sit on my ass and try to do things. Beause after all, maybe Krasznahorkai was right when he got asked if he feels better in Berlin. He replied: No. But it's not Berlin's fault. He is Hungarian and he is destined to not feel good anywhere.

*This one is dedicated to my favorite reader and dreamer, my dear hobbit and that crooked teeth beauty.*vargyai.viktor@gmail.com // www.punkers block.blogspot.hu



It was a scene straight out of *Columbo*.

Years ago, Andy, my lawyer, was playing the part Peter Falk did so well, while the chick from Houghton-Mifflin and her female legal council were doing the guest stars routine. Parts usually reserved for B-rate television actors like those from *Star Trek*, *Mission Impossible*, or *The Love Boat*.

"Is that it?" asked Houghton-Mifflin's newest and best breasted lawyer on the "Furious vs. Curious" case.

"I think so," said Andy, in his best Falkian accent, as his over-sized suit just began to dry from the Boston rain.

"Good," said the Houghton-Mifflin chick, as she began to gather up her belongings in the corporation's huge conference room that only seated Andy, myself, the chick, and her lawyer.

Oh yeah, and the kindly court reporter, a self-confessed grandmother, who was there to take their deposition. We were deposing them.

"Um," stammered Andy, as he began to gather up his papers and put them in his briefcase, probably like the one his sister says he carried around in the fourth grade, even then full of New York newspapers.

"Yes?" asked the "Ho-Ton" Mifflin chick; it was she who told us it was pronounced "Ho." We giggled when we'd heard that.

"Just one more thing," added Andy. And as he said that, I swear one of his eyes crossed.

"What?" asked Curious George's attorney.

And then Andy slammed them with it. The last question. The one that hung them up, then out to dry. The question that probably made them go ape. Act bananas. And as he did so, I just laughed. And imagined the newest little monkey book, "Curious George Gets Fucked In The Ass".

But let me back up a bit.

***

"What kind of car is this?" I asked Andy a day earlier, as we made our way up to Boston in a green rented car that he'd picked up at Hertz.

"A Mazda something-or-other," he replied. "It seems like they make 70 or 80 different fucking models of the same car."

"Okay," I said, as I studied the rented car's radio, and was disturbed to see that instead of a cassette player, the fucking thing had a CD player.

"Fuck," I sighed.

Andy asked what was wrong and I told him. I explained that I had taped The Dwarves albums and the new one from Zeke to listen to on the way to Beantown. Home of the pussy Red Sox.

"Most new cars have CD players," Andy explained. "Don't you know that? You *are* a tech-writer, correct?"

Doh.

We made our way up the Westside Highway to the Hutch, then to the Merit. As we did so, we discussed the Curious vs. Furious George case, and how Houghton-Mifflin just couldn't leave us alone. How they brought this deposition on themselves, and how it seemed that the only lawyers that defended the little primate were women. That maybe Curious George just likes to suck tits and eat pussy. But more likely, that he just *was* a pussy.

As we hit heavy traffic on the Merit Parkway around Greenwich, we began to discuss The Gamp.

Andy had known him since they were little kids, and it was The Gamp's house that we were staying at that night.

I actually had met The Gamp a little over a decade ago. He was playing guitar in a local punk rock band called Bugout Society. A band that was fond of having hamburger fights to their song about White Castle. Somehow, I always ended up in the middle of them and got ketchup and burger grease on my t-shirts as reminders.

"I remember when Robert and I were around three and four years old," Andy told me.

"Robert?" I asked him.

Andy explained that Robert was his real name and that "The Gamp" was just a nickname taken from his last name.

I told him I thought that it said "The Gamp" on his birth certificate.

"Anyway," explained Andy, "I was playing with The Gamp's older brother, Eric, and while I was doing so, I remember that The Gamp had had diarrhea in his pants. That he shit all over himself."

"And the point?" I asked my hearing-impaired lawyer, a fact which caused me to yell at him half the time.

"The point was that I remember thinking to myself, 'Thank God I don't have *that* problem.'"

We both laughed, then discussed what Andy wanted for his 32nd birthday, which was coming up very soon.

"A kirby," Andy said.

I asked him what that was and he told me it was a member of the Legume family.

I then asked if "The Legumes" were like "The Gambinos," "The Genoveses," or "The Sopranos?"

Andy explained, very articulately, that

"Legumes" were members of the cucumber family, which also included zucchinis, squash, and kirbies.

When I asked him again what a kirby was, he told me it was like a small cucumber. About the size of a finger.

"Why would you want one of those?" I asked him.

"To shove up my ass," he explained.

I asked him why he'd want to do that. I also thought about The Gamp, and all that poop in his underwear. Maybe it turned Andy on.

"Actually," explained my lawyer, "I don't want anything up my ass. When a girl gets near there with her finger, I clench up. Sometimes chicks ask me why my ass is so tight and I tell them 'When you move your finger away from there I'll let you know'".

I then asked him why he even brought up the small cucumbers.

"Amy Sohn," he told me. Amy, a sex columnist, who used to write for *New York Press*, RIP, is a client of Andy's.

"What's she got to do with vegetables up your ass?" I asked.

"Actually," explained Andy," I'm not sure that members of the Legume family are vegetables. They could be fruit. I'll have to look into that."

I yelled at Andy to tell me about Amy Sohn, his anus, and kirbies. I think he finally heard me.

"Well, George," he explained," Amy said she was going to get me a vibrating butt-plug for my birthday. I told her to save her money and get me a kirby. They don't use up batteries, and are probably more gentle on the rectum."

I told him I was sorry I asked.

***

The rest of our drive to Boston was pretty much uneventful.

Sure, some guy at a gas station asked Andy about his "Free Dirty Danny" t-shirt and Andy got into a shouting match with him while the guy's credit card was, for some reason, rejected. Sure, we drove through one of the worst thunderstorms either of us had ever seen. Sure, Andy and I had shared a toilet at a Mobil station, and I left first, leaving a trucker guy with cigarettes rolled up in his t-shirt sleeve to utter the word "faggot" at me. Sure, I had a prostate attack and had to take my medication. But none of it was as swell as our discussion of kirbies.

We arrived at The Gamp's place in Cambridge around nine at night. I could tell it was The Gamp's place from the outside because I saw a buffalo-plaid jacket hanging in the window. For some reason, everyone in Bugout Society wore those red and black plaid jackets. It was their look. In fact, I remember The Gamp actually playing a plaid guitar at a gig. Then being pelted with burgers, of course.

"So, how was your drive?" The Gamp asked Andy and I once we got our shit out of the "Mazda something-or-other."

"Good," said Andy. "How's your mom?"

It turns out that The Gamp's mom and Andy's mom are best friends. And that my knowing The Gamp is just a coincidence. The way I understood it from Andy was that The Gamp's mom was happy that Andy and I were going to Boston, and visiting her son. She thought it would make him tidy up his house. From seeing all the candy wrappers and loose change and dust on the floor, I guess she was wrong.

The Gamp told Andy his mother was fine, then showed us around his *huge* apartment. He had a nice sized living room with Spaghetti Western posters hung neatly around the room, a kitchen with more junk food than Evan, my bass player, could ever *dream* of, a nice sized office/guest room and a huge bedroom. And he lived there all by himself. Andy and I were jealous.

I was also jealous of his *Red Dwarf* video collection. *Red Dwarf* is this television show that was on in England, and completely rules. It's really funny, and chicks just don't dig it. Just like Slayer. It's a guy thing.

Eventually, someone mentioned food and we talked about going out to eat. The Gamp asked what we liked, and Andy started rattling off all those nice restaurants in Boston. I just said "I want to go to a Sambo's or something."

Andy then informed me, as my lawyer, that there hasn't been a "Sambo's" around for over twenty years, and that family restaurants were now named "Denny's" and "Perkins".

I told him that the next thing you'd know was that they'd make South Carolina take down the Confederate flag.

We then went and ate at Ground Round, then came back to The Gamp's, where Andy went over his briefs. Which was good, because mine have little smiley faces and light bulbs on them.

While Andy studied the next day's case, The Gamp showed me his senior thesis he just completed the year before in college. Gamp had studied Oceanography, and had written a thesis called "Development of an Acoustic Tracking System for Harbor Porpoises—'Phocoena-phocoena' in the Vicinity of Gillnets."

When I asked him why he was showing it to me, he showed me his "thank you" list, which included "Handsome Dick Manitoba, the handsomest man in Rock 'n' Roll."

"Bet ya never seen his name on something like this, huh?" asked The Gamp.

"He'd be very impressed," I told him.

"What are you guys talking about?" shouted Andy from the other room. We both weren't sure if he'd meant to yell.

"The development of an acoustic tracking system for Harbor Porpoises—'Phocoena-phocoena' in the vicinity of gillnets," I explained to my lawyer.

"Oh," said Andy. "Well, when you get done talking about swimming mammals, let's talk enraged primate."

So the rest of the evening was spent preparing for the deposition of the chick at Houghton-Mifflin that was to be taken the next day, as well as discussions about how The Gamp worked for "A Secret Military Industrial Complex Doing Top Secret Weapons Work".

General Tso was also briefly touched upon.

It seems that in Boston, they call him General Gau. Or perhaps General Gau is an enemy of General Tso, and they aren't the same person. Well, whatever the case, it seems they both make the same chicken at Chinese restaurants in New York City and Boston. The Gamp figures General Tso drew a line through Connecticut, where he and General Gau would split the Chinese food territory. So General Gau gets to root for the Red Sox, and Tso, the Yankees. Or Mets, if he's a pussy.

Then there are the dumplings. Andy and I both knew they were called "Potstickers" in San Francisco, but were surprised to hear The Gamp tell us that they were called "Peking Ravioli" in Boston. We figured that maybe the British still owned the city, as it seemed as stupid as London. But when The Gamp then told us of "Crab Rangoon," we knew Boston was even beyond stupid. Probably retarded, if not brain-dead.

The next morning, we awoke really early, just to finish up on the preparations. As I ate fudge-filled Keebler cookies, and drank black coffee, The Gamp told me about how he downloaded "The Snoopy" song, as performed by Metallica, on Napster. An MP3 internet site. He told me that he hoped Metallica wouldn't sue him about The Snoopy song. Andy told him if they did, he'd defend his friend.

With hugs and good-byes all around, Andy and I then made our way through the rainy streets of Boston to make a monkey out of Curious George.

(To be continued…)

RECORDS RECORDS RECORDS

Apologizes are in order for last month's horrific tragedy. You, like thousands of punks around the world, opened last months *MRR* to a gapping empty space in the Top 10 section underneath the Fred Schrunk moniker. Many of you complained, several hurled bedroom lamps against a nearby wall, and some merely extinguished their rage by screaming into a pillow. For this anguish, I am sorry. Now, I know many of you have heard the lies, that my absence was due to flakiness on my part. This

is however untrue. My Top 10 was withheld in order to protest this month's subpar crop of punk records! I hope this coming month's assortment will rejuvenate my intrigue, and I can graciously return to my post. But in the meantime, I will use this space to fart and belch out my all-important opinions on the records of issue #358.

So the records of issue #358...who's heard of most of these bands anyway?!? Not me, that's sure. So I, like you, must base a modest amount of my opinions around two very important categories: band name and front cover art. Now, sure you can say these two aspect play absolutely no role in determining how good a band is, right? But lets pretend for a second that they do. Among my favorite band names this month would be TOUCH MY RASH, AMERICAN SNAKESKIN, and MAGIC TRASH.

TOUCH MY RASH's release was a CD only release (two strikes against it already) and additionally it was given a fairly unfavorable review. Something about it being bland pop punk. Strike three. I could look up this record online,butI'llpass.AMERICANSKNAKESKIN is an interesting one. Apparently it's members of DIET COKEHEADS and NEON BLUD. I like both of those bands, but this record is a little too far into the psychedelic netherworld for my taste. Do you wish GUN CLUB had done more opium and listened to more JOY DIVISION? Then this might be your thing. There is something about Florida that makes people fucking crazy. And whatever that is, these kids have been ingesting a lot of it lately. As for MAGIC TRASH, ack! Okay first off they also win the award for most boring packaging of a record this month. They couldn't have tried any less to appear interesting. And in this case the music matches the cover art. This is some sleepy time garage music (as in putting me to sleep). Zzzzzzzzz.

As for the list of terrible band names, I'd say BUG CHASER, TACO LEG and NOT ON TOUR rank pretty high on the list. TACO LEG?!? Really? That's the best you could do? Please tell me this is an inside joke I don't understand. Actually I don't care. The album isn't awful (far better than the name would indicate). It's some bedroom style Australian post punk. Angular and weird, and all the songs (except for "Find Me") sound kinda the same, but this is also a style of music that I completely don't get. There is actually a person or two I would recommend this record to. Although, I don't think either of those two people like JACK PALANCE BAND or OPERATION IVY (ie: questionable tastes). NOT ON TOUR was however quite good (once I hit the 45rpm button). It's super fast melodic pop punk that is actually good. A little too far on the over produced side, but their singer has enough talent and charisma to make up for any shortfall the record might offer. Also the songs are incredibly short, which never offers an opportunity for the song to become dull. My brain tells me to hate this, but my heart (and its unforgiving thirst for silly pop punk) won't let me.

Now, if we cross over to discuss cover art, the GOOD THROB 7" would be the clear winner for both best and worst album art. Funny how those two are the same so often. Any attempt to describe it would do a disservice to the art. But try, if you will, to imagine a crudely drawn penis rocket ship blasting off from a musical note landscape. All while a very sad and distraught mutant looks on. And it folds out into a poster! And on top of all that, it's also a good record. Total chaos monsters!

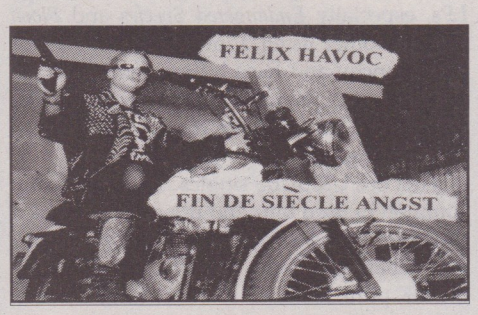
Runner up in best album art this month goes to the DAGGER EYES LP. On this record we get a zombie at the breakfast table eating bacon and eggs while two severed heads rest on the table nearby. Also through an open window you can see a mushroom cloud rising in the distance. Truly spectacular art. The music is on the good side of so-so. Can't really decide if I like it. It has a real first wave rock punk feel to it.

We also need to give YOUTHBITCH an honorable mention for their cover depicting a frightened brain discharging itself from the skull of some hapless fellow. Awesome cover! Musically, its okay. My roommate Langford reviewed this record for MRR and said "it mostly sounds like lame NOBUNNY," which is true. But also most of NOBUNNY sounds like lame NOBUNNY. So if you're into that whole scene, this might be something you enjoy.

The award for best "skull cover art" of the month goes to the FATUM / DISTRESS split 7", with the NOISEAR LP being a close second.

By a landslide, the award for best "Grim Reaper cover art" of the month goes to the MALDITO PAIS LP. The VERSKLAVEN 12" came in a distant second. It should also be noted that the DEATHRAID / DESPERAT split 12" was able to compete in both categories with its art showcasing a Grim Reaper shooting electricity from his hands (like the emperor in Star Wars) to electrocute a skeleton. A triumph!

So, although last month's pile of new records was truly dreadful, there were a small number of records that were totally awesome. LAS OTRAS was probably the best. Total chaotic hardcore from Barcelona. Fucking rad! San Francisco locals TRUE MUTANTS had a split 7" that was amazing. Only two songs, wishing I could listen to ten more. GOOD THROB (but I've already talked about them). And the SÄRKYNEET LP was super good. They are a Finish melodic punk band that feels like its equal parts BLONDIE and SHOP ASSISSTANTS. I'd recommend checking out all those bands, and after you're done, write me a letter! I'd love to hear from you. You can reach me at:
Fred Schrunk, PO Box 46020,7 San Francisco, CA 94146



This month I'm going to talk about one of my all-time favorite bands, the UK SUBS. I've written about the UK SUBS here before, but you are going to hear about them again, and perhaps in more depth than you care to. The UK SUBS might be my favorite *punk* (as differentiated from *hardcore*) band of all time. A lot of bands I used to really like sound kind of dated or not as exciting to me as they did years ago. But the UK SUBS actually sound better than ever, and a lot of their later material I used to dismiss has grown on me quite a bit over the years.

I'm not sure about other places, but if you grew up in DC, the UK SUBS were one of the main "starter punk" bands, and probably the most popular punk (as opposed to hardcore) band in the local scene. As a young punk I got several hand-me-down UK SUBS t-shirts from older punks and had a second-hand leather jacket with UK SUBS stenciled on the *inside* of the jacket. This was the English band most people's older siblings and friends were into and made tapes for us younger punks. UK SUBS is short for United Kingdom Subversives. The UK SUBS started in the late '70s in London. Singer Charlie Harper was already a veteran musician, having performed in blues, R&B and pub rock bands. Harper was already comparatively old when punk started, and he must be really old now, but the UK SUBS have never really broken up and have continued to perform and record ever since 1976. The golden age of the UK SUBS though is the late '70s and early '80s when they were cranking out singles and LPs. The UK SUBS have a lot of records, and unless you are really committed to being a completist you can make it through life without a lot of them. That said, just about any UK SUBS 7" up to 1985's *This Gun Says* is a must buy. The LPs are a mixed bag, and there are a lot of live LPs and greatest hits packages, and only the first few LPs are great start to finish, but most of the '80s LPs have several good tracks. The UK SUBS are much better on singles than LPs, the LP format allowed these experienced musicians a little too much room to experiment and they dabbled a lot in slower gothy and post-punk influenced songs. I'm not too big on that kind of music, but I know it's popular and I'm

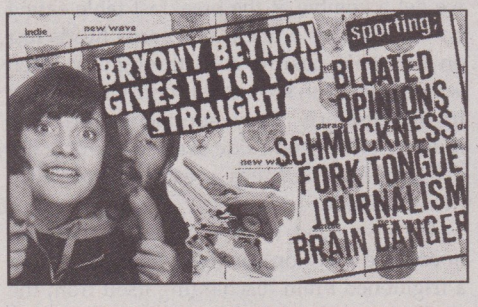
guessing most people who like that sound don't think of the UK SUBS. However, if you are into goth and post-punk, give the UK SUBS LPs, especially *Endangered Species* and *Flood of Lies* another listen. I love the UK SUBS for their punchy and hard-hitting punk rock, so to me many of the LPs kind of drag. However, some of the slower, more rock-oriented songs are amazing.

First off, UK SUBS singles. These are really common in used bins and none of them, even the color vinyl ones, should set you back more than $10 or so. On discogs and ebay old UK punk like this is kind of dime a dozen right now. So, if you are record collector on a budget, here's a chance to build a collection of great punk on the cheap. As I noted above, all the singles up to about 1985 are excellent. If the songwriting credits are "Harper/Garret" it's pretty much a guaranteed rager. The UK SUBS are a really strong singles band; I would take a stack of singles ("C.I.D," "Tomorrow's Girls," "Stranglehold," "Warhead," "Party In Paris," "Teenage," "Countdown," "Keep on Running," "Shake up the City," "Another Typical City," "This Gun Says") over any of the LPs. The only possible exception to the all-killer no-filler content of the UK SUBS' 1979-85 7" output is their cover of the ZOMBIES' "She's Not There" which is OK by me, but sounds a little tame compared to the band's originals.

To my mind the UK SUBS' best LPs are their first three, and especially the second LP, *Brand New Age*. The UK SUBS title their records alphabetically so you can always tell which LP it is by the first letter it starts with (*Another Kind of Blues* is the first, *Endangered Species* is the fourth, etc.) *Another Kind of Blues* is mostly killer, but there are a few slightly slower songs that kind of drag it down; it's great, but not quite perfect. *Brand New Age* is pretty much killer start to finish, the quintessential UK SUBS record. You can always count on this record to lift your spirits and fill you with energy and vigor when you are feeling down. *Diminished Responsibility* is also great, but falls just a little short of *Brand New Age*. 1981's *Endangered Species* LP sees a lot of the slower, darker, more moody songs that the band avoids on their singles. Some of the tracks remind me of something like PUBLIC IMAGE and some of it sounds straight up like goth rock. The SUBS followed it up with *Flood of Lies*, which is pretty mixed, going even further into the slow and goth rock territory, but it has a few strong rockers. After *Flood of Lies* the high quality level of the UK SUBS output starts to decline. There are some good songs here and there, but nothing essential.

The UK SUBS have a lot of live and greatest hits records, to my mind the best are *AWOL*, *Subs-Standards*, and *Recorded 1979-1981*. There is also a really good LP of demos called *Demonstration Tapes*. I never listen to live records, and this band has a *lot* of them, so if you are into that kind of thing you are in luck.

One of the best live shows I saw in the '90s was the UK SUBS in about 1993. I'm not sure what factors were at work to make it such an epic show, I've seen them before and since, but this one gig was just phenomenal. It was in a small club with high energy and I was just pumped for the show, having been a fan forever. I was right up front all night pogoing and singing along to every song. Sitting here today, I wish I could get that excited about some of the bands that are coming around Minneapolis these days, but maybe I'm just getting old and jaded. It's true, I don't go to very many shows any more, but that's only because I'm at home listening to my UK SUBS records.



For the last couple of years I've been involved in a book project called WOMEN MAKE NOISE. In 2011, a friend of a friend suggested I get in touch with the editor Julia Downes, when she put an open call out for authors who wanted to write about "all-girl" bands. Two years later I've been "properly" published in aa actual book for the first time. I'm only now getting around to reflecting on it. It's a weird feeling. The process was long and arduous and I wasn't even editing the whole thing like Julia. It's a thick tome, with chapters on everything from women's contributions to Skiffle, Blues, on Women's liberation jam bands, all-girl post punk, to personal reflections on being in an all girl Prog band in the '70s called Mother Superior, a really great chapter on Queercore that finally elevates it out of the footnotes of most music history books. Knowing that with the editor's academic and punk background there would need to be some stringent analysis going on, I decided to write on the international currents in women's punk and hardcore music making and related activisms, but making a conscious choice not to employ riot-grrrl as the convenient ground zero or flashpoint for this. I chose to do that because truly, it never was, for me. I was never a riot-grrrl. That might seem obvious given that I was six years old in 1992, but the persistent reverberations and reincarnations of the thing have meant that its been a crucial identity for pockets of teen girls ever since, recycled over and over in suburban bedrooms long before tumblr. Geographically I easily could have been, growing up in the city that spawned Helen Love, not far from where bands like the Manic Street Preachers had injected glitter and radical politics into a burgeoning Welsh rock scene. Yet somehow I found my way to hardcore punk and metal gigs in pub back rooms instead, and as a young teen quickly self-designated a (determinedly gender-neutral or at least "not a girl") hardcore kid, so I wanted nothing to do with hairclips or lipgloss or any of the hyperfemme tropes employed in the usual riot-grrrl aesthetic which didn't speak to me at all.

I looked back on this whole process while writing the chapter, which took its mandate to ostensibly shed light on forgotten or at least "under theorised" moments in punker history. To anyone with a knowledge or interest in girl punk referencing riot-grrrl in its context as a moment, a swelling, within punk history, would make total sense, and yet so many published books on the matter would paint that moment as the first time that women had seized power in punk, some kind of failed revolution without precedent, that imploded due to media glare and infighting. No one would try to pretend RG wasn't hugely significant, but the overreliance on it when historicising punk rock and women's involvement in it is something that's irked me for a long time. So I tried instead to firstly, state these tensions up front, and quickly debunk the idea that punk was a "from the west to the rest" phenomenon by waxing lyrical about Chute de Esperma, barely known girl punk from Tenerife in the early '80s, and to somehow draw a ragged line between Chalk Circle (dedicated hardcore women making music outside the lines) Tozibabe (a different sound thousands of miles away, bursting with the same defiance). I wanted to loop in the subjectivities of women going to shows in the late '80s, as much as give them their due for battling on in a time that's remembered as being so resolutely male. One of my major reasons for this was to use a quote I'd always remembered from a really short, small interview from an overall not very good book about straight edge and the Anthrax in Connecticut, published by Revelation. In it, a woman named Glynis Hull Rochelle is asked about her time taking money on the door of the Anthrax, and she responds politely, curtly throughout, mostly about dating Ray Cappo, until the very end where she finally states "had I ever said one hundredth about women's rights or feminism as those boys said about straight edge, I would have been burnt at the stake as a castrating dyke witch bitch." End interview. So intense! This, in a book that was in no way about women or women's participation in hardcore burnt itself into my brain when I first read it and spoke to me so much, it seemed like a tiny peak behind all the bluster and bullshit. I second guessed myself a lot in this process, and began to realise that a jumped-up polemic about why I wore such baggy jeans was not going to pass muster, so

I scrapped most of my notes and began to interview as many women as I could to get some proper context to make sure I wasn't just extrapolating wildly or speaking only from my own experience. What follows are some outtakes that I couldn't use in the book for reasons of space, but are conversations I feel really excited to have had and that I hope to publish in full properly at some point.

Jes Skolnik: "One of the most major problems that I've been experiencing regularly as long as I've been playing in bands/booking shows/involved in the punk scene, as well as feminist activism (I've been doing both since my mid-teens in varying capacities—currently, in my early thirties, I'm in a couple of bands and feminist/labor organizing collectives and I organized a major protest that drew over 2000 people a couple of months ago), is that there are a lot of people who will say they're committed to something but, when it comes time to actually do the work, will drop the ball. I find myself as an organizer and a person who books shows relentlessly pestering people and following up with them to make sure things actually get done and people actually show up when and where they're supposed to; there are a few core people in each group who always do this. It's very often female-identified folks who end up doing these things, perhaps because we're socially charged with caretaking in a way that male-identified folks aren't."

Stephie Cristol, Hysterics, on the phrase "I just don't like female voices" as it pertains to punk and hardcore: "I've never heard anyone who actually knows anything about music ever say that, so I don't take it seriously, but if any of those people actually care enough to ask themselves *why* they "don't like female voices," I'd be interested to hear the results. I just don't buy it that it's as simple as "just not liking them." For several years as a teenager I "didn't like female voices" either, and I only figured out later that that reaction was totally a by-product of my own internalized sexism, or resentment toward being born into a gender that didn't match that of my musical heroes at the time. I will say that a lot of boys are protective of their boys-club hardcore scene and the voice of "the other" could sound threatening to the sacred dude-circle."

Adrienne Droogas, Spitboy, on confronting sexism at shows: "There was one show we were playing with Jawbreaker and while we were playing, this guy kept running to the front and lifting up his shirt and screaming "show me your tits". There was an insane amount of people at the show and so I don't know if the other Spitwomen were seeing what was going on, but I saw him do it once, I saw him do it twice, and on the third time I threw down the microphone, literally jumped off the stage (which was a few feet high) and landed right next to him. He saw me coming and was turning to run away and I grabbed his arm, swung him around, and started talking to him. The Spitwomen stopped playing and I have never heard a crowd of hundreds of people get so totally, utterly, and completely silent. I held his arm and was right in his face and explained to him why his actions were awful. What he was perpetuating by treating women this way. How he had just made me feel. In the silence of the room, a few people walked over and asked me if I wanted them to beat him up and I said no, but I asked that he be taken outside and not allowed back into the club. He was escorted out and I climbed back up on the stage and we continued our set. Honestly, I have never heard hundreds of people get that quite that quickly. It was kind of eerie."

Suzy Quaalude, the Braphsmears, on musicianship and expectations in early Portland punk: "People said stuff like, "You're the best girl bass player I know!" Which is a compliment...I guess! Of course there were a couple of very good bassists around that I wasn't as good as, like Glenn Estes (Poison Idea). So I had no illusions that I was "the" best, but that whole "...for a girl" addition held an implication that I wouldn't ever be as good as somebody like Glenn. That might have been true for whatever reason—Glenn was really freaking good—but not because of my gender. It was frustrating for me as a musician because I felt like I'd always be sitting at the kids' table no matter how good I got. Dave Corboy (Sado-Nation) was extremely annoying about that stuff. Of course his problem wasn't my gender; with him it was more that I was too young to have really been a part of '60s music, so he kept saying I didn't understand music. I'd been studying music since I was seven, so I actually did understand it pretty well! I could tell we were going off in new directions musically, not following the twelve-bar blueprint, but it was intentional."

Adrienne on punk rock and "the spectactle": We never saw ourselves as being viewed as a spectacle. Maybe we were being naive, but we only felt like punk women playing punk music. Discussions about rape and abuse would come up whenever someone in the band felt like sharing their thoughts or perspectives on it. When we were writing out the set list together, someone in the band would say something like "I have something I'd like to say before Ultimate Violations" but we wouldn't share it beforehand. We'd share it on stage. At one show, I went through the audience and I counted out every third woman in the audience and asked that third woman to raise her hand. I made my way through the whole audience and ended up counting through the members of Spitboy and raising my own hand. Once I'd finished and I had a room full of every third woman with her hand raised, I spoke about the rape statistics that one in every third woman gets raped. That we were looking at those statistics right in front of us. I made it clear that I was not saying that any of these women had been attacked and that I hope nobody would ever get attacked, but that these are the kind of fears that women have to face every day. It was a powerful way to show how overwhelming the issue of rape in our society."

First of all, add my name to the growing list of those with gripes against the US Postal Service. Besides the brutal new postage rates (international shipping is nigh-impossible on a punk budget now), I've been waiting two-and-a-half goddamn weeks for a package from Japan. Not that I don't have good stuff to write about this month, but I guess new material by personal favorites ILLYA and FILTHY HATE are going to have to wait until next month. Boo!

All pouting aside, I did manage to receive probably my favorite record of 2013 so far before deadline, and it is an absolute monster. Released by the zine crew turned label guys over at Vox Populi, the *Raw Punkz* EP comp is 100% fantastic punk rock, some of which is in fact "raw". There are no particular highlights here, because every single song is great. VENDETTA bring their usual rocked-out '77 style, with a track that outshines at least a couple of the songs on their most recent EP. RAW DISTRACTIONS have a pitch-perfect take on UK '82 style in the vein of EMERGENCY or the BLITZKRIEG single. SKIZOPHRENIA continue to prove that they're incapable of writing a bad song, with a catchy mid-tempo number featuring their trademark BGK-level bass attack and classic '80s European sound. The surprise (i.e. new to me band on the comp) were SOLPAATOS, who are classic Finnish HC revivalists that eschew the usual KAAOS vocal reverb insanity for a more melodic LAMA-based sound. Finally, and sadly, this comp features the final track by stalwarts PERSEVERE who will have played their final gig by the time you read this. Of course they go out on a high note, as "Innocent Victims" is as classic a song as they've ever produced, driving studs-and-spikes core with a catchy hook and ridiculously raging solo. (Vox Populi records)

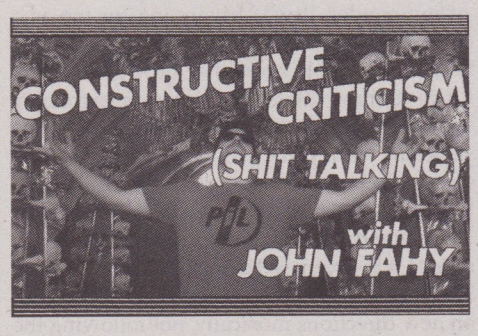
Speaking of SKIZOPHRENIA, they also have a new EP entitled *Don't Give Up* on the best label of the new millennium so far, Hardcore Survives. Unlike their earlier singles, this is a three-song deal, giving the songs a bit more room to grow and there's definitely a greater sense of melody here. The vox is even more snotty and obnoxious than before, with some nice vocal tradeoffs that emphasize that. The title track is as classic an example of a hardcore punk song as you're like to find, with a timeless sound that wouldn't be out of place on the *Welcome to 1984* or *P.E.A.C.E.* comps. A little SLIME here, a little 7 SECONDS there, topped off with a heaping helping of (of course) BGK, and you get a completely awesome slice of timeless melodic hardcore. I can't say I don't like *the Raw Punk E.A.T.E.R.* EP just a smidgen more, but this is top shelf material nonetheless and well worth your time. (Hardcore Survives)

While SKIZOPHRENIA are absolutely sincere lovers of '80s punk and hardcore, I can't help but think that Boston's WHO KILLED SPIKY JACKET? might be having a bit of a larf at the expense of the genre. Well, actually I'm completely convinced that they're having a larf, I'm just not sure who the joke's on. At the end of the day, WKSJ? are America's UK '82-obsessed answer to HARD SKIN, complete with cheeky lyrics and liner notes (the bit on how to take "charged" photos had me rolling). I mean, this is essentially a novelty record, and I'm not sure what its repeat listen value is really, but it's definitely funny and "Spike Your Hair With Beer" is an un-ironically good song at any rate. As a record judged only on its own merits, it's meh. As an antidote to 2013-era post-punk, self-important beardos and goth-punk poseurs it's fucking priceless. Comes on cute pink vinyl too (mostly). (Total Fucker records)

Unlike the aforementioned crew, Peru's DISTEMPER are not fucking around. This DHK project bill themselves as DESTRUCCION worship, and on the *Nunka A De Morir El Dis...* demo they definitely deliver on that label, bringing classic Spanish-style mid-temo D-beat. There's an active sense of major-key melody in the riffs, the vocal is aggressively epic, the drums are rock-solid in their simplicity and the solos are all one-note ragers. Plus you gotta love a band that samples DISCHARGE songs right in the middle of their own demo. I mean, why not, right? Sure a lot of the riffs are derivative or this or that band, but that's the fucking style and this is presented in the punkest fucking fashion imaginable, just totally raw and homemade in the best possible way. If "Antifacebook" isn't your jam, I don't want to be your friend. (CV records)

Finally, I was lucky enough to get slid a copy of the new SEE YOU IN HELL LP (*Jed*) and holy fucking shit this is easily their best work ever. I'll cop to having found this band to be hit-or-miss in the past, as the songwriting didn't always live up to their epic Japanese hardcore-influenced ambitions, but every song on this thing is an absolute ripper, executed with the kind of casual precision that any band would be envious of. There are all kinds of clever melodic hooks to hang your hat on alongside fantastic fist-banging driving riffs, daringly executed build-ups and some of the best gang choruses this side of Tokyo. Of course it's fucking great to hear the style sung in Czech instead of English or Japanese for a change. I can't emphasize enough how fucking great this record is, and it feels like it's over in a heartbeat with eight songs flying by at 45 rpm. It's no coincidence that the color scheme of this album recalls DEATH SIDE's *Bet on the Possibility* LP, and frankly this is a more than worthy descendant of that classic. You need this! (Insane Society)

Okay, fine. I guess that's it for now. Stay tuned for a bunch of cool shit including but not limited the new ILLYA EP and demo (very excited!). In the meantime let me forgo my usual plugs to offer up one last 21-beer salute to PERSEVERE. Wish I could have seen them, but they leave behind a legacy that includes three fantastic EPs, a solid 12" and a handful of memorable comp tracks. Cheers and sayonara PERSEVERE!



A Short Interview With Nervous Nelly Records

My friends Brian and Kale gave me some of their time this month to talk about their label based out of Nashville, Tennessee. I've been psyched about what they're doing for a while and in the short time they've been active they've put out some really cool records from bands like PARASOL, CURMUDGEON, and PEEPLE WATCHIN'. Brian is formerly of DEAD UNCLES, RIPSHIT, bands I'd met on tour and the mighty ESCALATOR, whom I was lucky to join on tour. On that tour Kale put on a show for us in Nashville. Later, in Florida, he totally undermined and usurped Brian and I after an epic dance-off by literally outmaneuvering us both and with much grace. Thanks to them for answering my questions. Nervous Nelly records can be found at www.nervousnelly.bandcamp/www.nervousnelly.tumblr.

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Please tell me how and why you started this label and how you got to know each other. What ideas and objectives did or do you have to accomplish with this label?

Kale: We started the label about a year ago, when I lived in Nashville and Brian still lived in New Haven. We had met in New Haven and been friends, and then we fell in love. We wanted to do a project together that would prioritize the concerns of queer and trans people, especially because we felt marginalized as queer/trans people in various punk scenes. I remember we had a "business date" at an Ethiopian restaurant in Nashville when Brian came down to visit one week. I had basically been complaining about how not queer and feminist the scene was in Nashville, and how much I missed being around other queer punks. Then Brian suggested we do the label, split all the costs 50/50, but with Brian doing more of the mail order side of things because grad school keeps me pretty busy. Plus, living in Nashville, we figured it would be cool to do a record label here, since there is already so much infrastructure in terms of United being in town. But, we haven't really ended up working with a ton of locals, in favor of doing things DIY, like printing with Fort Myers Print Corps, who are friends and allies and great people.

Now that we are both living in Nashville, we are hoping to put out more releases by queer punk bands in the region. Also, for me, this is a way to feel like I'm connected to other queer punks- two identities that are pretty important to me. Not long after we put out the PEEPLE WATCHIN' 7", we got a letter from someone in upstate NY, who wrote us to tell us how much the record and the label meant to him as a queer punk. That basically made my week.

Brian: Kale pretty much covered it. Queerness and punkness are ways that I understand myself and the world around me, and as such I'm interested in where they intersect. We want to highlight certain discourses and perspectives within a subculture that often digs its heels in and exhorts regressive ideologies and social practices.

Tell us about some of your past, current and upcoming releases. Do you have any specific kind of bands you'd like to participate in releasing?

Brian: Our first release was the CURMUDGEON *Human Ouroboros* 7", which is now sold out. We also put out THE PEEPLE WATCHIN' *Back to Boston* 7" and just released their first LP, *Something to Tell Ya* which is a benefit for Black and Pink, an LGBTQ prisoner's support organization out of Boston. We also just released the PARASOL 7" *Scoot Over*. Kale also released a zine called *Nashville Transit*, about riding the bus in Nashville as a transguy.

Future projects: a re-pressing of the CURMUDGEON 7", plus a *Singles + Live* FOREIGN OBJECTS tape. We'd also really love to do more releases by queer bands from

the South or Midwest. So far, confoundingly, all of our releases have been Boston-based bands.

Do you have an interest in furthering more local projects?

Kale: We do—we're really excited about the Owl Farm, which is a DIY venue run by our friends Jazzi and Rose. Unfortunately, we haven't really met a ton of queer DIY punk bands in Nashville; we're going to be starting a couple soon. When starting the label we invited two different Nashville acts to work with us, but neither happened for reasons that wouldn't be interesting to go into here.

Tell me some of the other names you floated for a label name, I remember some of them being quite choice, like The Gay Agenda.

Kale: I came up with some really awesome names, but Brian thought they were too immature. Whatever Rimjob records/Tossed Salad records 4-Eva!

Brian: I recall Kale rejecting a proposed name of mine because "I can't say that to my mom"... as if Tossed Salad records would fly at the dinner table.

Kale: But she wouldn't know what Tossed Salad means!

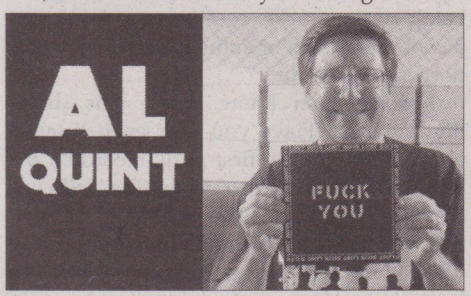
Brian: You should see the list of proposed band names he has on the wall in the kitchen. I cannot relay them in good conscience in the print of such a venerable publication.

If you were going to emulate any label, past or present, who do you think has carried out a reputable source of punk music?

Brian: Emulation is a tricky prospect... for example, I can't think of another label that has a vintage clothing arm. Nervous Nelly is basically a catch-all for our creative projects, which are culled from many influences, punk music and otherwise.

Kale: For me, I don't aspire to do anything with the label other than feel like I'm helping to get queer people heard and have that matter and connect people. So, even though there are a lot of labels that have meant a lot to me, I am more loosely inspired by them than attempting to emulate.

We would point the finger at labels that don't worry so much about whether a band "fits" with their other bands... that kinda do what strikes their fancy. We think Shock to the System has been great with that, as has Reality is a Cult. Puzzle Pieces has a more consistent aim, but we like what they're aiming for!



LIVING IN THE DIGITAL WORLD

It's official—I'm out of space for music. Well, music in the physical format. This August, it'll be sixteen years since we moved into our house. I figured—great, all the space I need to house my records, tapes, CDs, videos and the like. But I've reached critical mass. I can only sell off so many records and, even if I wanted to get rid of CDs, I'd be better off keeping the jewel case and throwing away the disc.

So it's time to ask that people only send digital media for review/radio airplay from now on. I've decided that MP3s don't sound that bad and, even with the lack of artwork, FLAC files sound almost as good as a record. And music sounds almost as good coming through my 4" x 10" Altec-Lansing computer speakers as it does through my 16" x 30" Altec monstrosities that I've had since 1982. I don't even need to leave my desk! Plus, since the mixer for the radio show has an iPod dock, I could very easily fill two hours each week. And no more digging through all those records and CDs. I can't bend over as well as I used to and thought I felt something go in my knee yesterday when I tried to stand up after pulling CDs from the bottom shelf. I won't have to shuffle and move those boxes of 7"s in the closet quite as often. My bad shoulder will be all the better for it.

Some labels and publicists have already obliged in doing just that—I didn't even have to ask. And, hell, if it's good enough for magazines like *AMP*, who are more than willing to review digital promos, who am I to stand in the way of progress? I imagine some of their readers work at Hot Topic, FYE or Best Buy, companies who show up in label ads in *AMP*. If you're only making $7-8 an hour at one of those businesses, you probably don't have a lot of discretionary income to spend on records or CDs and a digital download can be a less-expensive option. Unless you're a MY BLOODY VALENTINE fan, that is—a download of their new nine-song album costs $16. I imagine they appeal to a wealthier demographic, though. I'd reckon, for instance, that about half of the Brooklyn hipsters downloading that album have trust funds so the $16 isn't that much...

As an aside, at one point, *AMP* had ads from Wal-Mart. I remember a promotion about five years ago for a "SummerTour Survival Guide" that included a 14-song CD plus a publication that included interviews and "posters, prizes, games and much more!" All that for a mere $3.88 and Wal-Mart was the only place you could get it. What a bahgain, as we say in Massachusetts.

Getting back to digital promos, though, the sound quality isn't even an issue in some instances. Heck, even 128 kbps will suffice for certain recordings. The MP3s I got for the VOID *Sessions '81-'83* album from Dischord were encoded at 128 (or maybe 160. I'd have to check) and, since the original recordings probably weren't that high fidelity to begin with, it doesn't detract from listening experience and the label uses up less bandwidth sending out the digital promos.

There's an emerging industry, with companies that offer digital promo services. Some of my publicity contacts use a company called Haulix. Different packages are offered and even have cute names like "Rising Star," "Mountain Climber," "The Whale" and the deluxe plan is called the "Ultimate Agent." They have increasing amounts of storage and bandwidth and watermarked security. That means if a writer or DJ downloads the material and engages in the devious activity of file sharing or posting the music to YouTube, it can be traced back to them and a character who looks like the Wizard of Oz appears on their computer screen and says "Haulix is watching you!!" They even have a cute little 37-second introductory video comparing the old way to the new way to promote it. The "old way" shows a mailbox with crickets chirping in the background, while the "digital" way to promote has nifty futuristic graphics with lines bouncing all over the globe and stirring orchestral-type music in the background. It sounds like a synthesizer, instead of an actual orchestra, created it. That's a good idea—it keeps production costs down and they can pass even more savings on to the customers.

I was discussing the recent postal rate increases with some friends and acquaintances, after reading an article from NPR, talking about the negative impact it's going to have on small labels and distributors. Which is a very big problem for some people, I admit. An old music scene acquaintance of mine named Chris, who is in his early 40s, says he's getting rid of all his CDs and about 50% of his records. He says, "if music is going to be free, people need to finally rid themselves of the notion that there needs to be some sellable plastic disc affixed to it. Waste of natural resources." This is true. And, I mean, most album covers aren't worth the ink or cardboard anyway. Or posters. Does the world need yet *another* album cover or fold-out insert picturing disfigured or dismembered war victims or silly cartoon skeletons or skulls?

So into the future. I'll be closing my post office box pretty soon. Just send files or links to this email address: whoneedsrecords@sonicoverload.net

MUSIC REVIEWS FROM OBSOLETE FORMATS

Since I've still got some new records and CDs lying around here, I might as well scribble a few reviews. If the band name DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE isn't a dead giveaway about the musical contents, you're probably not paying attention. On their *Nightmare Visions* 12" this Norwegian unit do, indeed, take a page from the second

word in their name and add some of ANTI-CIMEX roughness for good measure. Breaks no new ground, the drumming falters on occasion but I still end up liking it because they're pretty good at hammering out aggressive fodder. Fragmentary lyrics that are kept to a minimum, along with repetitive arrangements. You know what you're getting. (Vex, vex.rex@hotmail.com)

Finnish band RAYGUN also exists in the loud/fast realm. Half of their new LP *Pommeja Taivaalta* (on Kämäset Levyt) was recorded in 2012 and the B-side consists of recordings from '93 and '95 and '06. The new stuff is actually the best—it shows them to still be a vital, rip-roaring unit with a classic Finnish sound that's closer to APPENDIX than the well-known bands, in that there are catchy elements to go along with the thrash-driven arrangements. New(er) vocalist Jonne adds a snottier dimension, as well. It has a vintage sound without coming across as dated. The older songs vary in sound quality but stick to a similar musical format. The vocals don't have as much presence, though, so it was definitely the right move to add Jonne.

Kämäset Levyt also sent along the new TERVEET KÄDET album *Musta Hetki*. 30 years down the road, only vocalist Läjä remains from the original lineup and his voice is lower and throatier than in the early days. It's a high-energy effort but something seems a bit off, at times. The songs are played at pile-driving speed but the drumming is occasionally out of sync with the other instruments and Läjä's vocals don't always time well with the music either. Maybe if they'd slowed it down a bit, it might have meshed better—that's accomplished for the more-reasonably paced "Verinen Syli" and "Viimeinen Naula." Somewhat disappointing but I'm looking forward to seeing them live. (Kämäset Levyt , Iisakinte 18, 37560 Lemaala, FINLAND, www.punkinfinland.net/kamanen)

In a much different vein, there's the debut 12", *Apertures*, by SF post-punk band SYNTHETIC ID. This band works the same thorny terrain as RANK/XEROX, as well as the MINUTEMEN at times. That means busy, nervous-sounding arrangements punctuated by throbbing bass, solid drumming and dexterous guitar playing that is both jarring and mellifluent, especially for "Pressure Gauge." The only problem is with the vocals, which are off-key and flat-sounding. The band's kinetic sound makes up for it, though. (1-2-3-4 Go!, www.1234gorecords.com)

LAMPS's new album, *Under the Water UndertThe Ground*, is a total mind-fucker. Heavy and muscular and the effect is punishing but also applying those properties to forays into FALL-ish rock, garage and even a lumbering cover of a BO DIDDLEY song—"H.B.D." aka "Hey Bo Diddley" that offers a radical reworking of the "shave and a haircut, two bits" beat. The aforementioned mind-fuckery is established at the outset, with the post-punk arrangement interrupted with sheets of atonal noise. Formidable guitar wreckage, punctuated by fuzz, power-chords and whizzling chaos, along with gigantic bass-lines and drumbeats. Pure, unadulterated abraso-rock with a relentless quality throughout. (In the Red, PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050, www.intheredrecords.com)

Speaking of relentless music, you'll get a strong dose of that on SOCIETY NURSE's self-titled 12" on Iron Lung. A dark and visceral journey and the band includes a couple of guys from WALLS and COLD SWEAT, namely Jensen Ward and Nick Turner. Jensen plays guitar in this band the drumming is more-than-ably handled by Todd Hoffman. Bruising fodder with plenty of speed but there are also hammering moments and a sense of drama in the arrangements. New vocalist Donald Abel (another guy sang on their previous 7") delivers the words of despair in an agonized and gutteral style. SOCIETY NURSE has something of a similar vibe to the bands mentioned earlier, but this takes more a direct, hardcore route and it will leave your senses shattered. It's early in the year but I could very easily see this album being in my top ten of 2013.

Another new Iron Lung release is the latest 7", *Desesperación* by NEEDLES, a band that features (in case you didn't know it), Martin Sorrondeguy (LIMP WRIST, los CRUDOS), Scott from LIMP WRIST and Brian and Jim from TALK IS POISON, so you know this is going to be pure aggro and they deliver. Martin sounds as rabid as always and the sound is blistering hardcore with frayed, slashing guitar and bone-crushing bass and drums. Six songs, no breaks (except when you flip the record over) and, while there's plenty of anger, "Not Losing Faith" sounds, dare I say, a bit hopeful about "the youth." And that song is way better than the one that goes "I believe the children are the future." (Iron Lung, (PO Box 45521, Seattle, WA 98145, www.ironlungrecords.bigcartel.com)

More hardcore from EMPTY ROOM, a Buffalo band with the ubiquitous Biff Bifaro (I OBJECT, BROWN SUGAR, PLATES and more) on bass, joined by people from WHITE WHALE and EVERYTHING FALLS APART. Thundering and pummeling hardcore in short, angry bursts although they take a different turn for the brooding "Americans With Guns" (timely!) and "Ambient Awareness," the latter featuring some damaged-sounding guitar and dark lyrics about internet stalking. Hope to see some vinyl from this band in the not-too-distant future. (Feral Kid, www.feralkidrecords.storeenvy.com)

Time for one more and this one's a reissue, *Why Work for Death?/We the Fooled* from DISSENSION. They were a southern California band in the mid-to-late '80s and released a pair of albums, which have now repackaged on a convenient single CD. Throttling hardcore punk played at a go-for-broke clip and adding some metallic leads to their thrashy thump, along the lines of DRI and FINAL CONFLICT. The metal seeped in further for "We the Fooled," although the hardcore roots were hardly abandoned. "Why Work for Death?" has been a Labor Day perennial on my radio show and I still have the red vinyl copy of that 12" they sent back in 1986. Plenty of buzz, if a bit sloppy in execution and the leads can be excessive at times. Still, there's plenty of power in their oeuvre. (Bad Idea Music, PO Box 6052, Huntington Beach, CA 92615, www.badideamusic.com)

* CORRECTION: In my last column, I said that NO PROBLEM is from Calgary. The band is from Edmonton. Sorry for the mistake.

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960 (for now), suburbanvoice@earthlink.net, www.sonicoverload.net, subvox.blogspot.com

Hey *Maximum*, listen, can I be serious for a minute? I want to be a real punk (instead of one of you fake ass poseurs, you know who you are) and go after some dumb punk rock orthodoxy this month. Like, can we talk about the stupid old punk rock myth that you don't have to know how to play an instrument in order to be in a punk band? I mean, technically you don't, right—obviously, anybody can start a band. But if you suck at your instrument, do you really think anybody's going to want to listen to you all wailing away out of tune? You can have a shitty band in your garage or your friend's bedroom or whatever but when I go to a show and some dumb bunch of kids who can barely play their instruments starts wailing away and yelping about their feelings, it legitimately makes me question why I'm still a part of this scene when I'm this old. I get it, being sixteen sucks, could you at least play a cool guitar solo or something when you're not whining about it?

I don't even know where this dumb myth started. Have you ever even listened to the music on the first punk record by the first punk band, *Never Mind The Bollocks... It's the Sex Pistols*? They could play their instruments! They could all play in time and while the singer wasn't always in tune, at least his words were really intelligent.

Then when the second punk band came

out—the Clash, obviously—they were even better! That's why they got so popular and managed to put out six perfect albums over the course of eight years: not because they didn't give a fuck about how to play a guitar, but because they did give a fuck. The whole reason they replaced the Sex Pistols in the media is because they were better at their instruments! If you listen to their classic single "I Fought The Law" which they wrote for their first record, it's not super musically complex, but it works because the musicianship is so accomplished. I just watched a video of them playing it live from *Clash on Broadway* on YouTube and not just any drummer could play the tom roll that opens that song!

Or look at a more modern punk band, like the White Stripes. Sometimes their songs seem really simple but I have been playing guitar for almost two years and sometimes I have to practice their songs for like a whole afternoon to be able to play them all the way through! They play a lot of simple open chords but the arpeggiations can get kind of tricky sometimes and sometimes it's hard to make a straightforward chord progression sound natural. Plus people give Meg White shit for playing kind of simple drum parts, but in a band like the White Stripes it would be terrible if she was playing complicated fills and solos all the time! They're a duo and Jack White fills up the space so much with his singing and fretboard pyrotechnics that it's Meg's restraint that makes the songs work. Tell that to every kid who just got a drum set and is trying to play like the guy from Primus!

Not to mention, the guitar solos in the White Stripes are amazing. Have you heard the thing he does where you can't tell if it's a guitar or like an electronic computer piano thing or something? It's so amazing! I still don't know how he does it.

By the way I also think a similar thing about zines. It's like, hey you guys, if your writing was actually interesting or good, maybe a real magazine would be publishing it and you wouldn't have to be doing it yourself? I guess I understand publishing your own writing because it's not good enough for a magazine to publish it but then I'm like... But you want me to pay a dollar for this? Like, a dollar that I could spend on half a coffee? Get real, man.

And I mean we've all seen the thing happen where a band starts out shitty and then gets better. This isn't, like, a miracle, or something mysterious that happens. This is the natural result of playing music for a while! Or more specifically, this is what happens when you give a fuck about what you're doing with the short time you're allocated on this earth in this life, when you care about your music and work to make it better. Like if you've been playing guitar for a while and you still can't lay down a cool solo over, like, the key of A, it's probably because you're not trying very hard. You know? Just by nature of making up songs and playing them a bunch of times, you will get better at playing your instrument! And at making up songs.

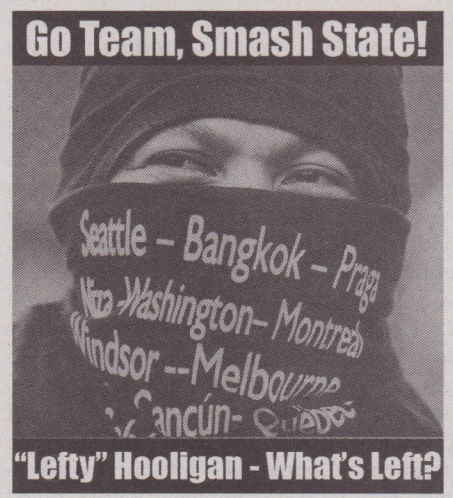
If you care about playing music at all, you will get better at it. So why should everybody have to listen to your shitty learning process? Nobody listens to the first couple Beatles records from when they sucked and nobody ever listens to the first Nirvana record. You know why? Because those bands sucked when they started out! Those songs are interesting to listen to because when you listen to them you can hear those bands learning to play and write but it's not like you listen to them because the songs are any good. I mean the first Nirvana album wasn't even on a major label, it was on some weird little label called Sump Pop from Oregon.

And then what about this thing that happens when you've put in the practice time and you've written some bad songs and then learned to write better ones and your band starts to get some attention so you get invited to play some festivals and everybody just starts fucking judging you. It's like, hello you guys, car companies know good music when they hear it, and all they are trying to do is reward people for making awesome music by giving them cars or money or socks or whatever it is you get for playing at a festival like that, or for putting out a record with a car company. Everybody just needs to chill out. I mean, being in a band is a lot of work! Not to mention if you go on tour with four people in your band and one roadie, it is not cheap to eat at Olive Garden every night! Where are bands supposed to get the money to fucking eat? What people don't understand is that maybe back in the day it was messed up for bands to play festivals—like maybe "selling out" used to be a thing—but in these hard times for bands, with iTunes and bad record sales and no MTV play, it is a whole new ball game. It's messed up that some people will get mad at a band for taking advantage of the things that they have earned. Like, who are you to judge, with your shitty band playing in a shitty basement?

I guess my point is just, like, keep practicing, you guys. I read a story in *Guitar Player* magazine once where Alex Van Halen said that when he and Eddie were teenagers, Alex would go out drinking and partying and having fun every Friday and Saturday night, while Eddie would bring home a six-pack in the afternoon and drink the whole thing over the course of the evening while he practiced for six hours. And look how that worked out! Eddie put in the time and he got all the awesome rewards that he had earned: gold records, cool clothes—and he even got to be in a band with David Lee Roth for a while! What I'm saying is, that could be you! That could be any one of us. It could happen to any of us if we work hard enough. Like Gandhi said, "Be the change you want to see in the world."

Email me: imogen@keepyourbridgesburning.com

My novel *Nevada* comes out April 2nd but I'm gonna have copies with my while I start touring on it in early March. Dates should be up on keepyourbridgesburning.com and if you wanna read something with me (like as in, be a performer) in a town I'm gonna be at, let me know! I've only done shows with guitars and stuff instead of just, like, a book, and I'm terrified of being the only person performing at one of these shows. Also the official book release party is on April 2nd in Manhattan. There's gonna be wine and food! And queers and—I assume—a bunch of celebrities. Come crash it.



I'm secretly a Downton Abbey fan.

I'm really hooked on this upstairs/downstairs period drama set at the beginning of the 20th century in a fictional Yorkshire manor house. The Lord and Lady Grantham, head of the Crawley clan, and their plethora of servants are engaged, by turns, in soap opera, melodrama, intrigue, conspiracy, and the occasional actual tragedy set amidst the backdrop of a continent plunged into one of the bloodiest, most brutal wars that leaves Europe politically enervated, economically in crisis, and socially demoralized.

The stunning loss of life as a consequence of the war, in particular that of able-bodied young males, was followed by a devastating influenza pandemic which killed something like 1 in 3 people worldwide. The loss of meaning, the feeling of absurdity, the growing defection to hedonism, even nihilism, increasingly characterized individual behavior and collective relationships. Needless to say, the social trauma was both deep and broad. The bipolar post-war economy that brought, first, incredible heights of wealth, prosperity and ostentatious spending, particularly for the rich, followed by a global depression of mass unemployment, misery,

poverty and often starvation, gave credence to the notion that capitalism was on its last legs. Interminable class warfare versus virulent nationalism appeared to be the result of capitalism's inevitable demise. And the political consequences were equally apparent, from the dissolution of longstanding entities such as the Austro-Hungarian, Ottoman and Russian empires to the rise of international Communism through the Bolshevik revolution, not to mention the emergence of revolutionary fascism in Italy and Germany. Indeed, the profound radicalization of Left and Right during the interwar era belied the posture of standing pat defended by France and the United Kingdom, even as these great powers barely trod water.

Alas, the commie pinko conceit of the old "Lefty" Hooligan is passe.

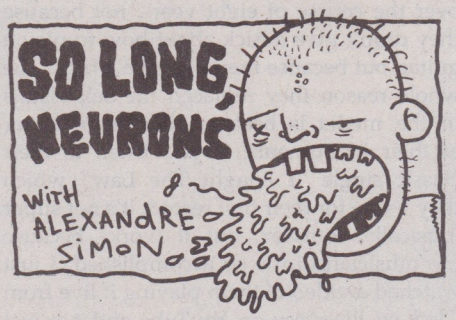
The bucolic reverie invoked in Downton Abbey is downright soothing to this retired class warrior. Most comforting is the downplaying of class warfare by the series. England's combative industrial, urban working class is nowhere to be found, and the estate's tenant farmers and rural workers are not introduced until season three as the Crawley/Branson owners attempt to modernize the estate's agricultural system to produce a profit. Tom Branson, the chauffeur who scandalously marries Lady Sybil Crawley, declares himself a socialist, but it is clear that he is a socialist entirely wedded to the cause of Irish nationalism, and little more. This provincialism leaves the laborers and servants of Downton an insular, hierarchical, thoroughly parochial lot of workers embroiled, indeed, completely self-involved in the petty plots, mean machinations, and cheap connivances of their station in life. Various amorous adventures swirl around the kitchen maid, and later assistant cook, Daisy Mason. John Bates, Lord Grantham's valet, after a period of unjust imprisonment, must struggle to retain his position in the staff. And Thomas Barrow rises through the ranks, first as footman, then valet, and finally underbutler, all the while exhibiting a bit of black marketeering here and cowardice under fire there, as he battles issues with his own closeted homosexuality.

Yes, Downton's tale of labor's strivings and aristocratic manners resides within a world that is changing, but not too abruptly or too violently or too immoderately. Lady Edith Crawley's decision to pursue a career in journalism as a newspaper columnist indicates how the role of women in society was modernizing, though gradually of course. Lady Sybil Branson's tortured death after giving birth evinces the dangers that all women are confronted over child bearing. The havoc of war and influenza have hardly touched the estate. An ad hoc hospital is set up to care for wounded veterans on the grounds, but only one of the estate's staff, a footman named Private William Mason, dies as a consequence of wounds from fighting, whereas heir apparent Captain Matthew Crawley is temporarily paralyzed, ultimately and fully to recover. Matthew's middle-class fiancee, Lavinia Swire, succumbs to the influenza. Tragic, but hardly the mass stacking, burning and burial of corpses that was the pandemic's historical reality.

The hectic toil of Downton Abbey maintained an archaic, antiquated, and certainly moribund British aristocracy that, nevertheless, demonstrated many virtues. Robert Crawley, the Earl of Grantham, unsuccessfully attempted to serve in the officer elite that nearly cost Matthew Crawley his legs, if not his life, and that did display a sense of discipline, courage and honor which insured that an officer's average life expectancy was just six weeks. One in seven were killed in the first year, and one in five were wounded. Around 33,000 were left disabled at the war's end. As a result of war, pestilence and economic turbulence, many of the British noble houses were driven to the wall, evidenced by the subplot for Downton's fiscal viability. The efforts of Robert and Matthew Crawley, with the help of Tom Barrow, to take care of everybody on the estate, not just the house's servants but the tenant farmers and rural workers and the various villagers as well, work toward the dual goals of social complementarity and economic self-sufficiency. Isobel Crawley, Matthew's mother, takes issue with the conservative mores of both the village and the estate in order to champion Ethel Parks, her errant maid, a "fallen woman" who has a child out of wedlock, becomes a prostitute, then gives her youngster up for adoption and becomes a proper maid once again. The most interesting character of the show, by far, is the septagenarian Dowager Countess of Grantham, Violet Crawley. At times wise, funny, humane, snarky, intolerant, practical, judgmental, high handed, irascible, overwhelmed, the Countess epitomizes certain qualities of the British aristocracy, from a liberal paternalism that takes care of those less fortunate to an organicism which insists on a place for every individual and each individual in their place.

The sixth episode of the third season concludes with a good natured cricket match involving the Crawleys and their servants against the villagers. The complementarity, reciprocity and holism that is the essence of Downton Abbey can be expressed in the metaphor of cricket. Or, to quote CLR James: "What do they know of cricket who only cricket know?"

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.



Last month my favorite mag, *The Filthy Philosopher*, featured an article exploring the reasons why there is such a divide between those who take punk-rock seriously and those who don't. Very interesting subject—I mean sure punk is serious and important, but it's also the most blatantly stupid thing ever (when you think about it, a bunch of teenagers and adults-dressed-as-teenagers collecting dumb artifacts and jumping on each other every Saturday night instead of getting proper jobs ain't no Black Panther Party or Red Army, right) so why not chill about it once in a while? If you've been reading this column regularly you're probably aware of the fact that I'm some kind of modern beatnik, so it won't be a surprise when I say that it's all about balance, one more time—some bands are dead serious (Seein' Red, Infest, Crudos), some are serious but in a super sarcastic, black humored way (Feederz, Crucifucks, OWAB) and some are just plain retarded (Tampax, the Wankys, most KBD stuff), and they're all important in their own ways. Would you find it weird to read a Paul Auster novel just before watching a South Park episode, or think about the war in Libya while farting in your shower? Then why would it be strange to enjoy Crass *and* the Last Sons of Krypton?

Anyway, this month I got an interview with a band of the dead serious kind, and this band is called the Pussy Dogs. I got in touch with Chris, Dom and Ryan after streaming the shit out of their first two seven inches, which you should definitely go and listen to next time you're feeling heavy-hearted—they sing about love and romance and being a pussy dog and all that crucial stuff any punk can relate to, and their garage junk is complimented by some pissraw recording that will make any Reatards fan positively happy. Since I'm French and never understand the super clever band names you Americans always come up with, my first question was an obvious choice:

What the hell is a Pussy Dog?

Chris: I have no idea

Dom: If you don't know now you never will.

Ryan: A bad motherfucker. With balls of steel and skin like silk.

Why did you start this band and what do you get out of it?
Chris: Ryan told us that we were going to be in a band with him called the Pussy Dogs. We are all good friends and have many enjoyable moments.
Ryan: I started the band to get respect and girls to lay down with me and so far I have gotten nothing out of it.
Tell us something about your daily life.
Chris: I live in a squat in Philadelphia located under the Ben Franklin Bridge. I have a dog that I sleep with who fights off the rats who try to steal me and my food. My most important possession is my guitar.
Dom: I live with my mum in the suburbs and she doesn't know about the band. She would kick me out if she did.
Ryan: I live in a nice four bedroom in Philadelphia that I pay for with my disability checks. Good neighborhood, good school district, a real nice place to start a family.
On your two records you look very different—one cover you look like '60s garage rock kids, the next you look like KBD scumbags. What happened, did you just grow some balls in between the two records?
Chris: Growing up I was always well dressed in a suit, until one day I was kidnapped by drug dealers who beat me if I do not dress in punk with chains to defend myself.
Dom: We lost our virginity.
Ryan: Always had balls, now we got a little hair on 'em.
Is there a lot of interest for your band in America? Like, do you sell a lot of records and get a lot of offers for shows? Where I'm from everyone listens to hip-hop. Do you like hip hop?
Chris: There is no interest in our band in America. We sell more records to Europe than America. Anyone can play hip hop but it takes a certain type of talent to be a Pussy dog
Dom: The only people who like us are the people who hear us online.
Ryan: I don't think we've sold a single record at a show in our whole lives. Filthy Amerikkkan swine are too stupid to get it.
What's the worst show you've ever played?
Chris: We have had so many bad shows it is hard to choose one. We frequently clear out rooms and basements when we play. One of the worst was a show where Dom was in jail and I had to play drums instead of guitar and Ryan played guitar and we sounded bad.
Ryan: Dom got arrested for nonviolent protest, fight the occupation.
Dom: One show where Chris couldn't make it so Ryan played guitar and we dressed up as women.
My friend said your song *"If you told me you love me (then why won't you go down on me?"* has a rather sexist title, but if you get down on the girl too I guess it's only fair. What do you think of this touchy subject?
Ryan: Not sexist. Prior to writing this song I had three girlfriends who refused to stick their head down there, two of whom refused to let me go down on them, because they thought it was "gross". But if you truly love someone and are sensitive to their needs and desires, these inhibitions can't exist. I would let my girlfriend fart in my mouth if that's what she wanted, that's how much I care. "Going down" is representative of anything in a relationship that might be difficult or taboo and needs to be overcome in order to share real love.
I first heard about your band in *Maximum Rocknroll*. What do you think of this magazine?
Chris: *Maximum Rocknroll* has some good information but I don't read it often.
Dom: Got nothing but love for it.
Ryan: Much love to *MRR*. Pussy Dogs would be six-feet-under in a wooden box if it weren't for MRR breathing life into our herpes plagued mouth.
Any message of hope you wanna send to your international fans?
Chris: No hope
Dom: If you want to be successful get into hip hop
Ryan: Get out now while you still can. The American dream is alive and well.
(PS: Hear the Pussy Gods at www.thepussydogs.bandcamp.com)

MIND LESS CONTENTMENT
WITH CHUCK BARRELS

Continuing this column's series of "hard hitting" interviews, we have in this issue some chat with Bloomsburg, PA's NIGHT RIDERS. In 2013 it's difficult to say a band has come out of nowhere, but I've checked the atlas and Bloomsburg is as close to nowhere as you're ever going to get. Their debut 7" EP appeared in my mailbox a few weeks ago and one look at the sleeve art (a red and black marker drawing of a skeleton knight with an axe on the front, and a painstakingly detailed chamber of horrors scene on the back) had me thinking it was torn from some hesher kid's high school biology notebook. So I was obviously very excited to hear what the music sounded like. Three songs full of racing and panicked guitar riffing and excessive amounts of off-kilter soloing, absolutely drooling broken English vocals that sounded like they were recorded in Satan's bathroom, all recorded in a glorious lo-fi sound that was just crackling with treble and spit. The ridiculous song titles helped, I must admit (particularly "Shitter Must Shit Again", which sounds like the title of a giallo as made by German pornographers). The fourth cut on the EP (with the very PA-centric title *The Deer Hunter*) borrows liberally from the MAD's *Fried Egg*, to the point where I had to check that they didn't just play the actual song and record a new vocal track over top of it. Then I started thinking the faster tunes did bear a striking resemblance to Screaming Mad George and Co. as well. The sort of sloppy but inspired stuff that I love to hear. An internet search provided zero information about the band, so I rattled off a query to the e-mail listed on the insert. Their singer Walter answered me and sort of hesitantly agreed to answer a few questions about one of the best Killed by Death-inspired records I've heard in some time. If you dig terrible sounding punk records released in painfully limited quantities with juvenile artwork as much as I do, I highly suggest emailing him for a copy. Enjoy the interview, next month we'll be back with more talk: a Q&A with Mr. GG KING regarding his plans for 2013 and the release of his band's upcoming second LP. See you then. RIP EARL WEAVER.

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CB: When did NIGHT RIDERS form and why? What's the deal with the band name? Sounds like a biker gang…
W: NIGHT RIDERS have been around since high school. 2005 or so. Mark and me started fucking around really early on, we grew up on the same street. We actually named ourselves after an old social club of sorts around here. Me and him have always been the band really, we've had a bunch of drummers and bass players come and go. I was actually the drummer at one point and we had my brother Davey sing for a little bit, but he left for college. We formed because we were bored and liked music, why else do people start bands?
CB: So how did you come to release your own record and why?
W: It was a necessity. We don't know anyone cool and there are certainly no labels around here, so what else were we gonna do? We don't have any connections with the "scene" or whatever, no one comes to play in Bloomsburg, it's shit. It was, pay to put out the record ourselves and send some copies around, or sit here and drink beer. We decided to do both.
CB: You guys remind me of the MAD, which isn't something you can say about very many bands. Is that intentional? The imagery on the sleeve and insert sort of hints at that as well…
W: Honestly, I don't know. We've heard all the Killed By Death stuff. I own that MAD CD from years ago. I like those songs a lot. In reality I knew of Screaming Mad George as a special effects dude before I knew he was in a punk band. I sort of wish I could play it off like we're dumb hicks who just stumbled into sounding like a weird punk band, and maybe

that's what we should be doing to sell some records to some rubes, but I listen to a lot of records and so does Mark and our drummer is a metal nut. We are truly dumb hicks at least. The sleeve drawings and stuff basically comes from Eric trying to make it look like a dumb thrash metal record on New Renaissance records or something. Like the MEDIEVAL LP, I think that was an inspiration in many ways. We wanted to do handmade sleeves for each copy, but he got tired after like five so I just picked the best two and made them the front and back.

CB: Listening to you sing I get the impression that English might be your second language, as you don't exactly pronounce things... uh, right, I guess? How did it end up like that? And what is that weird effect on your vocals?

W: Again, I don't exactly know why, that's just how things came out. If I sang in a normal voice this shit would sound pretty dumb I think. I guess I have an alter ego or character I turn into when I'm singing. People have mentioned to me that I sound Japanese, which might be true—I went through a heavy period of listening to nothing else but stuff like LSD, COMES and GAUZE and bands like that. So maybe I was just aping that without thinking about it. I'm also not sure about the "effect" you mention. Mark has a lot of dumb pedals called like Fuzzface and Crybaby and Shitdick and whatnot. I would just plug shit in and try and run vocals through it and see if it worked at practices, and eventually I found a combination of crap that worked—you'd have to ask Mark exactly what I have strung up there, and a lot of it is broken shit he just soldered back together or rigged. It'll all probably break soon anyway. We have different recordings with different sounding vocals too, these just sounded the best, or worst, depending on how you look at it.

CB: Wow. So what is the line-up of the band exactly?

W: Yeah, that's another problem. It's me on vox and a little guitar when we need extra rhythm parts, but I have trouble singing and playing at the same time, so we don't do that much. Mark plays all the main guitar stuff, Eric is our drummer and artist. We don't really have a bass player at this point. Mark played the bass on the recordings for the EP. We've had a ton of bass players—I think Mark might own the only fucking bass in this town, and we've recruited various friends, enemies, cousins and girlfriends to try and play it, but no one cares enough to keep at it. So we're still kind of looking for a steady bass player, which we haven't had since last summer. I told Mark we should put up a want ad at the high school, since only some kid would be dumb enough to care as much as we do. But they'll probably think we're too creepy. The best bass player we had was my ex-girlfriend, but she was fucking nuts too, although I'm considering overlooking that part just so we can play some shows at this point. She had a really good look too. She also hates Mark which doesn't help.

CB: So wait, have you guys actually played a show before?

JR: I guess. We've played tons of parties. There aren't "shows" here to play like big cities. No one comes here. The bars here only want country music. If we even want to go to a real show we have to go to Scranton, which sucks, or Allentown, which is filled with weirdos, and like I said, we don't know anyone there anyway. We went to Philly to see WATERY LOVE a while ago, I would really like to play with them someday. If we can fix this bass player issue, maybe, I want to send them a record. They're way better than us though. They'd be slumming.

CB: So do you hope people start inviting you to come play in Pittsburgh or Philly or something after they hear the record? Maybe some labels will ask you for more recordings? Do you have more?

W: I don't even know what we're trying to do. The first goal was to release a record. It took us like six years just to do that. We didn't really think too far past that. I don't know about playing shows. We all have girlfriends or dogs and jobs. Maybe some kind of weekend deal if someone would have us. I'm not even sure if we would like that. We don't have any desire to tour or be some cool band. This is what we do for fun. We practice three times a week and I try to record all the good ones where we're not totally shitfaced. I've recorded some of those too though. We have about seven or eight originals that I think are good enough, and four of those were on the EP. So we have another EPs worth I think people might like. I also have *hours* of us playing covers and more originals that are pretty lame.

CB: Did you ever send demos out or anything?

W: We had CD-Rs we would give away to our friends. I've sent a couple out but they've been pretty soundly ignored across the board. I sent you one once. We were trying to get on the World's Lousy With Ideas thing, but never heard back from the dude. I should have sent some to those European guys like Ken Rock, he would probably like it. He puts out WHITE LOAD records, and we're better than them I think. I like them though, don't get me wrong. Another band I would like to play with. Or against.

CB: In my defense I don't recall getting the demo CD. There's a real lack of info out there for you guys. Why don't you have a webpage or at least a facebook or something?

W: I guess we're just not trying hard. You'd be surprised at how much money we don't have. We all come to the library for internet. I don't think it's cool to be uploading songs like "Blood and Black Tits" to bandcamp from here. I have facebook, but I use it for work too so I don't need to be mixing this ridiculous stuff up with it. Having a web page is sort of lame I guess, but it would help us too I know. But even if someone wants to help us, we're fucked anyway, we're in the middle of nowhere without a bass player. I also feel like it's cheap to put your music out there for free. Some idiot's just gonna listen to it for five seconds and call it lame or some shit. Fuck that. At least if you release a record people know you're serious. Or at least stupid enough to be reckoned with.

CB: Who writes the songs and comes up with those titles? I'm assuming you guys watch a lot of horror movies? Why "The Deer Hunter"?

W: We all write the music, but it's mostly Mark. I might come up with a guitar part or something and explain to him since I'm not very good. I just come up with dumb names for the songs as we go along and then write the lyrics around that. Yes, we all watch horror movies like every other American male jerkoff. My brother and I are really into that stuff, Italian giallo in particular. He's in film school in NY now. "The Deer Hunter" is a serious song so I figured it should have a serious title. It's not really about the movie so much as it is about living in Bumfuck, Pennsylvania.

CB: So how do people get the record? Are you looking for a distro to take copies?

W: Yes. We would love to wholesale a bunch since we are lazy. We have to do money orders though. Me and Eric have both had our Paypal and eBay accounts shut down from our little escapade selling bootleg horror tapes and shirts (email us for a catalog) and Mark is too sketchy to trust with band funds. You can email me at waltpoddubs@hotmail.com and we'll work it out. They'll be like $7 or something. 200 copies. Two color sleeves. Scum stats for ya.

CB: So what's next?

W: Maybe we'll get another record out, and maybe someone else will want to pay for it, but I'm not holding my breath. I sent ten "promo" copies of the record out so we'll see if anyone even cares besides you. If not, no big deal. We'll just keep going like we have been either way. We at least just want to make our money back off of this record so it's not a total loss. Then, hopefully my brother becomes famous and we can ride his coattails. That's our long term strategy. Or pipe dream.

TASTE THE BURNING:

The unknown story of ROCKY SHADES, the third, but not the last, singer of DISCHARGE!!!

In January 1986, DISCHARGE recorded the infamous *Grave New World* LP. The LP was brutally different to what DISCHARGE had become world famous for. Gone were the barrage of noise and the cries of war and need to protest, the new sound of DISCHARGE was unashamedly mid-1980s cross-over with a strong emphasis on heavy metal and to make matters worse Cal was now crooning and posing and wearing a golden hairband. Hardcore punks around the world reacted violently to the new sound of DISCHARGE.

Despite the first feedback from UK audiences being far from welcoming, Cal and gang carried on, in careless oblivion. Like calves lead to the slaughter, DISCHARGE went to North America in the summer of 1986 to support the new album. This tour is one of the most disastrous stories of modern times. DISCHARGE was brutally heckled every night—Cal, refusing to play any old songs, absolutely refused to acknowledge the fans criticism, ending up taking most of the abuse from the audience. In New York, infamously, there was almost a riot when DISCHARGE played. The story goes that HR of Bad Brains ran outside to get a rubbish bin (other accounts say it was a bucket of ice) to throw at DISCHARGE from a balcony, all the while screaming "This is not DISCHARGE!" There are a number of audience live recordings of DISCHARGE from 1986, and it's painful (but hilarious) to listen to. The word of mouth of DISCHARGE's fall from grace spread like wildfire across the American lands, eventually cutting the tour short. The only old song Cal would sing, despite audiences calling for *Fight Back* and all the old classics, and despite the band begging him to do at least a few old songs, was *State Violence, State Control*, but this only happened at the very tail end of the tour, in Toronto, Canada. At the next gig in Winnepeg, Cal walked off after finishing a set consisting of nothing but *Grave New World* songs. But the rest of the band stayed on and played a few instrumental songs—*The More I See* and *Warning*. After the gig, the band, minus Cal, was interviewed by some punks with a video camera, and during this interview the band struggled to keep straight faces when talking about the new sound. At one point, the band said that when they return home to England they'll have to re-think the bands' future and whether they'd continue to play as DISCHARGE. Perhaps predictably, Cal would quit the band directly after the tour, no doubt pissed off that the greatness of *Grave New World* was too much for a bunch of fucking idiot punks.

Meanwhile, there was some success, of sorts, as the LP went on to the Top 10 Indies Albums Charts briefly (but whether that was because people bought the LP thinking it'd be *Hear Nothing Part 2*, is another question…). This was the context that, DISCHARGE, minus Cal and determined to continue playing, started looking for a stand-in for Cal (probably thinking he'd return once the storm had calmed down). In what is probably the least known event in the history of DISCHARGE, Cal's replacement and the third vocalist of DISCHARGE was Rocky Shades, formerly of glam NWOBHM band WRATHCHILD. Unfortunately Rocky was stopped from playing in DISCHARGE due to legal reasons; in the aftermath of his leaving the band, DISCHARGE finally broke up for good… well… not really!

This interview was done by email in July 2012.

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Let's start from the beginning. You joined DISCHARGE in February 1987. I read somewhere that DISCHARGE called you on the phone and asked you to sing for them. Who was it that phoned you? Did you know the band before this?

Rocky: It was the manager of Clay records that phoned me, George Clay, he said that when he asked the boys what kind of singer they would like to replace Cal they said they wanted someone like Rocky Shades. George said why, like why not ring the actual bloke and took it from there. I had heard of the band before as I was a great punk fan but I was gobsmacked to be asked to be honest.

What did you know of DISCHARGE before you joined? Had you heard the *Grave New World* LP or any of the earlier stuff? Did you ever see DISCHARGE live before you joined the band?

Rocky: I only knew the classic tracks from punk discos like "Protest and Survive," "Hear Nothing…," "Drunk With Power." I was given a copy of *Grave New World*, which I thought was awesome to learn for an audition as that was the direction we were heading in. I never got to see them live before meeting them but I've got to say that that version of the band was the tightest playing band I've ever been in.

You replaced original DISCHARGE singer Kelvin "Cal" Morris, who left the band after the infamous North American tour in 1986. Who else was in the band when you joined?

Rocky: Garry Maloney drums, Steve Brooks guitar and Nick Bushell bass.

Did the band tell you why Cal left the band? Did they say anything about the North American tour?

Rocky: I was never told the full details. I was just told that they had a major falling out and needed someone quick to replace him.

In a Canadian interview from the *Grave New World* tour in 1986, the band (minus Cal) said that once they get back to the UK they would consider whether to continue playing as "DISCHARGE." What did DISCHARGE tell you about their plans for the band when you started?

Rocky: They told me that the DISCHARGE that was, was over, and they wanted to reinvent themselves, and to do that they needed someone like me to bring something new to the table. They were going to be a punk/heavy rock fusion to try and open up a wider market. We wrote some great songs between us that unfortunately never saw the light of day.

What do you remember from your first "audition" or rehearsal with DISCHARGE? Where did DISCHARGE rehearse when you joined?

Rocky: As I don't drive Nick came to my then home in Birmingham. We went to rehearse in the basement of a shop in Henley-in-Arden. I met the band and they said what have you learned from *G.N.W.* so we can try it, I said "all of it!" which surprised them and by the end of the rehearsal I had had a go at a few of their classics as well.... We clicked straight away and started making a few plans.

Following on the previous question, was DISCHARGE working on new material in 1987? Who was writing the songs? Do you remember anything about those new songs? Was the new material similar to *Grave New World* songs?

Rocky: We learned *Grave New World* and the live "must-play-songs" and then we started on new songs. Unfortunately I only recall the title of one and that was "Taste the Burning." Within a month we had over 20 rehearsed songs in the bank… I'm fast at learning. The material we were working on was another step towards rock from *G.N.W.* If you imagine *G.N.W.* was a double album growing in intensity as you get to side two, that was how it was. I wrote all the lyrics, they supplied the music… Although I did get a musical say in some songs.

You said in another interview that you were prevented from writing material for DISCHARGE. Can you elaborate on that?

Rocky: I wasn't prevented from writing for them. I was prevented from getting written credit for our songs as I was still legally tied to WRATHCHILD. All the stuff I had written was owned by the record company and publishers at the time. If I had been credited to the songs, other people not connected with DISCHARGE would have made money from it… I wasn't having that. It was my legal ties to WRATHCHILD that stopped me progressing with DISCHARGE and eventually saw my return to them, which upset DISCHARGE greatly and caused a falling out with them. I never fell out with the band on a personal level, but I still feel I'd let them down, so they fell out with me, understandably.

In the same interview, you also said that "DISCHARGE were the most musically tight and powerful band you had ever been in." Can you say something more about that?

Rocky: I never saw them make a mistake ever. They played with the same intensity time after time. The drummers' hands used to bleed every rehearsal, he played so hard, and they were great blokes. I really regret going back to WRATHCHILD at that time.

Most DISCHARGE fans hated *Grave New World* LP when it came out. I think most people probably hated it more for Cal's new style of singing than for the change in musical direction to heavy metal. Did DISCHARGE ask you to sing in the same style as Cal on the *Grave New World* LP? Or did they want you to sing more like the classic WRATHCHILD *Stakk Attack* style that you were used to from your previous band?

Rocky: They didn't want me to emulate Cal, they wanted me to just be me. But they were caught between a rock and a hard place, the old core fans didn't like the *G.N.W.* stuff because it was more like heavy rock and the new fans didn't like the hardcore punk stuff. When you are renowned for something, it's very difficult to change it. When WRATHCHILD started writing more meaningful songs instead of the throw-away sex anthems, our fans didn't want it.

Do you remember practicing any of the older DISCHARGE (punk) songs? I am asking because during the *Grave New World* 1986 North America tour, infamously, Cal refused to sing old songs (except "State Violence State Control") but at a few occasions the band would play a few instrumental old songs as an encore (for example "The More I See," "Warning" etc).

Rocky: I did all of those songs he said he wouldn't do… That makes sense now when I think about it.

How many rehearsals did you play with DISCHARGE?

Rocky: Quite a few, I can't remember how many exactly but I wasn't in the band for long.

What about gigs? It's impossible to find any information about this—except for a one line on the internet that claimed that "DISCHARGE gigs with Rocky Shades as vocalist were few and far between" (!!). What do you recall about the gigs, if they did indeed happen?

Rocky: We didn't gig. But we got a live show together and everything was ready to go and then I went back to WRATHCHILD before we actually took any dates. We had a few test gigs pending at this point. Then Cal came back.

The biggest question of all is, of course, are there any recordings—studio, rehearsal or live—with you as vocalist of DISCHARGE? If so, that would surely be the holy grail for DISCHARGE fans ha ha ha!!!

Rocky: I have in my loft somewhere amongst the junk, the one and only audio tape of me rehearsing with DISCHARGE and it has "Taste the Burning" on it… It is a holy grail as no copies were ever made.

You've mentioned that it was an injunction that stopped you from continuing with DISCHARGE. Was it old members of DISCHARGE wanting to stop the band continuing as DISCHARGE? Can you elaborate on this?

Rocky: I've never personally mentioned anything about an injunction being put on the band, as far as I was aware they were able to play as DISCHARGE. The injunction came from WRATHCHILD to stop me from working with DISCHARGE and to entice me back. If there was any dissention from the previous band members I knew nothing about it. Perhaps the problem came from the fact that anyone booking the new DISCHARGE with me in it, wouldn't be getting what they thought they were getting.

Can you talk us through the events that lead to you quitting DISCHARGE, or the events that led this line-up of the band splitting up for good?

Rocky: My leaving was only the beginning of the rot, as I said previously DISCHARGE had a full live set ready to go and we were about to set out and do the shows that had been pending, when my management at the time reminded me of my legal restrictions. After a period of renegotiating with WRATHCHILD I returned. Originally I was only meant to be a fill-in for Cal, but we got on so well that there was talk of joining permanently, which was going to be difficult as I was still contracted to WRATHCHILD. Although the press intimated that I had left WRATHCHILD to join DISCHARGE it wasn't quite true. I was doing both bands at the time but was very unhappy with the legal wrangles WRATHCHILD constantly got involved in. I knew nothing about DISCHARGE's total split with each other until later so I don't know the circumstances surrounding that and can't comment.

Partly why we wanted to interview you is because your tenure as DISCHARGE vocalist has largely been written out of official DISCHARGE histories. Do you think that is accurate?

Rocky: As we never played live or got seen by the public or any of my co-written songs were used, I suppose it's fair. I had a very brief touching of the band and enjoyed every second. If they don't deem me worthy of a mention in their history, that's their business and something I will just have to live with. I was there and that's all that matters to me. I have had a similar thing with the HANDSOME BEASTS. I was in them for two years and co-wrote an album, which never progressed past the demo stage, but they chose to write me out of their history. They had a show recently, which I attended where past members got up and guested but I wasn't even asked, I got the message alright.

Have you got much attention from DISCHARGE fans over the years?

Rocky: No, not really. I think they were glad they never had to suffer me live… I've been a wild one but I don't think it would have worked with DISCHARGE, I'd have looked like a fish on a bicycle. Plus I don't like being spat at, which is an occupational hazard for a punk band. I once shot at a WRATHCHILD fan with the confetti cannon bazooka for spitting at me.

Did you ever meet Cal or Rainy, or anyone else from "the old" DISCHARGE?

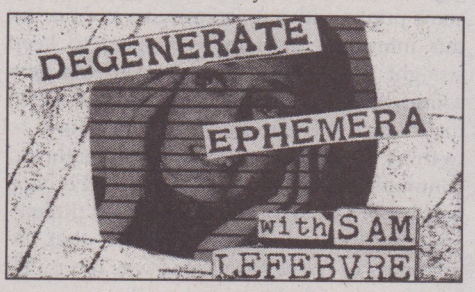
Rocky: No, I didn't meet any past members. I don't think they would have liked me.

Although the line-up of DISCHARGE that you briefly was a part of split up for good sometime in 1987, a few years later DISCHARGE returned, with Cal at the helm once more with Garry Maloney. This line-up recorded an album and toured Japan before splitting up. But in the early 2000s the original line-up of DISCHARGE returned briefly to record a studio album. This time around, however, Cal did not want to play live so the band got Rat from the VARUKERS as stand-in live singer, and eventually Rat became the permanent singer of DISCHARGE, and this line-up continues to play today. Did you ever check out these later line-ups of DISCHARGE in the 1990s or 2000s?

Rocky: I was tempted to see the band but didn't know if I would be welcome after the bad feeling I left them with. I'd have loved to have seen them in their proper guise.

Any last words?

Rocky: My last words are plain and simple: I'm sorry for messing the guys about and deeply regret not having a longer time with them. I still say to this day—even though my new band WILDSIDE RIOT is the best band I have ever worked with—that DISCHARGE will always be the tightest band I have ever played with in my opinion.… end of! I hope they can find it in their hearts to forgive me and share some beers sometime. It's been a gas trying to un-cobweb my mind for your questions. I hope you find the answers as interesting and informative as you would have liked. Cheers,Rocky Shades



Since I don't want to alienate readers, from now on I intend to write at least four different reviews of the same record. I will try to represent each possible perspective on

a given record and let readers decide which one is most apt. I'm tired of disagreeing with other punks. My real opinion will be represented by one of the reviews but I must conceal which one because I don't want to upset anyone. So, pick your favorite out of the five reviews of Bits of Shit below and congratulate me for such a cogent analysis that is so in line with your personal opinion. I've wanted to write something about Bits of Shit ever since *Cut Sleeves* came out, but I feared the backlash of readers. It wasn't until I devised this new reviewing method that I felt comfortable rolling out my take on the record.

Bits of Shit – *Cut Sleeves* LP

With such a willfully unspeakable band name, it's no surprise that Bits of Sh*t create such willfully unlistenable music. A few errands today took me to the bank, yoga class and the dry cleaners. In between my commerce and spiritual enrichment, I had the grave misfortune of coming within uncomfortable proximity to cretinous street people, the filthy sidewalk and many godless citizens that constitute the sad population of this country. Upon arriving home, where I normally find solace from the insufferable hedonism of the city, my son was listening to *Cut Sleeves* and I was reminded of all the revolting sights and smells of the street. *Cut Sleeves* invaded my sanctuary. The vocals, although hardly deserving of being called such, conjured the madmen harassing me outside of the bank. The guitars, although they're reduced to fetid machines of cataclysm in the hands of these degenerate Australians, were absolutely hostile. Tonight I'm replacing the speakers marred by these sounds. Tomorrow I'm flying to Australia. The injury inflicted upon my child by this wretched disc (which he undoubtedly acquired from the same criminals who peddle drugs and pornography) is unforgivable. I'm terminally ill myself and fear the same fate of my son if Bits of Sh*t make more music to poison his psyche. The only cause worth serving is family, and my course of action is clear. Bits of Sh*t must die, and with my final weeks, I will ensure each and every member of the group does. If in my last days I hover above their inanimate corpses, it will provide a shimmering glimpse of hope for humanity, and I can rest in peace. (SL)
(Homeless)

Bits of Shit – *Cut Sleeves* LP

Some records don't need to be explained by music critics. Their inherent musical value is evident upon first listen; a discussion of the subtext of certain records becomes irrelevant. *Cut Sleeves* by Bits of Shit is an instance of this. Any assessment of *Cut Sleeves* must inevitably descend into colorful hyperbole if a critic or casual fan of punk is to write honestly. Years from now, when a handful of Australian records are referenced to giddily illustrate the country's inexplicably reliable punk output in and around 2012, *Cut Sleeves* will be at the forefront of such a list. *Cut Sleeves* channels the inherent vitality of punk without adding any trending tropes for someone to latch on to. That can be said of very few records in 2012. (SL)
(Homeless)

Bits of Shit – *Cut Sleeves* LP

Clearly, this is a work of pure Australian pastiche. It's miraculous that more discerning listeners haven't criticized Bits of Shit for flagrantly retreading the work of the Australian X, Feedtime and the like. Track for track, the riffs can be traced backwards with little difficulty. Alas, the search for originality in punk is a fool's errand. The toxic resignation of a post-modern attitude has infiltrated punk, and it's doubtful we'll ever hear something fresh again. *Cut Sleeves* is a hodge-podge of thinly veiled reference points, mostly nodding at older Australian groups, like most new punk. When assessing new punk, our critical faculties are marginalized to determining who rehashed the past best. Many will champion Bits of Shit, but it's important to analyze the subtext of what fans admire. It's not the inherent value of *Cut Sleeves* that endears the fans. Bits of Shit endear fans by revealing their personal taste in punk through performance. Currently, the taste of Bits of Shit, the source material of their own music, is in vogue and consequently easy for a fan base to latch onto. There's more originality in electronic music right now. (SL)
(Homeless)

Bits of Shit – *Cut Sleeves* LP

Little bits of shit are about what other new punk records look like stacked up next to *Cut Sleeves.* This quartet slaughters, seriously. These guys smash your windshield with thrifted golf clubs while you're picking your nose at a red light. It's like, Bits of Shit? They *slay.* Knife-wielding, back-alley dudes playing with matches. It's not hip nihilism, it's the genuine article. I saw them live and they're kinda old, but they've vicious seniors. It makes sense though—you can't inflict this kind of damage without some experience. There's a band-as-gang thing going on with this record. They're bringing the danger back to punk. Brutal. (SL)
(Homeless)

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Now that *Maximum Rocknroll*'s clever scheme to increase international shipping rates is in place and we're enjoying the Italian espresso machine afforded by our increased profits, I'd like to thank readers for the hefty raise allotted to columnists. Aside from the cash flow provided by *Degenerate* (the zine from whence I made all of my money), my grand design of a Machiavellian Capitalist take-over of the punk economy is coming along a little slower than I expected.

Suss out the (April) hype, iterate your manifesto and light a candle for our comrades captured by the new post-punk establishment—but more on that later when I'm being serious.

Visit me at: Sam Lefebvre / PO Box 3272 / Berkeley, CA 94703.
www.degenerateephemera.blogspot.com // de generatezine@gmail.com

This will be Mykel Board's last column due to public consent and shitworker outcry.

"What does a guy want with his arms and legs? He doesn't need arms and legs to write with. He needs security... peace... protection. If you could be sure of that I'd say let's have a war tomorrow. I wouldn't give a fuck about the medals—they could keep the medals. All I'd want is a good wheelchair and three meals a day. Then I'd give them something to read, those pricks."

—Henry Miller

It's a small turd. Just a brown chili, floating halfway down in the toilet. If I pasted it atop my clenched fist, the guy across the hall might think I was flipping him the bird. So small... so neat... yet what a mess!

Takes a whole roll of paper. The smear half way up my back... covers both cheeks... thick... like dark brown tofu... I need to wipe down the toilet seat...the backs of my legs... Sheet after sheet... leaking off the paper... my fingers covered... dripping... then the phone rings.

Fuck. If I pull my pants up, it'll make a worse mess. The this month's laundry'll smell like shit. So I waddle from the bathroom to the bedroom / livingroom / den... pants around my ankles, naked below the waist... covered in smeared feces.

I pick up the phone.

"Yeah?" I say.

"Mykel?" comes the voice.

"Of course, it's fuckin' Mykel." I don't say. "You called me!"

"Who's this?" I do say.

"Hi," comes the female voice on the other end. "I was hoping to get you at home. I'm just calling to tell you we finally decided on the new editor of *MRR*."

"Great," I don't say, "like I need to know the name of my next task-master. What do I care?"

"Who?" I do ask.

"I'm talkin' to him right now," says the voice.

Yeah, I know this is probably old news to you. Such a long, long search and it turns into a great circle and bites you (me) on the (shit-stained) ass. But it takes me by surprise. I sit down.... yeah, I know. That chair is out on the street right now... attracting flies. But the rest, is future.

This is the April issue of *MRR*. Starting next month, May, I'm in charge. Do I expect to make any changes? Will you notice a difference? You bet your shit-covered ass you will.

What changes? What's the problem with *MRR* the way it is?

Ask anyone... just go out on the street... stop that housewife on the way to Walmart... that homeless guy picking through the trash... that bike courier on the way from C-squat to the Apple Store... just stop 'em and ask, "What's wrong with MRR?" You'll get the same answer. Always... it's been that way for 30 years:

There are not enough pictures of naked people.

You know without asking... you don't need me to tell you. It's as plain as the twat on your face.

Well, I'm gonna change that. Under my regime, every issue will have dozens of 'em. Any (legal) age... any gender or race you can name. Dwarfs, amputees, nursing home residents. All of 'em. Naked people up the wazoo.... every month. Bands... cartoonists... MIT intellectuals... everybody.

A stimulating publication? Yeah, you'll find that famous rub-off ink on more than your hands. You ain't seen nothing yet.

More changes?

Start from the front. The cover. Right now: if it's not a crappy line drawing, it's some band of white people from some hillbilly town in some state you wouldn't touch with a six foot hog call. Under my reign? *No white people on the cover of* MRR!! MAYBE we'll have an exception if the band agrees to appear naked, but it would require a substantial endowment.

And the columns? What about the columns?

The columnists would not change. I like everyone who writes, though I'd include bigger pictures as column headers... and, of course, every columnist will appear naked in those headers.

Columnists will have absolute freedom to say whatever they want. Although, if I disagree with anything, they will be required to spend time in the notorious *MRR Special Room*. After all, if you say something you have to take responsibility for it. We have ways of *making you* take responsibility. Get it?

And, I will replace the current random order of columnists with a strict order... the same every month... in exact order of the *age* of the columnists... oldest first, of course.

What about English? Fuckin' English. I've said before that people spoke Spanish in America way before they spoke English. You think *Nina, Pinta, y Santa Maria* are English names? What the fuck? First thing: the *name* of the magazine changes to *Maximum Verga y Culo*. Maybe we'll have a small English section—at the end of the zine—the last page or two to tell you what you're missing. For the rest: *hablas español o muerte*!

And reviews? Those fuckin' reviews? *MRR* reviewers are a bunch of prissy whitefolks (or at least native-English speakers) who think eating a California roll with a dab of soy sauce is oh so exotic and foreign. That's gonna change.

New rules for reviews:

All reviewers have to *actually listen to or read* what they review. Don't say, "Well, it's not my taste." If you don't like the style, don't fuckin' review it! If you don't understand the language then give it to someone who does! Why does every issue of the German zine *Trust* have an *MRR* review—in English—and every *MRR* has a review of *Trust* that says, "I wish I could read German." I know seeing your name in print is an ego boost, but speak what you're gonna review or don't review it. *Sprich deutsch oder verrecke!*

Scene reports? What's up with those? If I see one more band name written with the Roman alphabet, I'm gonna shit. There are hundreds of languages in the world. Arabic, Hebrew, Chinese, Thai, Urdu, Bulgarian... the list goes on. Why do we see... month after month... scene reports from places that use A,B,C,D instead of *aleph, bet, gimmel, dalid*? No more of that under my reign! New Rule: *No more scene reports from places that use the Roman alphabet.* A,B,C, is for wimps. Hey, buckaroos! Wake up! This is *punk rock*! Learn to read.

It won't be just changes. No sireebob. There'll be a ton of new stuff. More things people actually want:

Body Fluid of the Month, Timmy Y. Speaks from the Grave (transcripts of monthly seances held at the *MRR* house on night of the full moon.), The Sell-Out Report (listing what bands it's cool to like and which are on the boycott list), and a new scanned letter section. All letters written entirely *in blood*! Anyone answering those letters, must also write in blood.

That's a taste of things to come... a teaser... the start of the change from a punk rock zine to a *punk rock zine*. Like my turd in the toilet, *MRR* is not all that big in the world... but it's gonna make a *huge* mess!

ENDNOTES: [email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or blog viewers (mykelsblog.blogspot.com/) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column. Your zines, CDs/records, and... er... *private videos*... can and should be sent to me at: Mykel Board, POB 137, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012]

—>Irony on irony dept: In the Martin Luther King days, the Southern Poverty Law Center was a good group. Then it ventured into "Anti-Defamation" territory. Like the Jewish Anti-Defamation League who calls every critic of Israel "anti-semitic" (and even accuses Arabs, who are Semites, of being "anti-Semitic") the SPLC jumps on any group it disagrees with and labels them "racist" or "terrorist."

Reuter's now reports SPLC is coordinating an "anti-bullying program." (That's ironic since they themselves use bully name-calling tactics.) As part of their anti-bully program, they've organized 3,000 schools to have a "Mix It Up at Lunch Day." Students in those schools are encouraged "to sit by someone in the cafeteria they would not normally sit next to."

The right-wing *American Family Association*, is boycotting the event because they say it's "a nationwide push to promote the homosexual lifestyle in public schools." Doubly funny because the intolerant name-callers are getting name-called for promoting tolerance.

—>Sissy Bradford, a criminology professor at Texas A&M University lost her job after complaining about a taxpayer-funded tower with four Christian crosses. The tower also featured the official university seal. Thanks to her protest and a letter from the legal department of *Americans United for Separation of Church and State*, the crosses were removed. Then followed several threats from cross defenders. These that got so bad that Ms Bradford asked the campus cops for protection. Her request was ignored. Now she's without a job and no campus for the campus cops to protect her on.

—>Bad news for Christians and Feminists dept: A new study has found that porn stars have "higher self-esteem, self confidence and a more flattering image of their bodies" than others. Of course! If you've got hundreds of folks jerking off to your image, it's only logical that you're gonna think a lot of yourself. You can get the full article at: www.tinyurl.com/selfestemeArt

—>*Secret major label dept:* If you're suddenly seeing advertising for a "micro-brewery" called Shock Top, you guessed right. It's Anheiser-Busch, the Budweiser giant, now owned by a Belgian company. The beer sucks anyway, too sweet and I donno... wrong. But don't be tricked, like Blue Moon, it's a FAKE micro-brew.

—>Twelve years for *nothing* dept: Of course I'm talking about prison. There are millions of such stories. People who hurt no one languishing in jail under *Federal sentencing laws*. I've written a lot about this. But a spot of maraschino cherry in the diarrhea of our legal system is Gorilla Convict publishing. It's a company that gets the word out *from* the men behind the bars. They publish books (remember them?) by the 2%... the 2% of Americans, that is, who are behind bars. Their website is www.gorillaconvict.com.

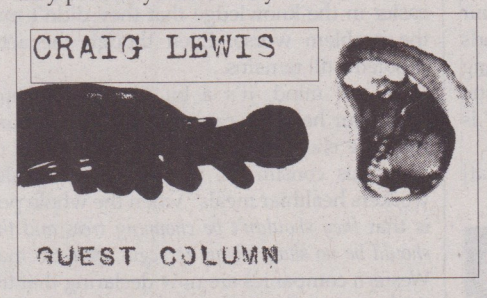
—>Is that a screw in your knee bone or are you happy to see me dept: *First Class* magazine reports that Australian airports

have introduced full body scanners for all international air passengers. The scanners use wifi length radio waves to scan, rather than the X-ray machines that are used in the US. Both Europe and Australia have banned the US machines as too much of a cancer risk. The US government doesn't care. It's *security*, ya know?

—>*Help, 'em but don't let 'em help themselves dept:* In Ashland Oregon, public officials have removed three boxes for public donations to help the homeless. The reason is that the boxes were pilfered and the money stolen. After an investigation, a man was arrested, fined and jailed for the theft. You guessed it. He was homeless. Now, please tell me how a homeless person can steal money meant for the homeless. I guess the answer's easy. That's *direct* giving. If you do that, how does an *administrator* get paid? It would destroy the whole American concept of *charity*.

—>*Mix government and religion at your own peril dept:* Germany's top court has ruled that Catholics who do not pay religious taxes must automatically leave the church. The judges ruled against Hartmut Zapp (great name!) who wanted to leave the church as an institution, but remain a member of the Catholic community. Germany's bishops announced that believers who refuse to pay the religion tax won't be able to receive the sacraments, become godparents or a have a religious funeral. In Germany, the government subsidizes religions through taxes on members of the religion. In the US, the government subsidizes religion through taxes on EVERYBODY. They call it "faith-based."

—>*Good suggestion bad reason dept:* Israeli Rabbi Chaim Kanievsky ordered his followers to "burn their iPhones" in order to maintain Jewish insularity and keep the outside world away. I'm not sure iPhones burn very well, but they probably flush nicely down the toilet.



Each day of my life presents new and interesting challenges. Simply getting myself up and out of bed can be excruciatingly difficult at times. In order to face my day I must have had enough rest so that I can remain mentally stable. I also require eating a decent breakfast and of course a few cups of coffee in order to really be able to accept the challenges of my day. I can't forget drinking a glass or two of water as well, as this is crucial to my healthy functioning. Each day when I wake up I must do five minutes of stretching to allow my back to be as functional as possible. If I don't stretch, I can feel it as the day progresses and I begin to suffer from an inability to sit still and be free of pain.

Each day I must brush my teeth and wash my face so that I can feel clean and refreshed. I need to dress as well as possible so I can feel confident about my appearance as I interact with the public throughout my day. I must take my medication which helps me keep focused and helps me deal with all the distractions that can derail me if I am not careful. I need to check my daily to-do list which I work on in advance so I can be sure to fulfill all of my responsibilities. I also must add anything to this list that I can think of as I go through my day so that I can be sure to be as on top of my life as humanly possible. I have to pack my bag carefully ensuring that I am taking everything I need with me. I try to pack some snacks as well, usually a granola bar or some almonds. I then must check to make sure that my stereo is off because I don't like to leave it on all day and I especially am careful that I don't leave my turntable spinning all day. I like to listen to records in the morning before I leave for work. The last thing I do before I leave is put my sunglasses on and go check myself out one last time in the bathroom mirror to make sure I look good (or as good as possible) before I set out on my day. This is my morning.

I take the elevator down to the first floor and usually check my mail. I then walk out of my building and walk the 5 minutes it takes for me to get to the subway. I am lucky the subway is so close by as it could be much worse and I know it. Once at the station I tap my pass card and take the escalator (or the stairs if I am well rested and feeling healthy) up to the train platform. I try to get on the train in the car that will drop me off as close to the exit of my destination as possible. Unless the train is already pulling into the station, I go and look at myself in the mirror the train conductor looks at to make sure everyone is on the train before they close the doors. I look into that mirror and say to myself, "damn, you look good today Craig. You are ready for this day and you are going to kick today's ass." I then board the train when it arrives and usually find a seat, which is nice. This is the beginning of my dreaded daily journey on public transportation.

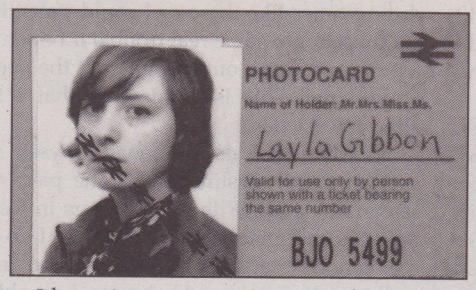
The train is generally a nightmare for me. Listening to people blasting their headphones and/or talking loudly on their cell phones is source of anxiety and upset for me. I become very distracted by this disruptive noise and my brain cannot function properly as a result. This makes me angry however I must contain and control myself. I bite my tongue to the best of my ability and put in my earplugs to try and avoid being distracted. My earplugs usually work fairly well however sometimes they don't completely block out the noise. I must focus on maintaining my composure during times like these or I could potentially get myself into some real trouble if I open my mouth and vomit out my anger at the people around me. This is a dilemma that I face almost every day.

So what do I do to manage myself so I can get to my destination in one piece and safe and sound? With my earplugs in I close my eyes and focus on my breathing. I do this meditation for about five minutes or so and it really works for me and helps me. I am able to endure the distractions around me by focusing on my breathing and knowing that by doing this meditation, I will have a happier and more peaceful day. I also will read two to three pages in the book I am reading which is usually a book on the topic of maintaining my wellness and stability in life. I recommend reading anything by the Buddhist writer Thich Nhat Hanh. His books help me gain a perspective on life that allows me to be happier and healthier. It is really quite remarkable how much doing this reading has helped me. I also will write in my journal about my day and my responsibilities and try to focus my ideas on how to present myself in the most healthy and appropriate ways possible. These coping methods work for me wonderfully and I am grateful that I not only discovered them yet also that I have willingly applied them to my life.

So this is my morning almost every day of the year. I must go through this process to be able to face the world and be successful. I know that there are obstacles and distractions around every corner and that it is solely up to me to make sure that regardless of anything that could or does happen, ultimately, I am the only one who decides how my day will be. I must do this "routine" every day in order for me to be happy and healthy. This routine works for me and I can count on it to help me every time I need it to.

I am grateful to have found something that works for me. It was not easy figuring out how to help myself and I struggled and suffered greatly for years before I began to learn how to manage myself in better ways. Thankfully I succeeded at this and I hope that anyone who is reading this can also find healthier ways to live a happier life. It is in our control to make things right for ourselves. Human power is strong and we can do things tomorrow that we may find impossible to do today. I am in recovery from a lifetime of mental illness, trauma and dysfunction and I am successfully making life work for me. I believe that you can make life work for you too, if you work at it. Recovery works and human power will take you places if you allow it to.

My name is Craig and I live in Boston in the USA. All correspondence is welcome. Thank you to *MRR* for allowing me this space in their fanzine. Long live the international DIY punk community and long live recovery. I can be contacted at lewisgrey@gmail.com. Thank you and have a great day.



I haven't written a column for the past few months; I broke my right hand in a terrifying bicycle collision with a SUV and it was too frustrating to type out a sentence with my left hand, let alone a few thousand words. But also I have felt pretty dissatisfied, a sense of malaise and torpor settled in and I had nothing to say so I didn't say anything. One of the reasons I quit coordinating *MRR* is that I envisioned myself doing all these cool projects on my own terms, like writing for myself and not just for the magazine, maybe starting a band or a new fanzine. Instead I have been holed up in my room with various illnesses and injuries and filled with misgivings and a total lack of energy or desire to do anything but go to work and go to bed. I am forcing myself to write this screed, just in an attempt to get back into the act of writing. What can I write about? The guy at Trader Joes who asked me about my die Kreuzen badge, then launched into a list of bands asking me if I liked any of them. *No*, I hate them all. None of this has anything to do with die Kreuzen or my button, and what is it with people like me wearing a signifier like that but not actually wanting to talk about Weezer or reunion bands with some random guy in a grocery store?! Things I hate: Weezer, Jawbreaker, the audience at any reunion show, competition, 7"s that cost over $7 that are brand new records, men who think your very presence in public is an invitation to a monologue/"lesson." The Punk Nod is all very well, because it's a nod, a secret signal, but maybe I have PMS, maybe I am just in a bad mood, but that's about all I can take right now. Certain bands make my skin itch and I would rather listen to Doc Dart's solo record fifty times in a row than anything Blake Schwarzenbach will ever produce.

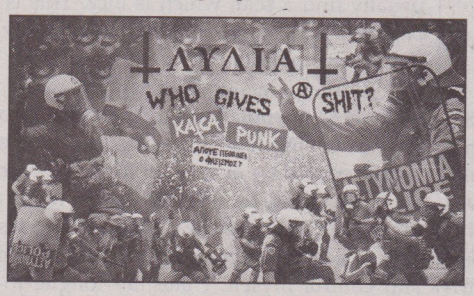
This fascinating article I am producing might indicate a sort of distaste with the punk idea; this is far from the facts. I love the sounds and ideas that exist under that particular umbrella, new and old; that is one of the benefits of volunteering at *MRR*, continual affirmation that the punks are producing good sound ideas on a frequent and never ending basis. The opposite is also true, there are many dull and tired ones, but they are wiped clean by the excitement of the new possibilities that exist! I wrote a thing on ye olde blogge (whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com) about new sounds and bands I am excited for in 2013. You are welcome to check it out and maybe mention your favorite new bands/records. 2013 is a broken possibility so far in terms of personal goals and health, but the sounds are gonna heal us all, right? Charred and jagged massage through punk rock.

Things I don't want to talk about: Riot Grrrl. I think girls are starting cool bands, and making radical culture in many different contexts, which is great and inspiring, and I hope that some of the women who instigated grrrrldom write books (Allison Wolfe/Tobi Vail/Kathleen etc etc) *but* I am totally not interested in participating in panel-discussion-cultures about my own experience as a thirteen-year-old Riot Grrl no more. Not right now anyway. Maybe I will in the future, and I have done in the distant past, guilty as charged, in a Gehry designed museum nonetheless. Maybe it's the combination of working at City Lights and formerly helping to run *MRR*, but the whole academic writer's-workshop-culture-creation-lifestyle is making me wanna run to the hills, or at least stay in my room and brood. Definitely not create new works of art, or arts of work. I would say just write a zine or start a band, do something… desperate times. We are disappearing into an age of endless critic culture, where things get commented on until they are pounded into a fine grain, micro granules that blow away, to be forgotten next week. If you self-identify as a writing type, one who likes to put words on the page, to whine and opine, then what are you to do in the face of all of this noise? Not writing seems like the obvious choice, and I think one of the things that attracted me in the first place to punk and hardcore and DIY was the creation and negation aspect of the culture. Denial! Refusal! I don't wanna go down to the basement… I don't want to write rock criticism; I don't want to talk about it. At any rate, this is a rambling anthem to the dispossessed and abandoned. Make of it what you will.

Things I love, a list for your eyes only:

Charlotte Pressler: a writer and musician from Cleveland OH, who has written deftly about her city's profound musical history and heritage, and who has a beautiful solo LP with art by John Morton, of Electric Eels and X_X fame that you should grab instantly. Someone just uploaded some tracks she recorded in the mid '80s in NYC to ye olde youtube, look up Red Dark Sweet if you want relentless joy imposed upon your brains. It was a cassette only release, and sounds like Electric Eels and Screamers and um fucking No New York all at once. It's a gift! Charlotte Pressler for prez. "What's That Sound I Hear" is particularly fantastic.

END OF LIST! Write me at layla[at] maximumrocknroll[dot]com



Home is where the heart aches

I don't want to go on another sociopolitical rant, but I have a hard time blocking out the real world. I'm afraid "artisanal bagels," free yoga workshops and bike-rides in the park aren't enough to distract me from the raw reality of the world we live in, sorry. It's an easy thing to do: surround yourself with a version of the facts that you find digestible, ignoring anything that doesn't directly affect you. "As long as *I'm OK* that's all that matters," right? Fuck that!

I know improving your quality of life is supposed to be something one strives for, but at what real cost? It's a bit like charity: people do it once a year, feel contempt for making the effort and then go back to living in their bubble. Similarly, people consume "organic fair trade" and think they're doing some "third world" country a favour. Yet what about the actual communities and economies supporting these bourgeois habits of the West? Do the farmers in Bolivia get to live the high-quality lifestyle that SF people do? Do the farmers in Africa get to enjoy the fruits of their labour before it gets shipped off to Germany? Did the people cultivating the land get anything from it? I think not.

It's all very well for the upper-class alternative hippies and the rich hedonist yuppies, but who else can actually support such a lifestyle? (For lifestyle it has become.) Not the unemployed youth, the poor families or the elders; not the immigrants or factory workers or single mothers. Such notions are endorsed by the kind of people who already have all their other bases covered and are now looking for something more to do with their free time and money—in other words, the wealthy fuckers who were over-consuming in the first place. And it is all very well for the wealthier countries to "go green" and "eat organic" but they are still doing it at the expense of the usual poor buggers at the end of the food chain. They are still (ab)using the resources of other countries, promoting a culture of waste and reallocating wealth from the (poorer local) farmers to the (richer foreign) producing companies. The starving continue to perish by the minute on the other side of the world, the only difference is that the people in the wealthier countries can now sleep a little easier in the knowledge that they didn't make the problem worse. Even though the actual problem still remains.

In my mind, it's a bit like saying "now, with your help, we can recycle all the Amazon trees we chopped" or that "because of all our conscious consumers, we can give our slave workers healthier meals" when the whole point is that *they shouldn't be chopping trees and there should be no slave labour to begin with*! So many Western companies are now declaring that they deal "fair trade" when my question is "Why was it ever unfair trade to begin with?" I feel the same way about fancy restaurants: they're too hedonistic and self-indulgent for me to stomach; they're a blatant declaration of wealth, a flaunting acknowledgment of the class system and the inequality it creates.

OK, I know what a lot of you are thinking; "but recycling and eating organic and shopping fair trade is good, isn't it!?" Sure, it's *better*, but I still see it as a temporary recovery device from a virus that continues to thrive across the globe (it's called imperialist capitalism, if you hadn't

already guessed). I find them to be reactionary tactics to a system suffering of gangrene; instead of chopping off the limb completely, they try and remedy it with perfume and ointments. Instead of looking at what actually creates the problem, they simply find temporary, ethical-sounding diversions to cover it up, or diminish its importance in the eyes of the public. They appropriate the problem until it becomes another mundane fact of life that can never be resolved—and why should it, the masses have been convinced that they are doing their part, while the conglomerates and corporations still manage to market this idea for profit.
But then again, I'm just a Balkan vlaho-punk, so what do I know? Moving along...

***

I was watching a documentary the other day about the Copenhagen squat Ryesgade 58, called *Nine Days Behind the Barricades*. It documented the nine-day battle between the squatters and the local authorities. It was translated into Greek—with horrible voice overs may I add, but regardless of that—I really appreciate the effort, as it was done by the Libertatia squat (in Thessaloniki) in 2009 to share the information and perhaps learn something from what the Ryesgade 58 squatters went through.

The cops had planned to evict Ryesgade 58 on September 14, 1986 and warned the squatters to evacuate. The squatters reacted by organizing a demonstration, which ended up almost right outside to squat. The cops were unable to contain the crowd, which entered the squat and swiftly set up barricades around it. Within a few hours the blockades multiplied and soon the whole block was closed off. 50 cops tried to attack but got a shower of resistance. The protestors used materials from a construction site nearby and sometimes the barricades were four or five levels deep. They equipped themselves with slingshots, bats and iron bars, bits of broken cobblestone from the pavements and, of course, some Molotov cocktails. Over 600 people stayed within this fortress of sorts to defend it.

By the second day they were surrounded. Hundreds of people stood outside the barricades and in the surrounding area, making it impossible for the police to attack. Eventually 150 of them in riot gear charged in, but the squatters were organized and pushed them back with petrol bombs and rocks. The cops were out in 10 minutes. Then they tried the side-streets. Again they got bombarded with more molotovs, rocks and tear-gas. Finally they retreated and waited for back up from the rest of the Denmark police force.

Meanwhile, the squatters stayed well prepared and took care of everyone within the barricades. They made sure the children were protected, that the older people got their medication and they communicated with the locals and all the people showing their support. Eventually they decided to allow media behind the barricades and provided them with an announcement stating their purpose and demands. The squatters wanted full control over the building and the ability to organize freely. Some suggestions were made but eventually all of them were denied by the unbending city council. 1500 more cops were brought in, this time equipped with military tanks and machine guns. The cops officially declared that the assault would end in the death of several people.
Faced with this, the squatters escaped. From an emergency underground tunnel created for that very purpose, they silently left in the night. They evacuated in the knowledge that if they were to stay any longer, they would be risking their lives, or in the very least facing years in prison. For what?

I ask myself this question at night. I wonder how we are going to continue when push comes to combat? No one wants to have to fend for the right to shelter with their life, yet so many do. While I type this, my friends back home are going through similar situations. While attacks on numerous squats is always bad news, I can only hope it opens up people to the alternative of self-organized communities. Now that so many people are losing their homes because they cannot pay their mortgages, or because they are unemployed, the emerging thousands, if not millions, below the poverty line will be faced with the same issue of homelessness. And the way I see it, squatters are the only ones who have tackled this issue on their own, instead of depending on the system to do it for them. They claimed what should be rightfully theirs as a human being.

They were fighting for more than a building; they were fighting for the freedom to live their own lives as they chose, outside the guidelines and rules imposed by third-party political puppets. Not reckless lives, or violent or abusive; in fact lives that are more creative and well-natured than any fucker downtown in a suit. The point is, to be able to be your own authority and not get prosecuted for it. And while the media and authorities think of those people as fighting the system, calling them "terrorists" and "threats to society," what they are actually doing is fighting the idea that a system is even needed. People think squatters relish in some primal notion of destructive anarchy and disorder, when in fact they are the ones who are self-organizing; the ones creating a life for themselves independent of political promises and administrative support—ideally making state intervention and authority control irrelevant by default.

And it is then when the dictatorship feels really threatened; when it realizes that people can do it own their own. When not only will the people make it through, but they will also resist with passion and determination. I mean, when the government feels the need to bring a whole army to a squat of a few hundred, ready to shoot them all down, stripping them of the right to self-governance…you kind of have an issue, don't you think? Sounds a bit like a tyranny to me…

***

The new Antimob LP is so good that I fear some of its power was lost in translation in this month's review of it. So I'm going to tell you here and now: it is more than a simple hardcore record. It is more than what might appear to be a concept album. It is more than a personal account of being a punk in a country that has drastically deteriorated in the last few years. It is rather an organic documentation of Greece circa 2012 and everything that comes with it—it is what punk set out to be: release, reaction, redemption and resistance all at the same time. Natural and necessary. No empty riffs or wasted words, but songs bursting at the seams with energy and conviction; lyrics that capture the physical anger as much as they do the mental torment; the daily struggle and emotional toll of living under the regime Greece has right now. It is, simply put, a pièce de résistance, containing within its grooves the fury of a lost generation. Stunning!

The *MRR* record collection reorganization has already started! We are refilling all the 7" records and putting them in 7" boxes. This will not only protect them from dust and dirt, it will also deter people from stealing. This is a very important project, as it frees up space in the compound, plus is helps preserve the largest punk record collection open to the punks in the world! You can support us in this project by making your donation to our paypal account, mrr@maximumrocknroll.com and help us maintain this amazing archive! For posterity's sake; for punk's sake.

It is a shame however that I will not be around to witness the final results of this labour of love, as I have been contacted by Immigration services and been asked to leave to country, thanks to dubious information concerning my political background. I will be a fugitive, but I will continue to coordinate the magazine from afar, as I will be under the protective umbrella of the Anonymous hackers, in a high-tech, high-security secret location somewhere off the coast of somewhere very cold. I can say no more for now… y'know, top secret mission and all…

Lastly, if you want to get in touch with Melvin, our cover artist for this month's issue, reach him at seriz@seriz.fr. Though right now he's trekking the Australia deserts doing a sort of remake/retake of *Mad Max*… Crrrazy French!

Hello Punks! Welcome to the April issue of *MRR*! Nowruz will have begun (Persian new year) and Easter, and all the shit that comes with it, Palm Sunday, good Friday etc., will all be done. Anyway it's April and on this first day we got jokes…

I think that April Fools is supposed to be tied to Hilaria, a Roman holiday that starts at the end of March having to do with the vernal equinox? Do I sound witchy yet? Anyway, holidays were always about the solstice or equinox or some other pagan/nature thing that monotheism has

managed to "purify" and harmonize. Luckily for us, April 1st has come out on top and it is still a day of stupidity, laughs and total childishness—if you choose to take advantage.

Most shitty kids I grew up around would unscrew the tops of sugar or salt shakers any place they could, causing all of the contents of these shakers to dump out on an unsuspecting person. To this day I still check if the tops of shakers are properly screwed on… While that was never my thing, where I come from you do fuck with someone a little bit if you truly love them—this sort of expression become the foundation of many long-standing friendships.

I have a cousin that I grew up with who is a few months younger than I am. We are both first gen and out of all of the family, hers and mine lived closest to one another, so we were practically sisters. For my tenth birthday, she sent me a cute card with a picture of Garfield the cat, my favorite at the time, looking adorable on the cover. Inside there was a little child-scrawled note in pencil that said, "Happy Birthday to my favorite cousin! Love Laila." I was so happy! But then I noticed some almost illegibly tiny writing on the bottom, "P.S. You smell like ca-ca." As a kid, I knew that this was a joke, but in my kid brain I also realized that I had to acknowledge this with another joke…because that is what we do in my family. I saved that card for a whole year, which is hard for a little kid to do, but I did. I saw Laila and her parents several times throughout that year and even though my alleged scent was never called into question, it was always in the back of my mind. When her birthday rolled around, I pulled out the card and added my own message, "Happy Birthday! Remember me? You are the one that smells like ca-ca." I sent the card. For seven years we sent that Birthday card back and forth with increasingly nasty and sexualized insults. The card had started falling apart, but we had kept it going. Even though we had both gotten into drugs, sex, punk and skating, we kept that card going. Unfortunately, the year of her seventeenth birthday, her family moved and somewhere in the address change, the card was lost. My cousin and I have grown estranged and while I miss that card and the connection it formed between us, I have an even longer joke feud that is still going to this day.

I have know one of my best friends Jack for almost seventeen years, like the Partisans song. It all started when Jack was living in a total shithole punk house where if you sat on any of the three filthy couches, you would get a rash. It was gross. We would often play jokes on others, like taking the end of the toilet paper roll, wetting it and scrunching it up to look like a turd left on the toilet seat or super-gluing a quarter in front of the Board of Trade to watch the bankers/traders struggle to get that last fucking quarter!

The beginning of this long battle started with me wrapping his toilet in plastic wrap during a party. It took about two drunk punks ricochet-pissing to call for investigation, to which Jack was called. Even though this was the first joke, Jack knew it was I. After that, it was on.

The series of jokes became more frequent when years later we became roommates. Long gone was the Jack of the dirtiest punk house in the world and in his place was Jack, the super clean, anal-retentive punk. So it started with me leaving a dirty spoon on the counter that would end up on my pillow, then end up on the counter again, unclean, which he would then place in my sock drawer and so on. He would blast Jimmy Buffet in the morning to wake me up and piss me off 'cause I fucking hate that guy. There was a spray nozzle attached to the kitchen sink that I would wrap a rubber band around which would spray him in the face every time he turned the sink on…he always fell for that. He squeezed a bunch of my toothpaste out of the tube once and replaced it with fish paste. In return I sucked out all the Bavarian crème from a donut and filled it with toothpaste. He would separate the toilet paper layers so that I could only pull a square at a time. I would make him a sandwich leaving the plastic wrap on his shitty American cheese slices. He gave me a beautifully wrapped douche for my birthday. I would freeze fake spiders in the ice cube tray or leave fake bugs in his bed. He would leave the same Jimmy Buffet post card in strategic places around the house so upon opening a cabinet old Jimmy would be there (on tour once that was the only post card I sent him, with "that's all you get asshole," written on it). I would poke holes in the bottom of water bottles so that upon opening he would be showered. The list goes on ranging from destruction of property to public humiliation. We had a blast.

The end of our relentless joke war unofficially happened when we moved into different apartments. It wasn't really the distance, we were two neighborhoods apart, but it was the joke that his new roommate and I played on him when they first moved in.

Jack is a very giving and awesome person. He constantly volunteers, he would gather all the hats and gloves that people left at our place after parties in the winter and stick a dollar in each glove and hand them out to homeless people (he still does this) and he even ran a marathon to raise money for my mom's medical costs. All of these things and more make him courageous in many ways, but he is also a giant wuss when it comes to the supernatural. Jack is afraid of ghosts. When I was out of town for a month, he slept with all the lights on until I returned be cause he saw *The Grudge* two days after I left.

When he moved into his new apartment, I plotted with his roommate…we were going to haunt Jack. We started by slightly moving things in his room, about a few centimeters, to see if he would notice. At first he kept saying, "Man, I am just super clumsy lately!" He is very clumsy, but after two weeks he started to notice that his personal objects were moving more and more, and that it was not just in his room, but also all over the house. I came over one day and he confided in me, "I think there is something weird going on in this house…"

I had a dog whistle and gave it to his roommate. We would trade it off and Jack's dog, Brostani (a combination of my last name and "bro"), would start barking at the door or a wall…at nothing. Jack would become so alarmed that he would take a few minutes examining the wall or door that Brostani would be barking at. "I don't get it…it's freaking me out."

We started wetting the putty holding certain posters, anything satanic in imagery, and watching them fall off the walls while we were all watching a movie. We would lock and unlock doors to confuse Jack. We started hiding some of his stuff for days, then they would miraculously reappear in high up places or in the shower. Jack started addressing the ghosts out loud, "We are just living here, we mean no harm!"

The last straw was that one night we were watching horror movies. Jack wasn't too keen on the idea, because our haunting had made him a little weary—it had been going on for four months. His roommate went to that bathroom, which was right next to the kitchen at the back of the house, and came back to watch the rest of the movie. About twenty minutes later, Jack got up to get a glass of water. We pause the movie. Two seconds later, the roommate and I hear jack practically scream, "Holy fucking shit!" We got up and ran into the kitchen. There is Jack standing near the light switch with his cup dropped on the floor and his face completely devoid of any blood. His mouth is slack jawed and open in terror. We look at where his eyes are looking and from floor to ceiling every single cabinet door is open.

We close the cabinets, we sit down in the living room and Jack begins to regain color in his face. He starts talking about moving or if we should research some ritual or asking if we should call someone, "whom can we call?" He is going on and on. Suddenly his eyes narrow, "you guys wouldn't have anything to do with this would you?" We are shocked at such an accusation. And just like Jack, after years of good-natured tormenting of one another, he says to me, "If you did, I wouldn't be mad…I would be impressed."

A few weeks later the haunting stopped, the roommate moved out under some negative circumstances. I remember sitting in his living room a week after the "spirit being calm" and in a profound moment of quiet reflection Jack turned to me and said, "I think the ghosts didn't like my last roommate." I knew that he still suspected me, but it was his way of covering his bases. Whether it was real or not, it was still funny.

When we start getting older, some of the few times we see each other are often at events like illness or death. These are events that will increase in frequency just by the nature of aging, but also that we are punks…we live in extremes. I wouldn't be able to occupy any other space but this one, but while punks often shun tradition like marriage and holidays, I am hell bent on making our own traditions whether it is punksgiving or more importantly, rituals on a smaller scale. With that said, I am going to go super glue a quarter on the ground in the financial district, you should go do that too. Nothing more heart warming and bonding than two friends watching a banker struggling to get that last twenty-five cents. April Fools!

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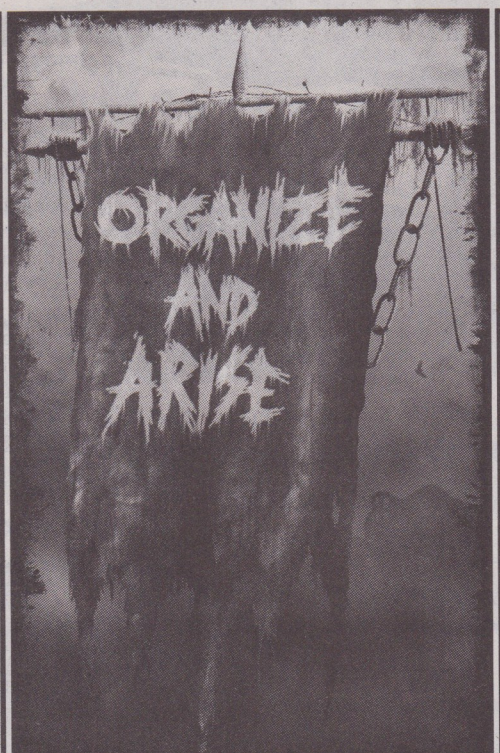

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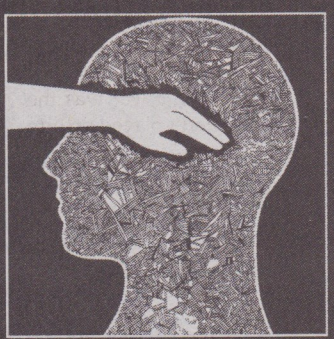

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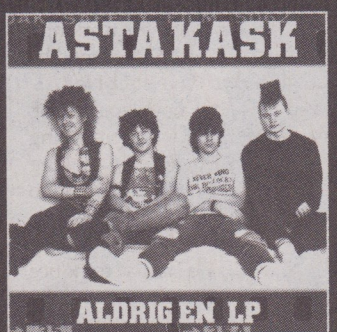

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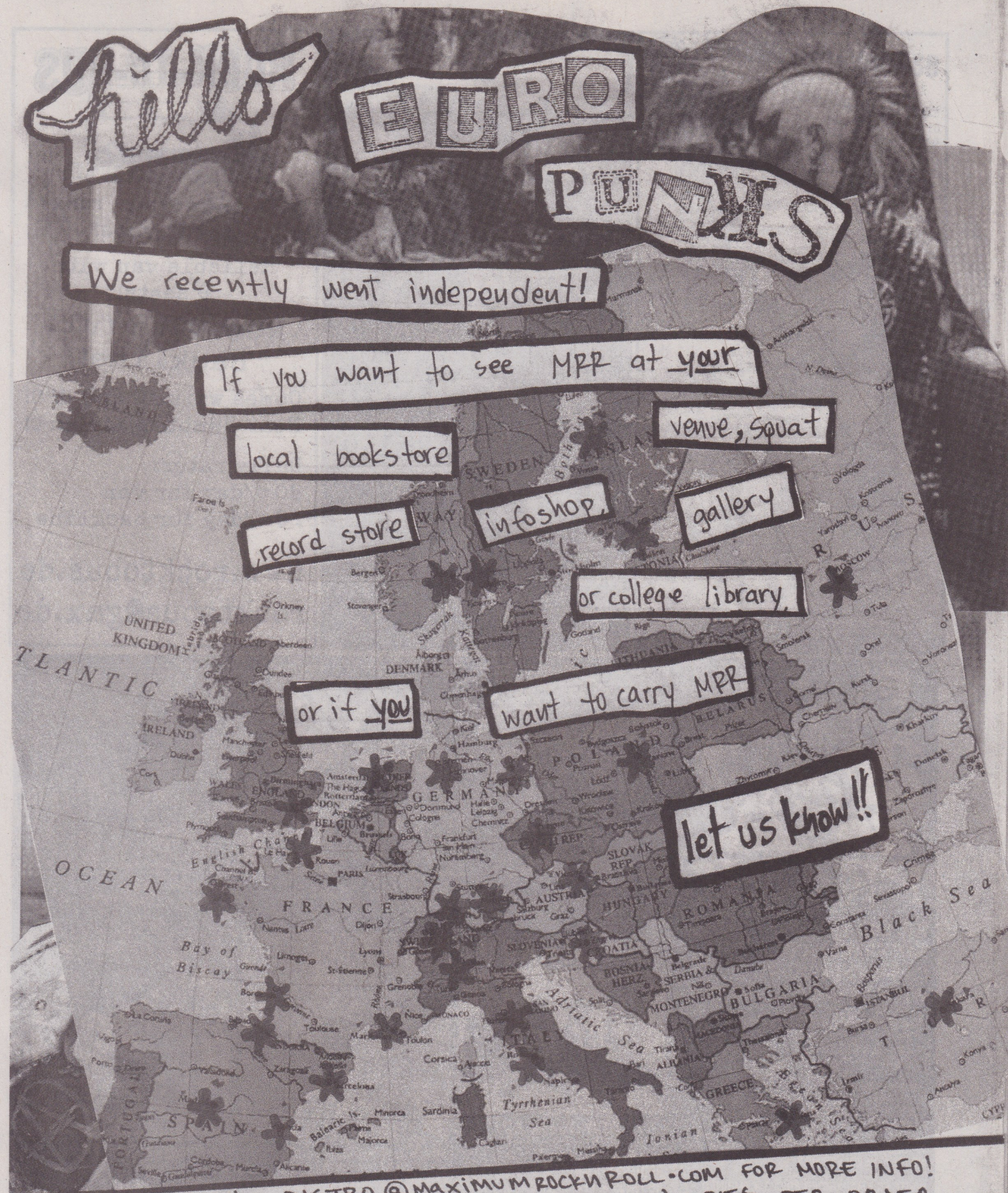

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LETTERS

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Dear Punk—
I'm sick of all the bullshit!!! I'm getting too old to have to worry about all these ridiculous sub-sub-microgenre nuances. We all, as a people, united, need to finally get it together and agree on what we're fucking saying here. We need a unified front. So to finally agree: is it flyer or flier?! Is ts poser or poseur?! Is it mix tape or mixed tape?! We've been looking like fools here for decades not having our shit together. Remember when the letters section of *MRR* could, and would, actually have a real effect on the scene? Well it could again!

Let's talk this out and finally come togeter and answer the questions that have haunted us since Dee Dee first shouted "1-2-3-4!" These petty differences have kept us at odds with ourselves for far too long. Reagan and Bush both got re-elected while we couldn't agree on anything. When D-beat comes to shove, we are all in this together and need to start talking and finally get this figured out. We're better than this. After all, don't we owe us an answer?
Of course we fucking do!
—Ray Martinez/Surburbia

Hey MRR—
Sweet Zine Reviews section. (AE) has proven to be so punk that when she reviewed *Earth First!*'s Summer 2012 issue, she proved that she doesn't even read! Now I know next time I want to seem like a legit zine-reviewer for *MRR* to rack up some punk points, I need only to open up the last two pages of whateverthefuck I'm reviewing, look at the picture of the tree-blockade on the cover, and pretend I've read the whole publication... maybe shot-gun a tallboy on my way out the door, drunkenly rambling "er, fuckin' tree huggers, your herb blurb was cool, like, I hear witchcraft is hip now but WTF is eco-erotica? Just arm up already!"

Earth First! Journal continues to be one of the few widely distributed magazines that highlights and discusses sabotage, direct action and prisoner support: just take a look at the "ToolBox" or "Eco Prisoners" section. She says, "the key words here are direct action." Glad a year on the West Coast as a fashion punk has helped you become more open minded (AE)! Next time, read between the pages... And read between the lines!
In Piss,
—SabiTaj Mahal, a punk who still reads
Sonoma County, CA

Dear MRR—
I wrote a list of bands I like or are OK/tolerable, or at least I like what I've heard so far. I'm afraid that I don't know enough bands that start with X or Z. If any of the shitworkers would like to help me out I would appreciate it. I wrote *MRR* a while back and a lot of people have turned me on to a lot of cool bands I never would have heard before without them sending me tapes, some of those bands are included on the list.

It really makes my day better when I get mail from people who like the same things I do. If my return mail was shitty I apologize to all who have sent.

Thank you very much and thank you to everyone at *MRR* for providing me a window. Sorry for bad typing! I Love You.
Peace and up everything,
—Troy Hull
1378 Brandy LN
Prattville, AC 36067

Dear MRR—
Hey I play guitar in Lifechain FL, the one you guys just reviewed, and while it's a great review that we all appreciate very, very much, you gave the wrong artist credit for the record sleeve. Alex Warhead did the logo, but the severed ear rosary was actually done by comic artist Anna Mack. It's not that big of a deal and I realize it was just a mistake, but she has been pretty bummed out about it. I doubt there's anything you can do about it now but just a heads up, artists don't get credit and their feelings get hurt.
—Adler Moore

Hey MRR!—
Been a while since I sent you stuff—hope you dig these! In reference to the Secret Prostitutes interview in *MRR* #356, the photo on the main page was taken by tireless Houston photographers Maria Chapucera! The photo under the discography was Matt Juarez, art teacher and all-around brutalitarian.

Thanks for publishing the mindless drivel that was an SP interview.

Crime Wave and HRA are the best hardcore bands in Houston! Austin sucks! Ranch dressing sucks!
Cheers
—Erick

Hey MRR—
In the demo reviews of *MRR* #358 the Jaw Clencher review lists the wrong address. The correct address is: 1565 S. Chestnut St, Paulsboro, NJ 08066, US. Thanks.
—Shayne McCormick

Dear MRR—
In my Year End Top Ten list in issue #358, I falsely attributed the work on Head Scan Pt. 2 to the entity known as Pig Heart Transplant. The band was actually Mutant Video. Both bands are amazing and well worth your uncomfortable time, but only Mutant Video was responsible for that release. My apologies to the world. I am an idiot.
Sincerely,
—Greg Harvester

Hey Adler, Erick, Shayne and Greg!
Thanks for getting in touch and for providing us with the correct info! The least we can do is print your emails, so as fix our mistake. Every month both Mariam and I always do our best to ensure that all 128 pages of this magazine are not only fact-checked, but that we correctly attribute all people with their work—including evrything mentioned in our reviewer's writing! That said, our Letters section is always open to factual corrections and constuctive input and we appreciate all your input!
Thanks again!
—Lydia

LETTERS

Dear Maximum Rocknroll—
Thank you for the card dated 12/29/12 letting me know that *MRR* #356 had been returned when sent the second time. Thank you.

If ever an issue is returned to you as "Unacceptable" please send a post card letting me know immediately (if you can). For them to return any mail in this manner without my notification (as was done this time), is against policy. Also, to refuse any publication without notifying why it is being refused is not only violating D.O.C. policy, but also federal regulations protecting the first amendment rights of freedom of the press. Publications can only be refused if they are creating some type of security threat and it is the institution's burden to prove this threat.

So please notify me if any issues are ever returned from here. I have been receiving your zine for years at another W.V. facility with never a problem. Now I am at a different (smaller) prison. I want to continue receiving *MRR*. If an issue is sent back to you from here, it is because I was not notified that it has arrived and they have returned it against policy.

Thanks for continuing to put out a great zine for the HC and punk rock community and thanks for dealing with this stupid prison problem. Hopefully it is fixed.
Thanks. Take care,
—Mark D Myers #27817
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www.bit.ly/TlmF9c

MRR shitworkers and star fucking hipsters—
Hey, I just found out that *Zine World* is no more :(I think the Mayans were right! So, for those of you that didn't read that last *Zine World*...it's done. No More. Zero.

Also, just interviewed horror-core writer Jessie Rajs from Dead Flesh, for the eleventh issue of *Filth and Vomit*. Awesome. *Filth and Vomit* #10 is now available from: South Chicago ABC, PO Box 721 Homewood, IL 60430, USA. Just send 'em $3 for 53 pages of DIY interviews with Krüel, Siren Songs, Mange, SLC Spitfires, Cindy Crab and Sick Boy from *Punk on the Inside* zine. It's free to prisoners.

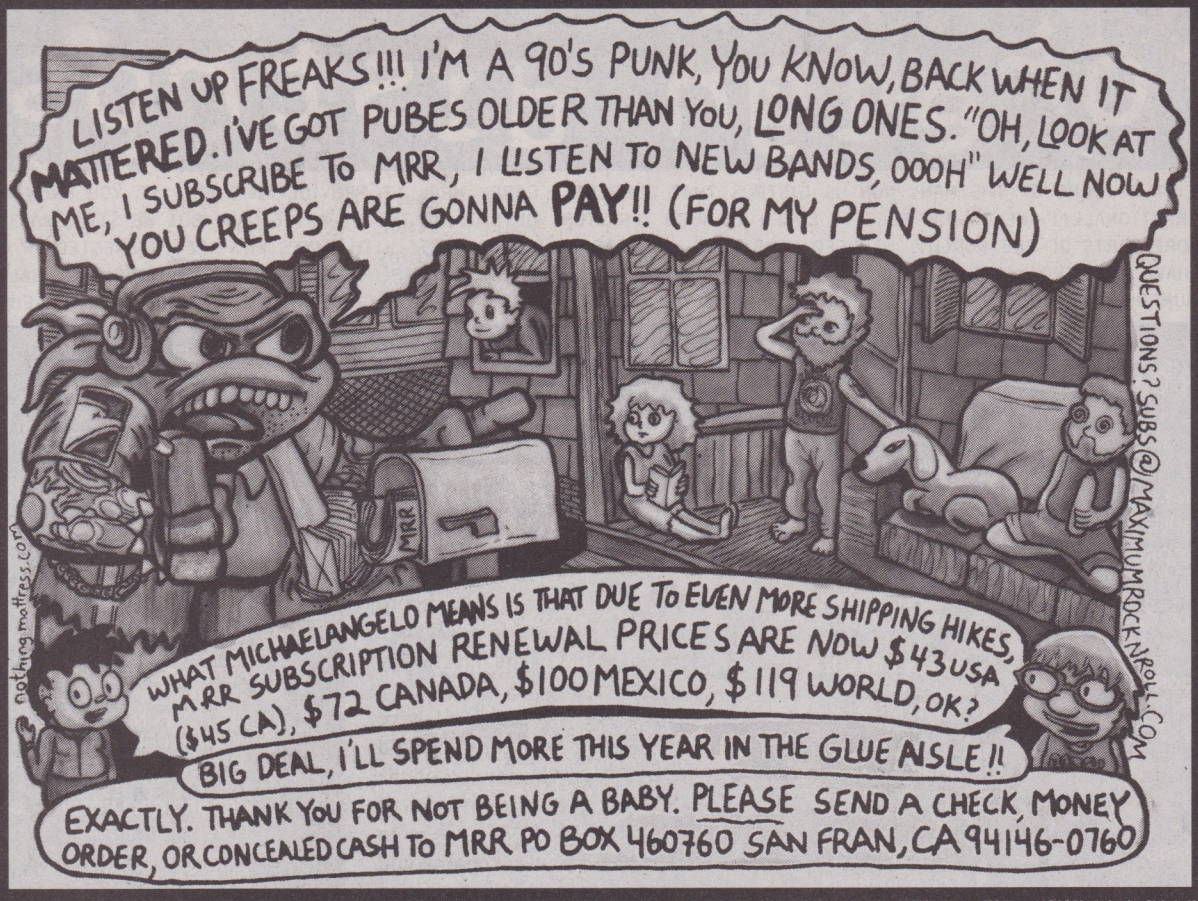
Oh yeahshout out to the homies Star Fucking Hipsters. Just wanted to let you know that homeboy Munkie passed away in Cameron, Arizona.

I'm also putting together a *MRR* benefit/ Munkie tribute show in Tuba City, Arizona when I get out this December (2013). Was wondering if you chumps could make it. let me know. We'll get you idiots drunk and feed you Navajo tacos. But, let me know before winter time. I was going to put on the *MRR* benefit at the Bandroom in cameron, but I think the SK8 Park in TC would be better. I have no access to the net, so just send my dumbass snail mail. Over and out.
—Bran Scam
PO Box 343, Cameron, AZ 86020, USA

Dear MRR—
I find your complete reluctance to address the recent controversy surrounding the Merchandise / Churchwhip tour very irresponsible. Can't you see that Art is on trial here? I know that some of you "punks" see Merchandise as an "indy" band, but they are totally punks. I mean the record is still totally good even if they don't care about rape! I mean, look, if you are totally against art and freedom of speech, why do a punk magazine? It's like people don't have a sense of humor anymore. I mean should we burn down the Sistene Chapel cuz of the boobs? I mean really. If all great works of art, like the music of Churchwhip, were to be persecuted in such a manner where would civilized society be? I am really tired of these poor guys being victims of this unjust punk club where people always want to assert the long-standing injustices of others. We all know about slavery and rape and racism, but we are punks and we are beyond that! We are here to shock at the cost of everyone, even ourselves when we put ourselves out their for artistic expression. Doesn't anyone recognize our sacrifice?

Which comes to my next point. When Merchandise and Churchwhip got their van vandalized it was a total shock. I mean do you really want to perpetrate that sort of violence? I share Merchandise and Churchwhip's disbelief about this unjust act. I share their awe and total degradation that someone actually acted on the anger they felt because they were really affected by the word rape. There is an explanation on their blog about why they chose the word rape and they cite their source—an online dictionary. They are right to say that the world's idea of what rape means is wrong and that they are reclaiming the word so that all artist can use without the fear of persecution. Whether or not it will be as effective remains to be seen, but as for me I will be at their shows ready to defend them. I am glad that people have been on board with using the word rape as much as possible and that freedom of speech is being defended in this way.
Thanks for hearing me out even though I am used to being heard,
—Every asshole in hardcore.

PS.Since when are words violence?



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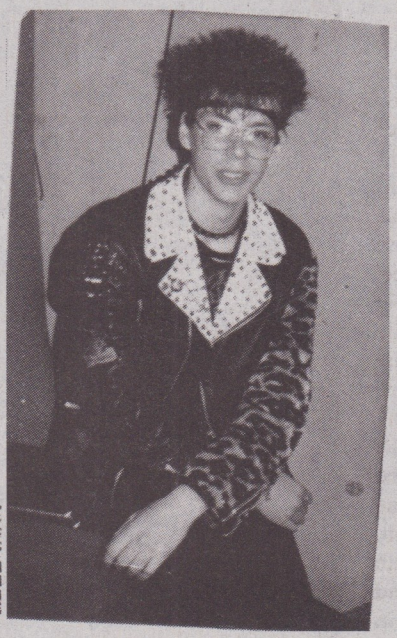
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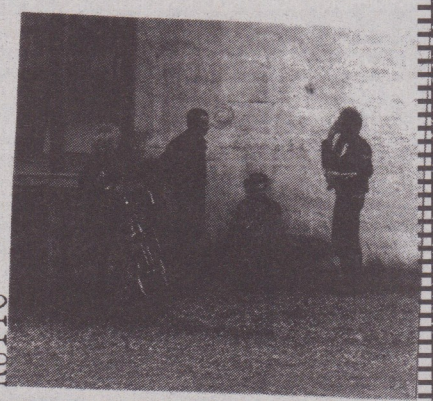
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#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/August '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/October '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, GOre Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#234/Novomber '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235 December '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war Scene Reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in IRaq," "Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY Scene, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/January '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/March '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/April '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/Aug '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/Sept '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/Oct '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/Nov '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/Dec '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/Feb '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/Mar '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm,, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#253/June '04. Sweet J.A.P., Gorilla Angreb, Võetsek, Minority Blues Band, Scruvy Dogs, Molotov Cocktail, Kidnappers, Schifosi, King Ly Chee, YDI.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/Aug '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/Sep '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/Oct '04. The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/Nov '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/Dec '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, Al, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/Jan '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/Feb '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/Sept. '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjertestop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Gol, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen, and Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, the Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston and Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, and more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special--Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battleterm, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Pauli Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/ Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans and Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Reports. Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, Hpp, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report.

#335/April '11. Siege, Crazy Spirit, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/ Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cocskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/ Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History Part 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State POison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Deaf Club Oral History, Czech Punk History Part 3.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R., Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor.

#344/January '11. OBN IIIS, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Blookrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary part 1, Means to an End Fest, Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matresses Zine.

#345/February '11. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report Part 2, the Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/March '11. Bärchen und die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spokey Jacket, Krömosom Tour of Japan, Globsters, Nigh Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise records, Refuse records.

#347/April '11. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester Zine, Iron hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

#349/June '11. Omegas, Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Inly Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek Scene Report.

#350/July '11. The Photo Issue: Justine Demetrick, Ricky Adam, Jeanne Hansen, Don Pyre, Chis Boarts Larsen, Maria de Piedade Morais.

#351/August '11. 30th Anniversary Issue: MRR's Worst & Best, the Tim Yo Covers & Greentaping, Napalm Raid, God Equals Genocide, Stressors, American Sun, Ferocious X, Stripmines, Skitsystem, Juan y Diëgo, Banran.

#352/September '11. Stagnation, Luta Armada, Vaarallinen, Frozen Teens, Brain Slug, Noisecore Roundtable #2, Kohosh, Kvoteringen, Gritos de Resistencia, Alabaster Choad, Dipers, Murder in the Front Row, Support NYC.

#353/October '11. Brain Tumors, Effluxus, Anti Cimex, the Cravats, Unlearn, Warsong, Sick/Tired, To Live A Lie records, Stories from the Peruvian Underground Part 1, Bad Daddies, Imminent Destruction records with Lastly, Desperdicio, Against the Grain, Disturd.

#354/November '11. Replica, Ancient Filth, Synthetic ID, Maximo Volumen, O Inimigo, the Splits, Ohmwar, Beatrap, Victims Tour Diary Part 2, Girth records.

#357/February '11. Forward, Hounds of Hate, Contorture, Kicker, Nothing, Lunatic Fringe, Detonate records, Beatnik Termites, Detroit Scene Report.

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For what it's worth, here're some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

MARIAM BASTANI

- NEEDLES-Desesperación-EP
- EIEFITS-依存症-EP
- ANTIMOB-LP
- XYX-Teatro Negro-LP
- KAIVOSURMA-Revisionistit-EP
- AHNA-12"
- CAGED ANIMAL-EP
- RATAS DEL VATICANO-2xEP
- AUSMUTEANTS-Ah...What an Ugly Face...-EP
- LA URSS-Sonidos de un Derrumbe-LP

WILL BLOMQUIST

- BIG BOYS-Where's My Towel/Industry Standard-LP
- CLOUD RAT-Moksha-LP
- DAVE RATA-Hallucigenia-LP
- KUUDES SILMÄ-EP
- ANTIMOB-LP / GATTACA-EP
- BETON / SKELETON-split EP
- CONGENITAL DEATH-From My Hands-EP
- AHNA-12" / BRINK OF DESPAIR-Routed in Dust-LP
- UNHOLY GRAVE-EP / RAPTUROUS GRIEF-EP
- THE CHAIN / DIE HARD – live

MITCH CARWELL

- HOT LUNCH-LP
- THE ROCKERS-Don't Leave Me Tonight-EP
- SPRAY PAINT-LP
- BANQUE ALLEMANDE-Willst du Chinese Sein-LP
- DAVE RATA-Hallucigenia-LP
- CCR HEADCLEANER-53rd and 420-EP
- BLITZ-Voice of a Generation-LP
- BED WETTIN' BAD BOYS-Ready for Boredom-LP
- BIG BOYS-Where's My Towel/Industry Standard-LP
- THE FINDERS-Finders Keepers-LP

ROBERT COLLINS

- ANTIMOB-LP / NEEDLES-EP
- APPÄRATUS-demo
- HERÄTYS–Näen Punaista-EP
- RATAS DEL VATICANO-Rafagueados-2xEP
- OWL-12" / HARDWARE YOUTH - both demos
- CLEANSING WAVE/MIDNITE BRAIN-split EP
- EIEFITS-依存症-EP / HELL'S CARGO-demo
- CLOUD RAT-Moksha-LP
- XSAXONX-demo / NECKLACING-demo
- CRYSTAL MESS–Unholy Neckbreaker-CD

LAYLA GIBBON

- RAW PRAWN-None Left-EP
- RATAS DEL VATICANO-2xEP/ LA URSS-LP
- DADS-Brown on Brown-LP
- THE SPLITS-LP
- XYX-Teatro Negro-LP
- DAVE RATA-Hallucigenia-LP
- SPRAY PAINT-LP / ANTIMOB-LP
- SNEEZE ATTACK-EP / CAGED ANIMAL-EP
- NEEDLES-Desesperación-EP / SUICIDES-EP
- AUSMUTEANTS-EP / KURRAKÄ-EP

DAN GOETZ

- BLITZ-Voice of a Generation-LP
- BIG BOYS-Where's My Towel/Industry Standard-LP
- NEEDLES-Desesperación-EP
- ANTIMOB-LP
- EIEFITS–依存症-EP / SUICIDAS-EP
- ABDUKTION/VERSKLAVEN-split EP
- CLEANSING WAVE/MIDNIGHT BRAIN-split EP
- BIG EYES-side of split EP
- KURRAKÄ-Hermanas de la Oscuridad-EP
- HERÄTYS–Näen Punaista-EP

GREG HARVESTER

- LOW CULTURE-Screens-LP
- SKIMASK-Cute Mutant-LP
- AUSMUTEANTS-Ah...What an Ugly Face...-EP
- NEEDLES-Desesperación-EP
- BIG BOYS-LP
- CLEANSING WAVE/MIDNITE BRAIN-split EP
- FOREIGN MOTHERS-Duh-LP
- LIGHTNING BOLT-Oblivion Hunter-LP
- REAL ENERGY/SECRET PROSTITUTES-split EP
- CHANDELIERS-Sweet Time-12"

KENNY KAOS

- THE MAXIES-final show live in Olympia, WA
- BIG EYES/MEAN JEANS-split
- CHANELL 3-45
- THE GUTTERS-EP
- THE FINDERS-Finders Keepers-LP
- CHANDELI'ERS-Sweet Time-12"
- TH' EMPIRES-45
- BED WETTIN' BAD BOYS-LP
- ERODERS/FAKE SURFERS-split EP
- RAW PRAWN-None Left-EP / BLITZ-LP

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TOP 10

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CAROLYN KEDDY

Be back next month...

SAM LEFEBVRE

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NEEDLES-Desesperación-EP	ELEGY-Cemetery Earth-EP
NOTHING PEOPLE-Walk On/C'mon Girl-45	WET NURCE-Daily Whatever-LP
GARY WRONG-Heroin Beach/Mayhem Troopers-45	GAY KISS-Fault-LP
WHITE LUNG-Hunting Holiday/Two of You-45	SPRAY PAINT-LP

RAY LUJAN

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DADS-LP / FOREIGN MOTHERS-Duh-LP	DOA-live / NEGATIVE APPROACH-live
KING FRIDAY-Dynamite-EP / MY TURNS-Athens-LP	COCKNEY REJECTS-live

KEVIN MANION

CAGED ANIMAL-EP	GAY KISS-Fault-12"
NEEDLES-Desesperación-EP	HOT LUNCH-LP
KUUDES SILMÄ-EP	LA URSS-Sonidos de un Derrumbe-LP
ANTIMOB-LP	HAPPY HOOKERS FOR JESUS-Stab You-EP
CLEANSING WAVE/MIDNITE BRAIN-split EP	DEATH CAMP-Teenage Nightmare-EP

LYDIA PHELPS

ANTIMOB-LP	NEEDLES-Desesperación-EP
GAY KISS-Fault-12"	DAVE RATA-Hallucigenia-LP
V/A-Brno Stále V Plamenech-LP	CCR HEADCLEANER-53rd and 420-EP
KUUDES SILMÄ-EP	AUSMUTEANTS-Ah...What an Ugly Face...-EP
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FRED SCHRUNK

XYX-Teatro Negro-LP	WHITE LUNG-Hunting Holiday/Two of You-45
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LOW CULTURE-Screens-LP	AUSMUTEANTS-Ah...What an Ugly Face...-EP
BIG EYES/MEAN JEANS-split EP	CHANDELI'ERS-Sweet Time-12"
NEEDLES-Desesperación-EP	FORT BS-Proba + Studio 1986-LP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

On Tour baby!

ZINE TOP TEN

Mountza #5	*Trust #157*
Hluboka Orba #29	*Ajatuksen Valo #4*
Brno Stále V Plamenech	*Faceless in Life, Nameless in Death #1*
Increase the Pressure #1	*Rochester Teen Set #22*
La Ciudad Mas Fea del Mondo #3	*Slice Harvester #7*

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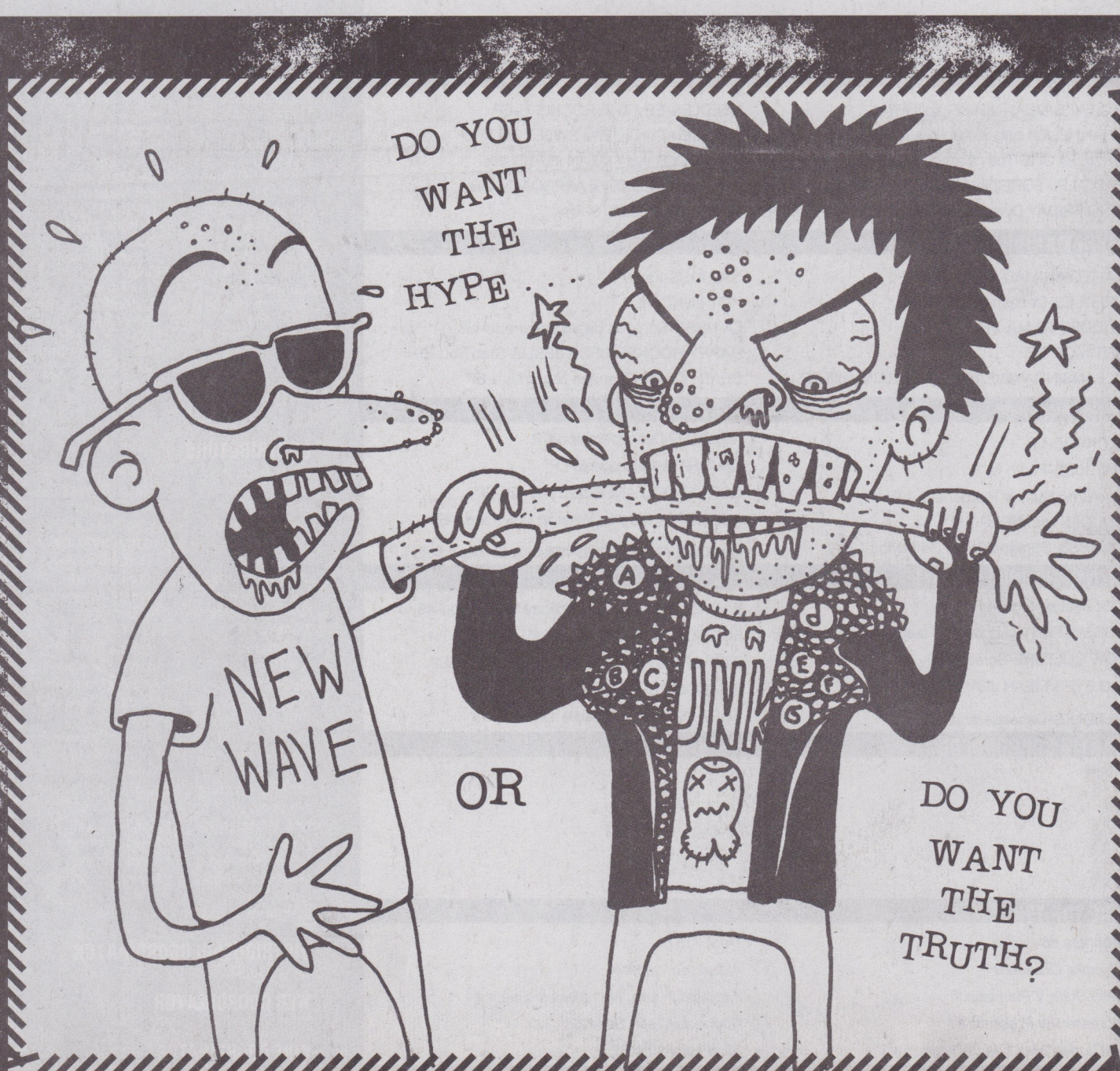
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